The Outlook

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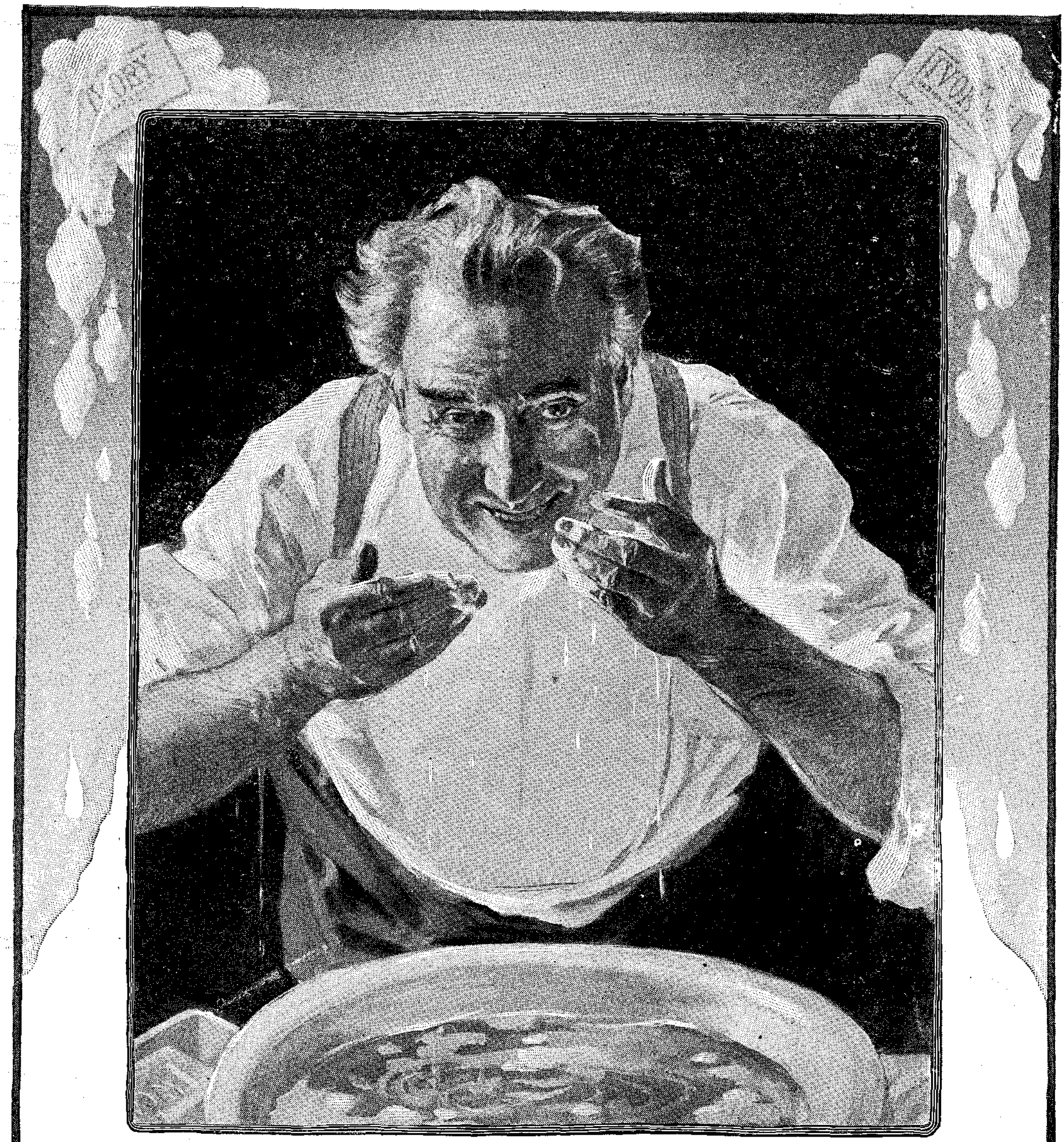

A CHRISTMAS MORNING SOLILOQUY.

TIME . . . . Present.
PLACE . . . Guest-room of residence of Mr. Thomas Williams, with whom Mr. Williams, Sr., is spending the holidays.

Hello! A cake of Ivory Soap? . . . That's good . . . Always thought Tom's wife was a sensible woman . . . Now I know it. (*Pours water in wash-basin and proceeds to make toilet.*) Look at that lather! Isn't it fine? . . . Easy to rinse, too . . . Just dip your hands in the water and off it comes.

Once more, just for luck! . . . Got some in my eye that time. No matter! 'Twon't do any harm,—it's Ivory. (*Rubs face with towel and glances at mirror.*) Pretty good complexion for an old fellow, eh? . . . Wouldn't think I was 62, would you? Eh? . . . Am, though . . . Let me see . . . I've been using Ivory Soap since 1882 . . . Don't feel any older than I did, twenty-four years ago . . . Don't look much older, either . . . Wonderful what an easy conscience—and good soap—will do for one! (*Puts on coat and goes down to breakfast.*)

The Outlook

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906

Indicting San Francisco Grafters

The first move in the attack on corruption in the San Francisco municipal government has been made by the indictment for extortion of Mayor Schmitz and "Abe" Ruef, the boss of San Francisco. The indictments charge that payments of sums amounting to $2,175 were extorted from the proprietors of each of three so-called "French restaurants" for the granting of licenses which would otherwise have been denied them on the ground that the places were immoral resorts. The acts are said to have been committed in January, 1905. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Schmitz and Ruef, and bail fixed at $50,000 in each case. Ruef has given bail, but the Mayor is now on the ocean and will reach New York this week. The "French restaurants" and other similar resorts of questionable character have for years been a notorious feature of the dissipated side of San Francisco life. Their character has always been a matter of common knowledge. There is nothing new in the existence of these places; what is new is the system of blackmail and extortion by which the municipal government becomes a partner in their vicious business. San Francisco's present city government, while it was elected and continued in power by the Union Labor party, is in reality under the direct and absolute control of a particularly astute boss. This boss, "Abe" Ruef, holds no official position and has never sought office. He is a lawyer, and makes clever use of his profession in carrying out his schemes of graft. It is said, for instance, that his defense in the present case will be that the payments were made solely for legal services—a plea which, while it may be an adequate legal protection, can be only comic to any one familiar with San Francisco conditions. The New York Sun reports a typical illustration of Ruef's methods:

> A contractor who wished to put up a building in violation of the building law was advised to "see Ruef."
>
> "I have nothing to do with it," said Ruef. "See the Board of Works."
>
> "Nothing doing; it's against the law," said the Board of Works. "Didn't your lawyer tell you so?"
>
> "Haven't any lawyer," said the contractor.
>
> "Well, better get one," said the Board. "Then you won't make such mistakes."
>
> The contractor knew San Francisco, and he went back to Ruef.
>
> "I wish to engage you as my counsel," said he. "Here's $750 as a retaining fee."
>
> "All right," said Ruef, "what's the case?"
>
> "I wish to get a permit for putting up a building, and I wish you to advise me."
>
> "Very well," said Ruef. "It all lies with the Board of Works, but I will advise you."
>
> The permit was granted shortly afterward and the building went up in direct violation of law but at a considerable profit to the contractor.

In this case, as in all others, Ruef was careful to give a receipt for the money, taking care to state that it was paid for "legal advice." It is hard to see how a Grand Jury could be led to regard this as an indictable offense. But Ruef's fees have reached a huge total.

The Boss and the Mayor

Ruef is a French Jew with unusual intellectual capacity and great ability to influence and control men. He is a graduate of the University of California, and a prominent officer of the University has described him as one of the most brilliant students that the institution ever had. He made an especially fine record in philosophy. In appearance he is not impressive, but there is a certain attraction in his careless, genial manner and his colloquial habit of speech. He is possessed of infinite cool assurance, which at times amounts to effrontery. An incident in the first weeks after the earthquake illustrates this quality. He entered a room in the temporary City Hall one day when a meeting of the Committee of Reconstruction, of which he was a member, was to be held. Few members had arrived, and he sat down to wait. A reporter sitting near remarked on the slim attendance, and Ruef replied carelessly, "Well, so long as I'm here it doesn't matter whether any of the rest of 'em are or not." It was said quietly and without boasting, rather as a semi-humorous statement of a universally accepted fact. The reporter bore witness to the truth of this assumption in his comment, spoken with significant emphasis, "I guess that's just about right." Mayor Schmitz, previous to his election, was a violinist in an orchestra at a salary of forty dollars a week. He was elected as a representative of union labor. His domination by Boss Ruef is complete. He has a pleasing personality and a distinguished appearance; he is tall, with long black hair and beard, and has a resonant voice. He talks well and gives an impression of sincerity and public spirit. His course of action after the earthquake and fire and during the early weeks of the work of relief and rehabilitation was on a high plane of efficiency and unselfish public service. It is only just that high credit should be given to him for this work, credit which must be extended as well, though not perhaps in so marked a degree, to Boss Ruef. Their relapse, however, after a few months, into the old conditions has been the chief cause of the wave of popular indignation which has resulted in their indictment. Because of the great power of the boss and the Mayor, these indictments were secured only with the greatest difficulty by the District Attorney, supported by a group of outraged citizens.

❀

The Japanese in California: A Correction The statement in The Outlook last week that "the treaty between the United States and Japan does not contain the favored nation clause" requires correction. It does not contain the *same* favored nation clause as does our treaty with China. The Chinese treaty contains the following clause, specifically securing to the Chinese educational privileges:

> Citizens of the United States shall enjoy all the privileges of the public educational institutions under the control of the Government of China, and, reciprocally, Chinese subjects shall enjoy all the privileges of the public educational institutions under the control of the Government of the United States which are enjoyed in the respective countries by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nations.

Notwithstanding this clause, the Chinese children have always been educated in separate schools, and the Chinese Government has never interposed any objection to the segregation. The Japanese treaty is more general in its terms. It simply provides that the Japanese shall "enjoy full and perfect protection for their persons and property," that they "in all matters connected with the administration of justice shall enjoy all the rights and privileges enjoyed by native citizens or subjects," and "in whatever relates to rights of residence and travel" shall enjoy "the same privileges, liberties, and rights" as American citizens. Public education is certainly a privilege, and it can hardly be doubted is a right. Japanese are therefore entitled to equal rights and privileges in the public schools of America. It does not, in our judgment, follow that they must necessarily be educated in the same school. We repeat what we said last week: "If this measure [of segregation] was taken to secure greater educational efficiency, it could not properly be made the subject of criticism or the occasion of international irritation." It is because the Nation has taken it to be a first gun in a campaign against the Japanese that the National feeling has been so strongly aroused against it.

❀

The Standard Oil on Trial: Criminally Mr. John D. Rockefeller, several directors, and the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, which is a subsidiary or co-operating company with the famous Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, have been indicted for violation of the Valentine Anti-Trust Law of Ohio. This is not a Federal but a State indictment, for violation not of a United States but of a State law. That law, as hitherto explained by The Outlook, forbids combinations in the State of Ohio to limit production, raise prices, and prevent competition. And we judge the offenses now charged against Mr. Rockefeller are analogous to those explained in The Outlook of November 3, 1906, page 550. The charges there referred to were brought before the court without indictment. A grand jury has passed on the new charges and found *prima facie* evidence sufficient to justify indictment. The penalty may be either fine or imprisonmant. The reader must bear in mind two principles: First, indictment is not conviction. It does not counteract the well-known principle that any man is to be presumed innocent until he is proved to be guilty. Mr. Rockefeller is accused of guilt, but not yet proved guilty. Second, if he should be acquitted, that of itself will not prove that he has not been guilty of unethical practices. Not every wrong-doing is a crime. Only such wrong-doing as is in violation of law is a crime. The question and the only question before the court is not, Has Mr. Rockefeller done wrong? but, Has Mr. Rockefeller violated the law?

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The Standard Oil on Trial: Civilly

Simultaneously with these criminal proceedings in the State of Ohio against the Standard Oil directors of Ohio, for violation of a State law, come civil proceedings against the Standard Oil of New Jersey, its officials, and seventy corporations and partnerships allied with it, brought in the Federal Court under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, for the dissolution of the Standard Oil combination. Preparation for these proceedings has been made by special governmental investigation of the oil business carried on through some months past—investigation participated in by the Department of Commerce and Labor, the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and the Attorney-General's office. The results of these investigations are embodied in a petition to the Court, the gist of which is given by Attorney-General Moody in a statement to the press to which we refer our readers for fuller information. Some of the most essential facts charged are as follows: The original Standard Oil Trust was declared unlawful by the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1892, and was dissolved. A new combination was organized, as already described in The Outlook, by which the control of the same corporations in the previous combination was practically vested in the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The effect of this combination has been to give to it control of about ninety per cent. of the refined oil produced in the United States, whether for domestic use or for exportation. Sometimes by secret rebates from the railways, sometimes by paying the railways for putting a prohibitory tariff on transportation and depending upon their own pipe-lines for transporting their own products, sometimes by securing through the election of directors on the railways such control of railway administration as to secure special advantages for the Standard Oil combination, sometimes by making a special rate with one railway and inducing competing railways to maintain practically a prohibitory rate, the Standard Oil has maintained control of transportation as well as of production. On a total valuation, at their own estimate, of a little less than $70,000,000, the Standard in thirteen years (1882–1895 inclusive) paid over $500,000,000 in dividends, besides creating a large surplus—that is, about thirty-eight millions of dollars yearly on a valuation of $70,000,000. Its annual dividends during the last nine years have run from thirty-three to forty-eight per cent. One cause for these immense profits is found in the fact that "prices to the consumer where the monopoly prevails are very much higher than within the territory where competition to some extent still exists." Our readers must remember in considering these statements that, on the one hand, the facts are not yet established in a court of law, and, on the other, they are not the unauthorized statements of newspaper and magazine writers, but the result of official investigation by the Federal Government. They must also bear in mind that the question to what extent the practices here charged are in violation of existing law is yet to be passed on by the courts. Without any inclination to anticipate the judicial decision, The Outlook does not hesitate to say that any such combination as is here charged ought to be against the law, whether it is now or not; that no concern dealing with an article so necessary to human welfare as light ought to be allowed to make a profit of $38,000,000 a year on a property valuation of $70,000,000; and that if the facts as charged in the petition are established before the courts, whatever the immediate decision of the courts may be, the final decision of the American people will be that such a combination as this is in violation both of good morals and of the public well-being, and will not be permitted. The present public sentiment against such combinations as the Ice Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Beef Trust, and the Standard Oil Trust is not a temporary passion; it is a permanent and conclusive resolve of a great people whose ultimate triumph cannot be doubted by any one who believes in the rights and the capacity of the common people.

⁂

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them"

A somewhat remarkable political dinner took place in New York City last week in honor of William Randolph Hearst. It was given by the candidates associated with him on the Democratic State ticket, all of whom were elected, and who took this means of expressing to him their sympathy at the personal and cutting rebuke administered him by the voters on election day. Sobered by this rebuke, Mr. Hearst at this dinner made a statement of the principles of his party. The New York Times, one of his most vigorous opponents, calls this statement a dignified one, and, as reported in the daily press, it appears to us to be calm, clear, and, on the whole, sound. But Mr. Hearst is not to be judged as a political leader by his statements and platform. The principle, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is especially applicable to him. Mr. Hearst's product is primarily a newspaper product, which is sold to the extent of some million copies a day. This product is a most flagrant illustration of the definition of journalism once made by a well-known Pittsburg newspaper publisher. A daily newspaper office, said this publisher, is merely a factory in which white paper, ink, and brains are transmuted into a product that sells at a large profit, and the manufacturer has no other obligation than to make the largest possible product and the largest possible dividends consistent with keeping out of the clutches of the law. It is quite intelligible that Mr. Hearst may hold the manufacturer's view of newspaper publishing, and may do what he is actually doing for the frank and open purpose of making the largest possible product. But he cannot do this and at the same time be a great moral force in the community or the leader of a genuine political reform. Mr. Hearst at the present moment is a badly beaten man, and is thoroughly discredited as a personal force in politics, but with his pertinacity of purpose and ambition he is again likely to attempt to so confuse the public mind that it cannot distinguish between political professions and political practice. This seems to The Outlook to be a good occasion to remind the public that Mr. Hearst, as long as he remains in the field of journalism, is to be judged by his newspaper deeds rather than by his political professions.

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The First Gun in the Tariff Revision Campaign

It is announced that immediately after Congress convenes next month, Mr. Cullom, of Illinois, expects to introduce a joint resolution in the Senate providing for the appointment of an expert, non-partisan tariff commission to consider and report on those schedules which should be revised. This means, first, that the subject of tariff revision is at length to be brought before Congress; secondly, that a Senator of National reputation is to fire the opening gun; and, thirdly, that his proposal will tend to eliminate the whole subject of tariff from politics. It is true that this idea was advanced some years ago, but no practical step was taken. Afterwards it was suggested that a joint committee of the two Houses should sit during the recess and report a bill as soon as Congress convened again. This, however, would make the matter political, and that is what Senator Cullom, in harmony also with The Outlook's opinion, wishes to avoid; the tariff should certainly not be a subject of partisan politics. It is gratifying to note that Senator Cullom differs radically from the notion of the "standpatters" that the tariff is like an endless chain, and that the modification of one schedule necessitates the remodeling of the entire system. He would have a law to enable a change in a particular schedule—either increase or decrease, as the interests of labor and capital require. Such a law might also well provide for a maximum and a minimum tariff. Finally, the question of action on the tariff should not be postponed until after the Presidential election, as is recommended by conservative Republicans. They do not seem to see the handwriting on the wall. Unless they immediately revise the Dingley tariff they may imperil their own continuance of power. The defeat of one who may be called the chief of the "standpat" party, Representative McCleary, of Minnesota, is a case in point—a man with an honorable record of fourteen years in Congress and yet overwhelmingly defeated in the strongest Republican Congressional district in Minnesota. The defeat of Representative Lacey, of Iowa, almost equally well known, is another case in point; and the very narrow majority by which Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, was elected in a notable Republican stronghold is certainly another. We hope that Senator Cullom's resolution will pass, and will result in a call by President Roosevelt for an extra session of Congress next spring to consider the subject. For if we should not postpone tariff revision until after the Presidential elections, neither should we consider it immediately before an election. A commission, composed of practical, wide-awake, eminent experts, chosen independently of politics and chosen at once, would be able to report to Congress next March, not only as to the schedules demanding revision, but also as to the institution, we hope, of a permanent tariff commission, to which should be intrusted the power to change schedules within certain narrow limits without the introduction of particular questions into Congress.

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Mr. Hill and Canadian Reciprocity In connection with the subject of tariff revision an important recent pronouncement has been that of Mr. J. J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, before the Merchants' Club of Chicago. He declared that "Canada is merely a portion of our own western country, cut off from us by accident of original occupation and subsequent diplomatic agreement." Both Canada and the United States would profit if the commercial tie between them were drawn closer. This has become more evident within the past few years, for an immense and undreamed-of wheat area in the Canadian Northwest has been developed. Mr. Hill said, "Your possibilities, and therefore your duties, are contained, not in a rectangle with the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude for one side; but in a circle described from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan as a center. Place a pair of dividers with one leg on Chicago and the other on Key West, Florida; then swing the latter to the northwest and *it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land.* There is the field for your labors. Nature knows no political parties, no race exclusiveness, no division of territory by artificial boundaries." Mr. Edward Farrer points out, in a recent Contemporary Review, that though Canada has been excluded from the American market by what Mr. Hill justly calls "unreasoning individual selfishness," this exclusion has in several cases proved a blessing in disguise to Canada. For instance, the duties on grain have driven the eastern Canadian farmer into dairying, so that now his cheese is sold in England in greater quantities than is the American product. But, on the other hand, this Canadian farmer would, but for the duty, sell at Boston or Buffalo much of what he raises instead of shipping it to England. As a rule, the artificial obstructions at the frontier inflict serious injury both to Canadian natural industries and to our manufactures. They prevent the proper development of Canadian forests, while our National wealth in forests is being destroyed; they prevent the development of the mines of British Columbia and Nova Scotia to their full capacity, and are an increasingly irritating obstacle to the settlement of the fisheries question. Meanwhile they restrict the normal foreign market for our manufactures. It may be said that so long as we believe in protection, and so long as Canadians will not discriminate against British goods, there can be no change. This is not true. There can and should be a reciprocity agreement. Take the coal industry, for instance. New England has no coal of her own, but she can reach the Nova Scotia mines quickly and cheaply by water. On the other side, Ontario, Canada's chief manufacturing province, has no coal. But she can quickly and cheaply, by the Lakes, reach the mines of Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. What is the result of the tariff? New England and Ontario must buy from distant markets only to be reached by rail. Thus in nothing has our purblind tariff policy been more conspicuous than in maintaining obstacles to commerce between two contiguous countries. If free trade is a present impossibility, a present remedy is reciprocity. As Mr. Goldwin Smith, himself the foremost of "continentalists," says, "reciprocity is the voice of Nature and is her dictate to all whom she has made partners in her bounty on this continent."

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Secretary Hitchcock Retires

The Cabinet changes, already noted in our columns, have now been completed by the announcement of the retirement of the Hon. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, the highly deserved promotion to that office of the Hon. James Rudolph Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce, and the promotion to the latter office of the Hon. Herbert Knox Smith, at present Assistant Commissioner. At the same time the President announced his intention to nominate Attorney-General Moody for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Henry B. Brown, who has retired. The resignation of the Hon. William A. Richards, Commissioner of the General Land Office, was also announced; his successor has not yet been chosen. For some time Mr. Hitchcock has been doing a herculean work in the Department of the Interior in the pursuit of land and other thieves. These arduous labors have been so exhausting that he now finds it impossible to remain longer in office. The President has urged him to accept the ambassadorship to France, but Mr. Hitchcock feels that he is entitled to absolute rest, and was obliged to refuse the offer. Mr. Hitchcock's career has been especially notable in the annals of his department. Through his personal efforts the great land and timber frauds in the Northwest were unearthed, with the result that officials, professional and business men were convicted and sent to prison; in especial the convictions of United States Senator Mitchell and Representative Williamson, of Oregon, will be remembered, while Representative Hermann, of the same State, is now awaiting trial. Mr. Hitchcock's work even deprived the State of Oregon during one term of its entire representation in the House of Representatives and of one of its two Senators. The dramatic story of his attack upon these land frauds will be related in The Outlook at length in a later issue. Mr. Hitchcock will also be appreciatively remembered as in large measure responsible for the starting of suits to cancel the patents to millions of acres of valuable coal lands in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and Utah, which, it is alleged, were obtained by railway companies through fraudulent entries. The withdrawal, on Mr. Hitchcock's initiative, of the many millions of acres of public lands, known to contain coal, from all forms of entry, constitutes the crowning triumph of his administration.

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The Grand Rapids Plan for Non-Partisan Primaries

The voters of Grand Rapids, Michigan, approved on election day of an interesting plan for non-partisan primaries. Under the so-called advisory initiative feature of the Grand Rapids charter the people have the right to suggest amendments to the charter. On petition of twelve per cent. of the electorate, any proposed charter amendment must be submitted to popular vote, and if the vote is favorable the proposition goes to the Legislature of the State with the official request of the city for its enactment into law. The non-partisan primary plan submitted to the voters under the advisory initiative was indorsed by a large majority. The plan as outlined really makes the primary a first election. The names of all candidates are to appear upon one ballot, arranged alphabetically under the name of the office. A petition signed by a small number of citizens is to suffice to get a name on the ballot. The voters, on primary day, are not to be restricted by their party affiliations to any one ticket, but all are to vote on the same ballot. The two candidates receiving the highest vote at the primaries for each office to be filled are to be the nominees for that office on election day, and they are the only candidates whose names will appear on the official election ballot. The voter must make his selection from the two candidates. Many different primary election plans are being worked out in different places. The operation of the Grand Rapids plan, if it shall be given effect by the Legislature, will be watched with interest. The significant thing is that the electorate in all parts of the country is feeling for changes in the nominating system under which the voter shall express his choice direct for candidates at the primaries as well as at elections. The Grand Rapids plan also aims to eliminate National partisan politics from city elections. Another interesting referendum taken in Grand Rapids was that on the Sunday theater question. The Council ordinance requiring the closing of theaters on Sunday was submitted to popular vote, and beaten by a majority of about 600 in a total vote of about 13,000.

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Germany's Foreign Relations

After a long absence and grave uncertainty in regard to the possibility of his return to public life, the Chancellor of the German Empire spoke for more than an hour in the Reichstag last week on Germany's foreign relations, and was heard with the deepest attention by a large number of members and foreign ambassadors. Prince von Bülow had no sooner entered the Chamber than Herr Bassermann, one of the leading members of the National Liberal party, following up his questions of the day before with some interpellations regarding the Government's foreign relations, declared that, since Prince Bismarck's time, the foreign policy of the country had entered upon a period of great unsteadiness, which excited disquiet both at home and abroad. He alluded in passing to the reports that a group of Spiritualists have acquired influence at court, saying that from what one had read during the last few days "the suggested Spiritualistic romances and back-stairs history reminded one of the Byzantine period, with its flatterers, or the Cabinet Government of Frederick William III., or the cabal under Frederick William IV." Prince von Bülow made a spirited and comprehensive reply, recalling a conversation which he had had with Gambetta, in which the brilliant Frenchman said, "France has sunk to her knees," to which the German replied, "Up and forward!" The vivacity of French patriotism, the Chancellor went on to say, is as strong as the ambition of the French people, and these qualities make it necessary that Germany should be alert and armed. He declared that Germany had no thought of pushing between France and Russia, or between France and Great Britain; that it had no intention of disturbing the friendship between the Western Powers; that good relations between Germany and Great Britain cannot affect the understanding between France and Great Britain. He added significantly that "an understanding between the Western Powers without the maintenance of good relations with Germany would constitute a danger to European peace. A policy whose object would be to encircle Germany by arrangements designed to isolate and disable us would be critical for the peace of Europe." In this statement is undoubtedly found the rationale of the German Emperor's speech at Tangier and the tenacity with which Germany held to her position at Algeciras. It is the fixed determination of Germany not to be ignored and not to be isolated. German relations with the United States, the Chancellor went on to say, rest on the most friendly basis. The frontiers of the countries do not touch, nor do their political interests collide. Germany is especially grateful for the attitude of the United States at the Algeciras Conference. The United States, he said, had rendered a great service to the peace of the world in assisting in the restoration of peace between Russia and Japan, and a second great service in its promotion of a good understanding at Algeciras. The whole speech was frank, definite, and conciliatory in tone.

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Dry as Niagara In spite of the enormous volume of water which falls to-day over the brink of Niagara, the subject of the preservation of the Falls may seem to our readers to be a somewhat dry one. It is true that The Outlook has iterated and reiterated its belief that there must be aroused a strong and protesting public opinion in this country, if the people of Canada and the United States really desire to prevent the Falls from being practically destroyed as one of the scenic wonders of the world. Probably most of the readers of The Outlook are of the impression that the passage of the Burton bill last June—which was a direct result of the admirable propaganda carried on by the American Civic Association—permanently settled the question and assured the preservation of Niagara Falls. This is not the case, however, and the agitation must be kept up with patience and persistence, like the agitation against railway rebates, until both Congress and the executive officers of the Government are convinced that they will be supported by the popular will in defending the Falls against the demands and plans of powerful capitalists. One of the provisions of the Burton law—which is a great step in advance—is that the Secretary of War may prohibit entirely the importation of electrical power from Canada, or may permit such importation up to the maximum of one hundred and sixty thousand horsepower. The engineer officer appointed by Secretary Taft to report on the question has recommended the Secretary to admit electricity generated on the Canadian side of the Falls into the United States to the full limit of one hundred and sixty thousand horsepower. The men who have invested large amounts of capital at Niagara Falls for electrical development wish to increase their investments in that profitable enterprise. They are bringing every legitimate influence to bear upon the Government to permit the complete commercialization of Niagara. These men are able, persistent, clear-headed, effective in argument, and it is perfectly natural that if only their side of the case is presented to the Secretary of War, and he receives no indications of a strong popular opposition to the commercializing of Niagara, he may exercise the discretion given to him by the Burton law in behalf of industry rather than in behalf of an unformed and unexpressed sentiment in favor of the beauties of nature. If electric power generated in Canada can be totally excluded from the United States—as it may be under the powers conferred on the Secretary of War by the Burton bill—it will not only save a great part of the water forming the Falls from hopeless diversion, and prevent the construction of buildings that are eyesores in the landscape, but will probably so arouse Canadian opinion on the subject that there may be some hope of diplomatic negotiations being brought about between Great Britain and the United States. Canadians themselves have only to visit the Falls of Montmorency, near Quebec, to see how the electrical industry may convert a most picturesque bit of romantic natural scenery into a prosaic and commonplace composition of mill-dams, sluices, and angular factories. A final hearing will be held by Secretary Taft on Monday, November 26, on the question as to how much, if any, Canadian electric power we shall admit into the United States. We urge those citizens who believe that there is a place in this country for the wonderful motion of a great waterfall, as well as for the motion of looms, lathes, and trolley-cars, to telegraph to the Secretary of War, at Washington, urging him to prohibit all importation of Canadian electric power. Niagara Falls cannot long remain half a factory and half a park. The Falls must eventually be given up wholly to industrial power or must be made the center of a National park like the Yellowstone or Yosemite.

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The South and the Immigrant Once, not long ago, in the South there were "two men for every job;" now there are "two jobs for every man." This was the way one speaker at Nashville described the conditions which had started the movement for directing immigrants to the South. The occasion was the second annual Southern Immigration and Quarantine Conference. This body focused public opinion upon quarantine regulation last year, and thus secured the passage of the quarantine measures in the last session of Congress. It therefore took up this year the question of immigration, and found it much more complex and obscure. In the first place, the proposal to encourage immigration into the South raises the race question. Are the negroes an obstacle to the introduction of foreign white labor? Will the introduction of foreign whites make the race problem less important or more intense? Both yes and no were replied to each of these questions. One speaker, the President of the Nashville Board of Trade, spoke of the negro as "in the main a faithful worker;" another, the Governor of South Carolina, spoke of the negro's "natural indolence." One speaker, an editor, urged (with delightful disregard of the realities of life) the wholesale deportation of the negroes, to make room for immigrants; another said the South needed the negro in order to do work which white men ought not to do. With the race problem at the gates, the Conference will not find Castle Immigration so easy of capture as last year it found Castle Quarantine. A year ago State sovereignty attempted some sort of resistance to the Conference; but that body had a battering-ram in the shape of yellow fever which frightened the enemy. This year the race problem proved to be a more stubborn foe, but one which, we believe, cannot long withstand the weapons of industrial necessity. The Conference has been made a permanent organization under the name of the Southern Immigration and Industrial Association. Its object will be to exercise an educational and supervisory influence over matters pertaining to immigration, health, labor, technical education, and vagrancy law enforcement. The value of good roads in encouraging immigration and aiding industry was time and again emphasized. As one speaker said, "We are paying fifty cents a hundredweight to haul our tobacco twenty-four miles over country roads to Danville, and then ship it 681 miles to Cincinnati for forty-eight cents and swear the railroads are robbing us." The need, too, of law enforcement against criminal individuals and mobs, the need of better schools, and the need of open-minded, neighborly treatment of foreign settlers were frankly emphasized. This Conference, together with the arrival, noted in The Outlook last week, of the steamship Wittekind at Charleston, South Carolina, with several hundred immigrants, and the arrival recently of a vessel at New Orleans with over a thousand immigrant Italians, indicates how thoroughly the South is roused to new industrial conditions.

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Protection of the Family The purpose of the National Divorce Congress, which met in Philadelphia on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, is to bring some measure of order out of the conflicting divorce methods in vogue throughout the United States. In South Carolina, for example, divorce is not granted on any ground whatever, while in one of the Far Western States divorce has been granted to a woman for "cruel and inhuman treatment" because her husband had never taken her out driving. Variations exist between State laws not only in the causes for divorce, but also in methods of procedure and in definitions of valid decrees. To the State of Pennsylvania belongs the honor of leading the movement of escape from this confusion. The Legislature not only arranged to have its own laws codified and examined, but also to secure if possible the co-operation of other States in considering the question of agreement in divorce legislation. As a consequence Governor Pennypacker succeeded in assembling at Washington delegates from various States last February. There certain principles which should be embodied in law were adopted. A committee was appointed to incorporate these principles into a legal measure which might practicably be adopted by the several States. The committee, after careful study and discussion, agreed upon certain principal provisions which it embodied in a model statute. This statute it submitted to the assembled delegates last week. According to this there are provided two forms of divorce: one, complete divorce (divorce *a vinculo*), with permission to the innocent party to remarry; the other, "divorce from bed and board" (divorce *a mensa*), without permission to either party to marry another. For the former there are proposed six valid causes—adultery, bigamy, conviction and sentence for at least two years for crime, extreme cruelty, willful desertion for two years, habitual drunkenness for two years; for the latter the same causes are proposed, with a seventh cause in addition—hopeless insanity of the husband. If New York were to adopt this statute, divorce would there become more lax; if South Dakota were to adopt it, divorce would there become more stringent. The statute contains also provisions on annulment of marriage, on the legitimacy of children, and other subsidiary but not unimportant matters. If marriage concerned merely the man and woman united, the divorce question would be comparatively simple; but marriage concerns the family, the organization of society, the whole structure of human relationships. Wise observers have seen in the chaotic conditions of American marriage and divorce a danger as serious as that involved in plutocracy, and even more insidious. That an intelligent attempt has been made to reduce those conditions to something like system is a sign of National strength and virility.

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Two Significant Educational Movements The programme put forth by the League for Political Education in New York City for the current year interprets the purpose of an organization in which thoughtful men and women of New York are taking an increasing interest. At the end of thirteen years of study and healthful growth the League is self-supporting, and is able to perform much the service for the city of New York which the Lowell Institute performs for Boston and the Brooklyn Institute for Brooklyn. It provides an opportunity to hear discussions of the most important questions of the time—social, political, industrial, artistic—from men and women whose opinions are most entitled to consideration and respect. It pays special attention to local history, and one of its most interesting features is a group of historical adventures, so to speak—expeditions to historical points which serve as foot-notes to the more serious study of the history of New York. The programme of the present year includes a discussion of the Negro Question by Thomas Nelson Page and by Dr. Booker T. Washington; of the Immigration question, by the United States Commissioner of Immigration; of various aspects of Socialism, by John Graham Brooks, author of "Social Unrest;" of Trade-Unionism, by John Mitchell; of Home Industries in Germany, by Professor Schumacher, of Bonn University; of current political conditions, by Mr. Jerome, Mr. Steffens, and Dr. Carroll D. Wright; of social problems, by Colonel Higginson, Professor Jenks, and others; with lectures on literature and kindred subjects, by Dr. Anspacher, Mr. Griggs, Dr. Slicer, Mr. Mabie, and others. The majority of the lectures are given in the rooms of the Society, 23 West Forty-fourth Street; the Saturday morning lectures in the Hudson Theater, 139 West Forty-fourth Street. The importance of the question of industrial education in the United States was recognized last week by the organization in New York of the Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education. Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, was elected President of the Society; Mr. M. W. Alexander, of the General Electric Company, was made Vice-President, and Mr. V. Everit Macy, Treasurer. The objects of the proposed society are to bring prominently to public attention the importance of industrial education as a factor in the industrial development of the United States; to provide opportunities for the study and discussion of the various phases of the problem; to make available through publications the results of experience in industrial education both in this country and abroad; and to assist in other desirable ways towards the establishment of institutions for industrial training. At a public meeting held in Cooper Union addresses were made on the different phases of the subject by Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, Vice-President of the National City Bank; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University; Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, and others. It is of vital importance that industrial education should have the most careful study and the most enthusiastic support, not only because of its influence on the industrial development and commercial prosperity of our country, and because of its practical effect in increasing the efficiency and wage-earning power of American workmen, but also because of its effect in the mental and moral development of all citizens, hand-workers and brain-workers alike.

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A New Feature in University Life

A novelty in university life is the Cosmopolitan Club. The first one was organized in Cornell University in 1904. Cornell in composition is cosmopolitan, drawing students from all parts of the globe; but as yet it is not sufficiently cosmopolitan to make its social life open to persons of foreign birth or of small means. It was to satisfy this need for a social meeting-place where native and foreigner, wealthy and poor, could have the opportunities of social intercourse, that the club was organized. Its originator was Modesto Quiroga, a native of the Argentine Republic, one of those dreamers who are capable of materializing their dreams. He found active help in the task of organizing the club from Christian Bües, a German (the first Secretary), William A. Reece, of New Zealand (the first President), and from several Brazilians. Many members of the faculty also lent their counsel and help By January 11, 1905, the club had its own rooms. The membership was large from the beginning, and by the end of the year there were one hundred and fifty members, representing over twenty different countries. The objects of the club as laid down in the constitution are very broad, including the promotion of peace between nations and the economic betterment of the world at large. But the immediate aim of the club is much more modest and more practical. The club aims to do what it can toward the elimination of prejudice among people of different nationalities, different religions, different political opinions, and different social standings. Every week one of the nations represented gives an entertainment, at which the history and institutions of its country are described, often with lantern slide illustrations. Thus the members have an opportunity to gain an insight into the points of view of different peoples. The members from the United States found that the club was as valuable to them as to the foreigners, and they formed from the start a large proportion of the membership. Prominent speakers have been occasionally invited to address the club, among them Andrew D. White, President Schurman, and Professor Jenks, from the University, and Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mr. Ramanathan from the larger world. The Chinese Commissioners who toured through this country last year visited the club, and made brief speeches through their interpreters. Dances, musicales, and other social events are also occasionally given to which ladies and other guests are invited, and they have all been markedly successful. A club similar in character has since been started by an ex-Cornell member at Wisconsin University, and another by correspondence at Michigan University. The club now has a firm standing in the community, and is acknowledged to be one of the most successful social organizations in the University.

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The Railway Death Roll On one day last week there were accidents on four railways in this country which resulted in the immediate death of some sixty persons, fatal injuries to four, and serious though not necessarily fatal injuries to some hundred others. The principal accident occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio in Indiana. The road there is a single track. A freight train had waited on a siding for a passenger train, going in the opposite direction, to pass; in some way the freight train was allowed to proceed without waiting for the second section of the passenger train to go by. We have no means of definitely knowing whether the fault lay with an employee in failing to notify the conductor of the freight train, or with the conductor of the freight train in disregarding, misunderstanding, or forgetting the orders he had received. Because somebody blundered, these two trains met head on and in a moment scores of immigrants, living and dead together, were pinned in the débris of the shattered cars. If this railway had had the safety appliance in use on English single-track railways, such an accident could never have happened. There the ticket system, or the electric staff system which is a modernization of it, is used. An engineer cannot enter a stretch of road until he has received either a ticket from a man at a station or a "staff" (or key) from an electrical apparatus. The ticket or staff entitles the engineer to the exclusive use of the track to the next ticket station. The electric staff apparatus has an advantage over the ticket system in that when one staff is removed the corresponding staff at the other end of the division, which entitles a train to proceed in the opposite direction, cannot be removed from the apparatus. At the same time the block signals are moved automatically by the insertion or removal of the staff. These staffs can be removed by an engineer, much as mail-sacks are picked up by express trains, without stopping. American railways do not use the staff system or other appliances because they are too expensive—in dollars. When the American people have learned to value their own lives as highly as railway managers value safety appliances, the Government, through some such body as the English Board of Trade, will secure, first, publicity as to the results and the causes of railway accidents, and, second, the adoption of the best appliances necessary for the safety of passengers and employees. Why should there not be a Bureau of Railway Accidents introduced into the Department of Commerce and Labor?

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The Creative Spirit

The discussion of the question, "The Creative Spirit in Literature: Is it Dead, or Dormant?" by five well-known writers in an issue of The Outlook especially devoted to books of the season will command attention, not only because both subject and manner are interesting, but because the writers do not take the question too seriously. Probably the answer of the vast majority of the readers of The Outlook to the question will be, "Neither;" though it is quite the obvious comment of many who have discussed this well-worn theme that the creative spirit in literature is dead, and that there is small chance of its ever coming to life again. There is no power, they tell us, in this mechanical, commercial, money-loving age, to touch the corpse of art and make it live. This question never loses its interest because it can never be answered; and a prime qualification for its discussion is a recognition of this fact. The man who thinks he knows the answer is, by that very confession, out of the running; the woman who is sure that she can put her finger on the very pulse of the creative energy is precisely the woman whose opinion nobody values. The attempt to make a daily report of the spiritual condition of the race, a weekly bulletin of the rise and fall of its creative activity, may represent enterprising journalism, but it does not show knowledge of literary history.

None of the contributors to this discussion believes that he can furnish a categorical answer to the question, nor does any take a pessimistic view of the situation. The articles bring clearly before the mind certain spiritual conditions which are significant of the time, and are likely, either directly or by reaction, to have their influence on literary expression. The creative spirit in man, like the wind, comes and goes, and no man can predict its rise and fall. The law which governs the production of genius has never been formulated. Beyond question, some ages are more congenial to the imagination than others; it was easier for a man of poetic mind to speak in Shakespeare's time than in Gray's time; it is easier to paint pictures in an age in which painting is the natural language than in an age when the vital energy flows in some other direction; but the very moment the literary theorist has worked out a captivating philosophy of the relation of genius to the material or social conditions, the man of genius suddenly appears and proceeds to live his life and do his work exactly as if he were in an ideal environment. Probably the most sensitive-minded prophet of the early seventeenth century in America could not have predicted Hawthorne, Emerson, or Poe. No student of letters on the other side of the sea, studying the conditions in the New World in the year 1800, could have foreseen the characteristic qualities of American literature, or heard, resonant in the far distance, the faint, pure tones of its dominant notes. "In the New World," it is easy to imagine some erudite French or English critic writing in 1800, "with the necessity of conquering a continent, of bringing together into a coherent mass a population drawn from the different parts of Europe, of building up the foundations of civilization; of doing, in a word, the rough work which our ancestors did a thousand years ago, refinement of feeling, delicacy of touch, spirituality of aim, cannot be looked for. We shall have crude works of considerable power, but dealing almost exclusively with material conditions; romances of fighting, pioneering, and adventure, narrative poems with the fiery breath of youth in them, but lacking the touches of higher art."

But these qualities, which critics studying the situation abstractly would have expected from American literature, are precisely those which American literature has not shown. It has lacked the dramatic energy, the vitality, the brutal sense of the fact, so to speak, which have distinguished the great literatures abroad; it has been pre-eminently refined, sensitive, delicate, and idealistic. From Freneau to Mr. Moody and Dr. van Dyke it has dealt instinctively and almost exclusively with the finer issues of life and with the ideal qualities of character. Twenty-five years ago it was commonly said in this country and in England that literature had had its day and that men had outgrown the uses and the love for poetry. Science was opening with a strong hand the doors of the imagination on every side; a new universe was sweeping into view. Why should men sing the old songs, concern themselves with the old questions of individual happiness? Humanity was henceforth to stand at these open windows and look out on the starry spaces and be thrilled and warmed by the contemplation of cosmic laws; while love and sorrow and passion and the experiences which had exalted and tortured the hearts of men from the beginning were to sink to relative unimportance. At the end of a quarter of a century science still holds its place as a supreme interest in the mind of the modern world, and as, on the whole, the most efficient servant of modern society; but the men who look out of the windows on the universe and are awed by the splendors revealed to them still live the old life and pass through the old experiences and are more than ever convinced that the real grandeur of life lies, not in any splendor of the stage on which the drama is set, but in the genius, character, and fate of the actor.

The creative spirit is always in evidence, though sometimes for decades it is not active in specific directions; and nothing could be more misleading or futile than the attempt to register that spirit from year to year in any special field. There is an obvious ebb and flow; but so long as all the arts are the expression of the human spirit, what difference does it make whether in any particular decade there are more books, more pictures, or more music? what difference does it make if, as may be suspected, for a number of decades the creative genius of man is directed to other fields and uses other forms of expression? For it is only the narrow professional view that draws hard and fast lines between the arts of industry and the arts of beauty and attempts to determine the rank of each in a scale of spiritual nobility. It has happened more than once that in a period in which the arts of beauty seemed to have receded into the background and the arts of utility come into the foreground, a process of enrichment and ripening has been quietly going on, which a little later was to express itself through the arts of beauty with a new magic of form and a new power of vision.

It must be remembered, too, that the forms which the creative spirit in literature takes on change from time to time, and that genius often comes into the world in such unforeseen ways that men have its companionship long before they understand with whom they are keeping company. Whatever may be the ultimate judgment of the authority of the recent dramatic movement on the Continent as an interpretation of experience or as an illustration of dramatic art, that movement represents a great force, and is an expression, on a large scale, of the creative spirit. The absurd claims of the Ibsenites must not make us blind to the genius of Ibsen, nor must his wholly one-sided view of life hide from us his extraordinary talent as a dramatist. The elusive point of view of Maeterlinck, and his skill in keeping himself clear of a definite statement of his creed, must not make us indifferent to his rare gifts as a thinker and writer. Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell" does not present a final solution of the relation of the real to the ideal, but its poetry, the appeal of its symbolism, the atmosphere of imagination in which it is steeped, would give it rank and place in any age of creative work. Sudermann's "Magda," Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala," bring small satisfaction to those who long for a constructive drama; but as expressions of the drama of protest no one can question their power. The movement as a whole lacks coherence, spiritual insight, the larger vision; it is, nevertheless, another blossoming of the creative spirit, but in forms so different from those that preceded it that many people who have been its contemporaries have failed to recognize its significance or its beauty.

Mr. Holt happily touches one of the vital points in the discussion when he reminds us of Pasteur working in his laboratory until he is half paralyzed, and then, as the result of his labor, giving humanity something of far greater value than any conqueror could give it. The figure of the French investigator may not be picturesque, as was that of the knight in mail; but the time will come when the greatness of his spirit and service will thrill us quite as much as did the older and more picturesque achievements.

Colonel Higginson, who never fails to illuminate with reminiscence and knowledge whatever theme he touches, traces the line of originality in American literature which many critics seem never to have discovered. Mr. Boynton says admirably that we are too clever with the dexterity of mere skill; that we must not fail to hear true voices because they are not colossal; that the next decade may see the birth of a new world, and that there are voices and stirrings in the chaos which the sensitive and open-minded may hear. Mr. Alden notes a marked advance in imaginative prose, especially in the short story, and points out that though the prospect may not be so striking in our more level land, it is impressive through other and finer features, and "for the absence of impossible grandeurs we are consoled by more varied delights and riper satisfactions;" and Dr. Edward Everett Hale, always sane and suggestive, characteristically declares that "no sixty years of the world's history has seen any such exercise of creative force as those that have passed since 1850," and that the creative power in literature is showing itself in magazines and in readers. Clearly the situation is not desperate.

A Modern Chevalier

It is a conspicuous human tendency to interpose some condition, circumstance, or personal influence between one's self and one's failure; to hold the age accountable for the fact that one has not realized his higher ambitions; to say that the times are out of joint; to comfort one's self with the belief that if one had lived in an earlier time, under different conditions, he would have made a better thing of life. Hosts of people are saying to-day that they are not what they want to be because the air is full of noise, the streets of tumult, and the world has become a great market-place, intent upon the buying and selling of things. Not long ago a journalist died in Southern California. He passed his life between the office of a local newspaper and the office of a metropolitan daily, and finally became one of the leading officers of the Associated Press and was conspicuous in the struggle of that organization for supremacy in its field. As superintendent of an important division, with its headquarters in New York, this journalist had to do with the gathering and distribution of the news of a continent. It was laid upon him to devise the most efficient service by wire to all parts of the United States, to Canada, and to Europe. It was his task also to extend that service into other and unoccupied fields; to bring into connection with the Association the most important and influential journals, and to carry to a higher degree of efficiency an organization which does its work on the skirmish line of modern alertness, invention, courage, and audacity. The task was immense, the burden almost intolerable even to a strong man, requiring incessant alertness, great power of concentration, and unusual working ability.

This man sat, as it were, with the telephone at his ear listening to news from all parts of the world, and, with the key of the telegraph under his hand, sifting it, collating it, and putting it into form between the two instruments and sending it out as rapidly as he received it. In such a life there was little time for making one's soul, as the French say. Under the strain the health of this journalist gave way, and he was compelled to give up his work. He gave a few informal talks about his experience, so refreshing in their spirit, so free from any professional element, so contagiously human, that he was almost forced on to the platform. While it was full early to gain the mastery of another art, it was too late to regain the strength that had been spent in the most strenuous service. But when the time of leisure came, this man's soul emerged, and it was like the soul of a child. In all the rush, tumult, and haste, in the fierceness of competition, he had kept his heart unspotted from the world. One of his friends said that he had the brain of a man, the heart of a woman, and the soul of a child; and his wife put the record of his life into a single phrase—"Without fear and without reproach." Truly every man makes or unmakes himself. Chevalier Bayard is not the creature of the age of chivalry, but of the chivalrous instinct which was in the soul of this busy journalist as truly as in the knight of the fifteenth century. It is quite as possible, though possibly not as easy, to preserve the quiet of the spirit, to have the heart of a child, and to keep unspotted from the world in the twentieth as in the first century.

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The Situation in Russia

One of the most striking and noteworthy features of the present situation in Russia is the extraordinary combination of repression with what seems to be toleration. In its attempt to crush the revolutionary movement and restore order the Government is resorting to measures of almost incredible severity, and yet at the same time it is granting, or tolerating, a freedom of speech that is absolutely unprecedented in Russian history. With one hand it is killing revolutionists by the hundred and exiling them by the thousand, while with the other it seems to be encouraging revolution by authorizing the publication of books, pamphlets, and magazines that are absolutely certain to intensify the feeling of disaffection and give encouragement to the spirit of revolt. With one hand it kills dragons, and with the other it sows dragon's teeth. Since the 1st of December, 1905, more than a thousand men, women, and children have been put to death in Russia by sentences of military tribunals and drumhead courts martial, while more than fifty thousand have been imprisoned or sent into exile. At the same time it is extremely probable, if not altogether certain, that ten times that number of liberals, revolutionists, and terrorists have been created by literature which the Government had power to suppress. Among books recently approved by the censor and openly advertised in the newspapers of St. Petersburg and Moscow we find: "The Agrarian Question," "History of the French Revolution," "The History and Theory of Socialism," "The Ten Commandments of the Poverty-Stricken," Kropotkin's "Anarchism," "The Religion of Social Democracy," "The Future of Social Democracy," "Morals and Historic Materialism," "Outlines of Scientific Socialism," Renan's "Life of Jesus," "The Peasant Kingdom," "The People's Programme," "How Russian Peasants Lost Land and Liberty," "Martyrs of Schlusselburg," and Kropotkin's "Speeches of a Rioter." George Kennan's "Siberia and the Exile System" has recently appeared in four different translations, it is running as a serial in a Russian magazine, and separate chapters from it have been published in pamphlet form and are selling widely at three and four cents a copy. Up to a year ago this book was absolutely prohibited in Russia, and in 1901 Mr. Kennan was arrested in St. Petersburg and sent out of the Empire under guard merely because he was the author of it. Within the present year there has been established in the Russian capital a monthly review called "The Past," which is wholly devoted to the history of the Russian revolutionary movement, and which already has a circulation of forty thousand copies. In the latest number (September) there are three or four articles by well-known revolutionists and terrorists, describing the life and sufferings of political prisoners in the fortress of Schlusselburg, at the mines of Kara, and on the island of Saghalien. These articles, of course, contain a mass of information never before accessible to the Russian people, and they must inevitably increase the feeling of hostility to the existing bureaucratic régime, even if they do not directly incite to political crime.

It is difficult to understand why an autocratic and theoretically omnipotent Government should allow such books, pamphlets, and magazines to circulate; but an explanation may possibly be found in the fact that the press in Russia has become so united in its opposition to the Government that it has virtually got beyond control. The censor must either permit freedom of speech or stop the printing of books and newspapers altogether, and the latter alternative, perhaps, is regarded as more dangerous than the former. Be that, however, as it may, the shooting of rioters and Anarchists on the one hand and the toleration of "Speeches of a Rioter" and "The History of Anarchism" on the other furnish a most striking illustration of Russia's chaotic condition. In the problem presented by the press, as well as in that raised by the question of another Duma, the Russian bureaucracy is between the devil and the deep sea. If it silences the press, it virtually fastens down the safety-valve; and if it does not permit the election of another Duma, it cannot negotiate another foreign loan.

Everything at present seems to indicate that the Government will be forced to convene another Duma, but that, by restricting the franchise, it will keep out of that body, if possible, all elements hostile to the autocracy. The Constitutional Democratic party, which had a majority in the late Duma, has now been outlawed, and all of its leading members, including its president and vice-president, are under indictment for treason. Hundreds of thousands of peasants and factory operatives who voted in the late election have been disfranchised, and liberal leaders who show a disposition to become active in the forthcoming election campaign are being arrested and either imprisoned or exiled under the laws of "extraordinary and reinforced defense." In the present temper of the Russian people it is extremely doubtful whether the Government, by any exercise of arbitrary power and by any restriction of the franchise, can obtain a majority in the lower house; but if it fails to do so, it can dissolve Duma No. 2 as it dissolved Duma No. 1, and the revolution will go on. Whatever may happen, it is to be hoped that the Liberal members of the forthcoming Duma will escape the fate of their predecessors. Of the representatives of the people in Russia's first parliament, one (Professor Herzenstein) has been murdered by "Black Hundred" assassins, one has gone insane, two have been cruelly beaten, ten are in hiding, five have been exiled, twenty-four are in prison, thirty-three have been arrested and searched, and one hundred and eighty-two are under indictment on the charge of treason. And yet the Czar's manifesto of October 30, 1905, guaranteeing "freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, freedom of association, freedom of public assembly, and real inviolability of personal rights" has never been abrogated and is still in force!

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The Spectator

The Spectator is not an athlete, and even in his college days was more inclined to tennis and cross-country walks than to the more strenuous sports. But he has always been a great lover of games, either as participant or observer. Football is no exception to the rule, though it must be confessed that during the past few years the Spectator's pleasure in the game has been mitigated by the difficulty of seeing just what was going on. It wasn't that he felt the necessity of being able to understand the fine points of the play, but he did feel that, having paid his admission fee to see a game of football, he was entitled to a sight of the football itself more than half a dozen times during the game. The spectacle of a "mass play on tackle"—the closely knit bunch of men hurling itself against the wing of the opponents' line, the twenty-two men gravitating toward a single point like iron filings to the pole of a magnet, the whole mass surging forward two, three, five yards, or slowly falling back under the pressure of the superior defense of the enemy, then settling down into a pile, to be torn apart by the eager hands of the referee in search of the ball, which even he had not seen since the play began—such a spectacle was thrilling, but when indefinitely repeated lacked variety and interest. The Spectator, after a half-hour of such play, sighed regretfully for the old days when Harvard's star half-back was Jim Lee, whose specialty was fleetly circling the enemy's ends for gains of ten or twenty yards. The long delays, too, while injuries were being treated or a simulated hurt was being utilized to give an exhausted team a breathing-spell, were vexatious to the spirit of the observer, especially if the air were nipping. Altogether the Spectator had lost, quite against his will, much of his interest in football as it was played. He was delighted, therefore, at the news that the Rules Committee had made radical changes in the game, and he awaited eagerly the first opportunity that might present itself to see the new game tried. His friend the Editor had let him read in proof a very interesting and illuminating article on the new rules, and he felt better prepared than ever before to understand what he should see.

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The opportunity came with the meeting of Princeton and Cornell at the Polo Grounds in New York. The Spectator betook himself thither in company with thirty thousand, more or less, of his fellow-enthusiasts. The line-up after the kick-off revealed the first novelty of the new play. The men in the two lines stood separated by a neutral space, inviolable by either side on pain of instant penalty. The effect was apparent even to the Spectator's unskilled eye. The line man had to let his opponent alone until the play began. The moment before the snapping of the ball had become a time of tense, eager waiting instead of an opportunity for skirmishing, for annoying your opponent, and sometimes, unfortunately, for seeking an unfair advantage under cover of the close-set lines. Princeton had kicked off, and

Cornell, after one old-fashioned plunge into the line, elected to return the kick. The ball sailed down the field, to be fumbled by the Princeton back, a Cornell end dropping hungrily upon it. A sigh of despair rose from the Princeton supporters, while the opposite stand blossomed out in the cardinal and white to the accompaniment of a roar of delight. It was a great chance for a score; the full-back dropped back for a kick, evidently a try for a goal from the field. But here came the surprise. Straight from the center the ball came to his hands, and, with the swift, pushing throw of the basketball player, right from the chest, he shot it to the waiting end far out on the right wing. Fifteen yards the end carried the ball through his surprised foes, and the value of the new forward pass, when skillfully executed, seemed demonstrated. The few yards to the goal line were quickly covered, and the Cornell supporters yelled and yelled and yelled again.

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Another short period of play, however, turned the tables, and brought out another feature of the new game. Princeton had carried the ball, by varied tactics, down near to her opponent's goal. It looked again as though there would be a try for a field goal, but this time it was a short, low, puzzling kick just over the heads of the line men, twisting to one side. Like a flash a Princeton end was on it, and carried it across the goal line. It was a neat and convincing illustration of the possibilities of the on-side kick. The new rule permits a player on the kicking side to take the ball (if he can) as soon as it touches the ground, without waiting for an opponent to touch it.

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During the rest of the game the effect of the new rules was not so dramatically illustrated. The forward pass and the short on-side kick were occasionally used, but the vigilance of the defending team more often than not rendered them of no avail. Nevertheless, the Spectator found that the game was for him immensely improved. The ten-yard rule, which compelled a team to advance the ball twice as far as formerly if it would retain possession of it, made, for a long time, about every fourth play a kick, or an end run, or a trick play. Toward the end of the game Princeton had so demonstrated her superiority that she was able to keep the ball by more uninterrupted use of the old-time tactics. But, on the whole, the Spectator had no doubt that as a spectacle the new game was measurably better than the old. The ball was more frequently in the air, and the plays were oftener carried out by open formations and tactics that tended to scatter the players rather than to mass them indistinguishably at one point. The Spectator realizes as strongly as any one the vital importance of the ethical side of the game, and the need for its reformation. But it is much more difficult to determine at first sight how that side is affected by the new rules. That must be judged from the results of a season rather than of one game. The Spectator will not be so rash as to try to express an opinion, based on such insufficient data.

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There is one particular in which the new football is happily unchanged, and thereat the Spectator rejoices. A great football game is not merely a spectacle of two bands of men striving to advance a pigskin ellipsoid in opposite directions across certain white marks on a green field; it is more impressively the spectacle of ten or twenty or thirty thousand people watching them do it. Therein, perhaps, lies its most inspiring quality. The Spectator can hardly imagine himself laying aside his dignity so completely as he has been known to do under the stimulus of the crowds at a football game if he were to be the solitary observer of ever so fierce a football struggle. Fortunately, the crowds are just as big, and just as enthusiastic, and just as young, (it's spirit, not years, that counts at a football game), and just as exciting as they ever were. The Spectator revels in the color, and the tumult, and the music, and the youth of his fellow-spectators, and is unashamed.

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

ART AND HOLIDAY BOOKS
NOVELS AND TALES
FOUR NEW BIOGRAPHIES
TWO CAMBRIDGE ESSAYISTS

THE product of the printing-presses has become so great that it is impossible to separate the wheat from the chaff and gather in the harvest that is to feed the spirit under the pressure of modern life and give it strength to find its way through life's confusion. The reviewer has a heavier task than the harvester on the far-stretching prairie farm, for he has the growth of two seasons to store into barns, or burn as stubble, or leave to the decay of the open fields. Accused as he often is of superhuman malice, lack of discrimination, surrender to low motives, and an uncharitable spirit, he is held to full human responsibility not only for doing the things he ought not to do but for leaving undone those things which no mortal could do. He is often regarded by the unsuccessful aspirant for literary reputation and popular regard as a man with an iron purpose to hold the gate against all newcomers and to meet every promise of talent, every stirring of genius, with cold, malignant contempt or neglect. He has, in the eyes of these stern judges, two masters before whom he bows in servile submission and whose decrees he executes with tragic alacrity: the publishers and the reading public. His ruling passion is to give pleasure to one by pushing his business and to placate the other by commending those books it desires, rather than those which it ought, to read.

As a matter of fact, the critic is a very much overworked person, eager to do his work with at least respectable efficiency; so weary, at times, of the printed page that he goes a little insane when he comes upon the fresh touch, the hint of a new talent, the faint respiration in an imperfect body of the breath of life. He is far more likely to blow the trumpet in praise of the promise in the work of the newcomer than to play a more sober instrument in praise of the finished achievement by the recognized master. He shares the fallibility of his readers in the matter of judgment, and is prone to make the average number of blunders. He is often so stunned by the claims of the friends of a new writer that he permits himself the satisfaction of a prejudice against what may be a genuine talent unfortunately heralded by a blare of trumpets. It must not be forgotten, in the hour when he is tried and condemned out of hand by impatient readers, that he is probably trying with at least an average amount of conscience to keep faith with those who write books and with those who read them.

In this issue The Outlook deals with many though by no means with all the important books of the season; it endeavors to group, for the convenience of its readers, the significant and interesting novels, and it comments on a few biographies and books of artistic quality; many works of value have already received attention; others will receive attention later. It is quite impossible to notice all the books that appear; The Outlook uses entire freedom in selecting those upon which it will comment and those which it will pass over in silence; intending to call attention here to some of the most important books, and to those which, by reason of quality, atmosphere, or style, refresh and bring joy or courage or suggestion to the busy men and women of to-day.

The present season has been strong in fiction and biography. Mrs. Pennell's life of Charles Godfrey Leland, already noticed, is a work of peculiar interest; Mr. Perry's "Whitman" will rank among the best American literary biographies; Mrs. Bisland's account of Lafcadio Hearn deals with a career so exceptional as to present a dramatic contrast of a striking kind; General Lew Wallace tells the story of his army and literary life in his own way; the biography of Bishop Huntington, by his daughter, will be read with deep admiration for a man of rare spiritual and intellectual qualities; Lord Rosebery's short biographic study of Lord Randolph Churchill is one of the books which intelligent readers will be unwilling to miss; Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Memories and Thoughts," consisting of brief chapters on a great variety of subjects, are so autobiographic in tone that they have a certain unity of interest; Mr. Gardner's study of the life and times of Ariosto, under the title "The King of Court Poets," is one of a considerable number of recent publications on Italian literary subjects. All these biographies, and doubtless others of equal interest, will receive notice at an early date in The Outlook.

ART AND HOLIDAY BOOKS

ART books are not necessarily books on art. The art atmosphere is often just as much awakened by a monograph on a particular city, its manners and customs, its people and problems, if all these are surrounded by an environment of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and literature. Take that most marvelous of all cities, for example, the Eternal City. In thinking of it you very likely may think not at all of the Colosseum, or the Dying Gladiator, or Raphael's Vatican Loggie; you may quite as likely recall the Wednesday morning fair in the Campo dei Fiori, the mingling of flowers, laces, vegetables, armor, and the many other commodities picturesquely spread out there for sale. But after you have gone the rounds and made your possible purchase you look up, and there is the background of the Cancellaria, one of Michael Angelo's best architectural achievements. And you can hardly do anything in Rome without being reminded of art in some form. Hence, we gladly note the increasing publication of books on particular towns and provinces and regions, not volumes of guide-book description, but atmospheric accounts of the impression made by particular places upon people whose minds are quick to receive every pleasurable and profitable sensation brought by the vividness of human life, present or past, against a background of nature and art. Such books come into being perhaps without ultimate intention, because certain places impose themselves even upon a dullard. He can hardly keep from making stray notes and sketches, and one who is not a dullard makes many such records of observations—and, lo, the book!

It is a satisfaction, therefore, to note in this season's publications a number of volumes which fall more or less in this category. Take, for instance, Mr. Thomas's superbly printed "Heart of England,"[1] with Mr. Richardson's interesting illustrations. Many readers of this book will have seen England. They will know about London and Oxford and Warwickshire; but will they know about the subjects which Mr. Thomas illumines, about St. Martin's Summer and November rains, about the first daffodils and summer poppies? Ten to one they will not. Now, such a book as Mr. Thomas's makes one take root in England. One learns to love the high-road with its strip of grass and clover and buttercups, without any prerequisite consideration of where the road runs or whether something historic and interesting is alongside. The book's title is exactly descriptive of its impact upon the reader. His mind may have known the mind of England, France, Italy, but such volumes as Edward Thomas's on England and Anne Macdonell's on Touraine and Mona Caird's on Provence teach his heart to appreciate the heart of all these regions, as expressed not so much in what art has done as, first of all, in what nature has done and in what man's daily life is doing. Then, as in the Campo dei Fiori, one awakens to the fact that there is a background of art against which all this is projected. For instance, Miss Macdonell's[2] and Miss Lansdale's[3] books are important because those who see Tours Loches, Chinon, Langeais, Amboise, Blois, and the rest need to be told something first of all not about architecture but about life—about the connection of historical personages with these splendid châteaux—about St. Martin and about Bishop Gregory of Tours, about Fulk Nerra, about Tristan the Hermit and Louis XI., about Agnes Sorel and Charles VIII., about Anne of Brittany, Philippe de Commines, Francis I., Henry II., Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Médicis, and a host of others. After this is done then the remarkable reproductions in color in the first book by Mr. Atkinson and in the second by Mr. Guérin are really notable, for we see more appreciatively how they portray in peculiar degree the individual sentiment of each castle.

This feature of individual sentiment may be occasionally characteristic of photography, as is noted in Elise Whitlock Rose's two volumes on "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France,"[1] with their two hundred illustrations from original photographs by Vida Hunt Francis. These ladies were fortunate in securing permission, not heretofore granted, to examine certain ecclesiastical archives; hence their book both in text and picture presents fresh side-lights on the ecclesiastical buildings of Provence, Languedoc, and Gascony. But the work is more attractive because of its apparent spontaneity of production, a quality yet more apparent in Mona Caird's "Romantic Cities of Provence,"[2] illustrated from wonderfully sympathetic sketches by Messrs. Joseph Pennell and Edward M. Synge. Arles, Avignon, Aigues Mortes, Nîmes, Tarascon, Uzès—do not these names evoke a flood of memories in the traveler who has not been content to rush through old Provence by express train on his way to Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and the rest of the Riviera, but has walked or cycled or driven or motored through the old province? To such more leisurely and more serious folk a book like the present should be welcome, because it is written from their unhasting, earnest, beneath-the-surface, appreciative point of view, and because it is brimming full of unhackneyed, spontaneous description and impression. Certainly no one of the season's volumes is better worth owning than is this.

The walker or cycler or motorist in southern France is pretty apt to penetrate more and more into the Pyrenees, and even across them into Spain, or around them on the one side to San Sebastian, on the other to Barcelona. Such a traveler has now the opportunity of taking with him two new companions, in the persons of Mr. Seymour and Mr. Wigram. If Mr. Seymour be chosen, it will be because our intending traveler purposes to visit only those cities in the south where the Moors founded their greatest seats. If Mr. Wigram be taken, it will probably be because the traveler has gone around by the northern route, and wishes to visit first of all northern Spain. But why should he not visit both north and south, and take both authors? He will find not an altogether unworthy successor to Ford and Borrow in Mr. Wigram, who possesses one faculty denied to those worthies—namely, the facility of describing by picture as well as by pen. The colored illustrations in Mr. Wigram's book,[1] though lacking the distinction of those in the books on Touraine, lend a certain charm absent from Mr. Seymour's volume.[2] Both books are fair examples of that kind of description which lies half-way between the guide-book and the book of atmosphere.

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[1] *The Heart of England.* By Edward Thomas. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

[2] *Touraine and Its Story.* By Anne Macdonell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

[3] *The Châteaux of Touraine.* By Maria Hornor Lansdale. The Century Company, New York.

[1] *Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France.* By Elise Whitlock Rose. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

[2] *Romantic Cities of Provence.* By Mona Caird. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Sometimes the distinctive qualities of the guide-book and the atmospheric book may be actually combined. An example of how not to do it may be found in the latest addition[3] to Miss Singleton's series on cities, buildings, and pictures, "Described by Great Writers," valuable as is this volume for a book of reference, while an example of how to do it is seen in Professor Strasburger's "Streifzüge an der Riviera."[4] The English translation of the latest German edition is illustrated by nearly a hundred wonderful reproductions of Riviera flowers. The Professor of Botany at the University of Bonn has studied these flowers year by year on the spot. His description of them and of the marvelous country where they grow is full of the appeal which must come from one who has actually lived in the land he describes. People are more apt merely to visit England, Spain, Touraine, Provence; people are more apt to sojourn on the Riviera and not merely to visit it. They know the Riviera country as Mr. Thomas would have them know the English roads and fields, and hence they cannot fail to welcome Professor Strasburger's volume, which does for the Riviera something of the service that Mr. Thomas's book does for England; for they already love the rosemary and thyme and cystus and mimosa which grow in unrivaled luxuriance on the Riviera from Toulon to Spezia.

Spezia! The name means that we are far down the Italian coast, and books ready to hand are Mrs. Champney's "Romance of Italian Villas"[1] and Mr. Peixotto's "By Italian Seas."[2] Mrs. Champney gives many an interesting tale concerning the old Italian families, but Mr. Peixotto's is by far the more important contribution. Both by pen and by lovely illustration he pictures Rapallo, at the Italian end of the Riviera, where he spent a winter. He describes Venice, but also that wider region which he deems washed by Italian seas—Dalmatia, Malta, and Tunis. Such a wide survey indicates an "Italia Irredenta" of a magnitude hardly considered within the range of practical politics. In publishing another edition of Mr. Peixotto's book a few misspelt Italian and French words should be corrected, but in the present edition one hardly notices these rare errors in the enjoyment of the author's straightforward, wholesome style, whether he gives us a word-picture or an etching. His book may find place on the shelf which bears "Romantic Cities of Provence."

Now that we are in such very wide Italian seas, it is but a little sail round the corner to Greece, where we find ancient Greek life re-illumined for us by Mr. H. B. Walters.[3] Each new history of Greek art contains special information regarding the Homeric age, and the present volume is, of course, no exception to that rule. The work of research begun by Schliemann has been carried on by others, not only in Attica and the Peloponnesus, in Bœotia and the Ægean Islands, but also in Crete, Rhodes, Assyria, Cyprus, and Egypt, where the influence on later Greek art is increasingly in evidence. The remains of Knosus and Mycenæ show that in some respects their art was as creative as was that of Athens in the fifth century B.C. Our author divides his history into the period of origins, 2500–1000 B.C.; the Archaic period, 1000–460 B.C.; the periods of perfection, 460–320, and of decadence, 320–146 B.C., the last-named date marking the capture of Corinth by the Romans. The work should be read in connection with Professor Percy Gardner's "Grammar of Greek Art." There is a fine enthusiasm about both works. It would make classicists out of those unnecessarily practical people who live from day to day, forgetting any glorious background of art—of Greek art in particular. Another who has helped us the better to understand Greek art, Professor Edmund von Mach, has published a useful book this autumn. His "Outlines of the History of Painting"[1] consists for the most part of chronological lists by which we are able to know, as not hitherto, how art has been developed in contemporary and often independent evolution in Italy, Germany, Flanders, Holland, Spain, France, Great Britain, America, Scandinavia, Russia, China, and Japan. The type-arrangement indicates the rank of artists. Then follow suggestive essays on the art of painting in the above-mentioned countries. Such books are indispensable to the student, as are those volumes concerning Leonardo da Vinci and Gainsborough, artists far apart in time and circumstance. The collection of the great Italian's notes[2] should be put into the hands of every young artist—indeed, one might say of every man. They comprise the records and results of Leonardo's theory in art and various branches of mathematical and natural science, together with fragments of literary composition of a philosopher of meditative character, and, in addition, much personal and biographical matter. The contents of Leonardo's manuscripts, except those contained in his "Treatise on Painting," have to English readers been available only in the edition selected and edited by Dr. Richter over twenty years ago. Since then all of these manuscripts, whether at Milan or Paris, and some of those at Windsor, have been published with facsimile reproductions. There has been abundant reason, therefore, for the appearance of Mr. McCurdy's arrangement. The book has as a frontispiece a reproduction of the wonderful drawing of a head at Turin, supposed to be a portrait of Leonardo and drawn by himself, and there are a number of other interesting illustrations in the volume. In size and lack of ostentation in print and illustration this volume will appeal to the many who could not afford to buy something more costly. For illustration of a more popular character from Leonardo's works one needs to consult the book entitled "Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci,"[1] with its long and welcome introduction by Mr. Lewis Hind. A similar volume contains the "Drawings of Thomas Gainsborough,"[2] with an introduction, not nearly so long or interesting as the preceding, by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. The range of subjects in both volumes is wide and the illustrations are, of course, of immense suggestiveness, not only to the artist, but to the layman, who will see in them real daily life portrayed by men who were in the best sense realists and idealists in one. Another indispensable book, but in a minor department, is the late Friedrich Lippmann's "Engraving and Etching."[3] The third edition of this work has been revised in accordance with the results of recent research. Dr. Lippmann's description closes with the beginning of the nineteenth century, thus not including the more recent developments in the art of engraving, the advent of steel engraving, lithography. and the modern mechanical processes which have caused a revolution in reproductive arts. These demand a volume by themselves.

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[1] *Northern Spain.* By Edgar Wigram. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[2] *Saunterings in Spain.* By Frederick H. A. Seymour. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

[3] *Historic Buildings of America.* By Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

[4] *Rambles on the Riviera.* By Eduard Strasburger, F.R.S., D.C.L. Translated from the German by O. and B. Comerford Casey. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] *Romance of the Italian Villas.* By Elizabeth W. Champney. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

[2] *By Italian Seas.* By Ernest F. Peixotto. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[3] *The Art of the Greeks.* By H. B. Walters. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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[1] *Outlines of the History of Painting.* From 1200–1900 A.D. By Edmund von Mach, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston.

[2] *Leonardo da Vinci's Note-Books.* By Edward McCurdy, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] *Drawings of Leonardo da Vinci.* By C. Lewis Hind. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[2] *The Drawings of Gainsborough.* By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[3] *Engraving and Etching.* By Dr. Fr. Lippmann. Translated from the German by Martin Hardie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The treatment of any subject is forceful only when done with discrimination. Particularly is this true of criticism of the works of painters, sculptors, architects, composers, and poets. The exaltation which their achievements produce in impulsive people is not always a reason why people less impulsive should be moved in like degree. So, when a somewhat cynical reader takes up a book the pages of which bristle with adjectives like "perfect" and "ideal" and "unique," he is apt to form a certain prejudice against the book before he has read it. It is unfortunate for so prominent a critic as Mr. Staley that, in writing a biography of Lord Leighton,[1] he has written with such apparent indiscrimination. According to Mr. Staley, from whatever point of view we regard Leighton, whether as draughtsman, colorist, modeler, orator, or leader of men, he was head and shoulders above his contemporaries. In especial, regarded as an artist there is nothing in Leighton's art not "superlatively beautiful." It is true that Lord Leighton did much for art in general, and, in particular, did much to lift British art out of a passing phase of mediocrity. It is also true that the Leighton lectures to the students of the Royal Academy were such fine specimens of rhetoric and criticism as to carry us back to Leonardo's above-mentioned "Treatise on Painting." Again, it is true that Leighton was, perhaps, the most distinguished President of the Royal Academy since Reynolds. Finally, it is true that Leighton's character revealed a peculiarly sympathetic graciousness and dignity of bearing. But, unfortunately for the student of art, Mr. Staley has chosen to envelop all these qualities in an atmosphere of superlatives; these aside, he has presented a book not indispensable, as are the above, in their several fields, but worth reading as affording a glimpse of latter-day developments in British art and the influence therein of one who imbued by his genius and style such men now painting as Poynter and Richmond. Another and better-written book, but not indispensable, is Mr. Wedmore's "Whistler and Others,"[1] in which we learn not only about British but about Venetian, Spanish, and French art. The critic's survey is characteristically candid and suggestive. It is fortunate for students of art with slender purses at this holiday season that the book is published at a moderate price.

But not all readers are serious students of art. The uninitiated may appreciate Mr. Hind's latest book,[2] with its nearly one hundred illustrations. The latter form the subject matter of the text, which is hardly more than an explanation of them. The author of "Days with Velasquez," "Adventures Among Pictures," "Rembrandt," etc., understands how to scatter snap-shots as he describes art education in England, in the Paris studios, in Italy, Austria, Germany, and Belgium. The book may not interest the serious student; to the beginner it should be a kind of Bodley book in art. Of yet more popular appeal is Mr. Howard Chandler Christy's "American Girl,"[3] a somewhat interesting but certainly inadequate attempt to portray in pen and pencil perhaps the most difficult subject in the world. The work belongs to a class exploited particularly by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson—and we may add that, though these illustrators command enormous fees, a little of this class of illustration goes a great way with many serious folk.

Of course the season brings illustrated editions of favorite books. The task of the illustrator becomes less easy as the book is more popular. Among these a prominent place should be given to Mr. Albert Herter's sympathetic and successful pictures in a new edition of Mr. Cable's sterling book, "Old Creole Days."[4]

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[1] *Lord Leighton of Stretton, P.R.A.* By Edgecumbe Staley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] *Whistler and Others.* By Frederick Wedmore. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[2] *The Education of an Artist.* By C. Lewis Hind. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[3] *The American Girl.* By Howard Chandler Christy. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

[4] *Old Creole Days.* By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

NOVELS AND TALES

PESSIMISM is the easy and obvious way out of all perplexities of opinion; the path so well worn of late years that the reader of current criticism expects to take it at a comfortable pace the moment he opens his favorite journal. If you have nothing to say, runs the unwritten adage of to-day, scourge the age; above all, speak contemptuously of its poetry and fiction; point out the damning fact that there are no longer any Shakespeares or Balzacs; if you are writing of American books, touch with a caustic hand the vulgarization of taste in a democracy, the demoralizing effect of the pursuit of money on art, and the disappearance of idealism below the horizon of the New World. Habitual readers have learned the trick of this indiscriminating routine criticism so perfectly that they know in advance precisely what will be said and how it will be said. This monotony of condemnation has become especially wearisome in reviews of fiction, for the labor of reading the latest novels is heavy and the way of escape through a well-defined formula enticing.

There never was greater need of unsparing criticism than at this moment, when the temptation to write for a market instead of for one's conscience is searching and powerful; but judgments are of no value unless they rest on clear knowledge and dispassionate consideration of all the facts. Many a culprit deserves to be hung, but not on general principles nor because it is the easiest way to dispose of him. Modern life may be as vulgar as its critics declare, and contemporary fiction as cheap and formless; but these judges rarely show any insight into the depth and drift of that life, or any stirring of that sympathy which is the key to the understanding of its art.

There are many worthless novels because there are many more readers and presses than at any previous time; there is a vast amount of vulgarity of taste in America, as there is in England, Germany, France, and Italy; we cannot hope to escape the rude processes of growth through which the older countries are passing. But here and there are to be found Americans who have eaten of the tree of knowledge and know good and evil, as there is a small minority of Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians who have gained a kindred wisdom; and now and again, in the vast mass of novels, there comes to the surface a real story, as, in the days of Fielding, of Jane Austen, of Thackeray in England, of George Sand, of Hugo, of Daudet in France, of Gogol and Turgeniev in Russia, there sometimes appeared a vivid transcription of experience, a real interpretation of life.

It has been a disturbing year for those who have settled down to the comfortable conviction that all things have finally gone to the bad; there have been some things so obviously good that they cannot be ignored. There, for instance, is "Coniston,"[1] a story which gives joy to the elect quite as much as the "herd." Mr. Churchill's earlier stories had certain defects which gave comfort to the conventional fault-finders, and they quickly despatched him to the place of torment prepared for "popular writers." "Coniston" seemed at first reading a capital piece of work; it had many of the qualities of the real novel—well-defined movement, human interest, humor, pathos, descriptive power; and on second reading it not only held its own but revealed still finer elements of art.

Mr. Wister had done well with certain aspects of Western life; but, of course, it was easy to sketch the broad outlines of a primitive society and of elementary men and women. Then came "Lady Baltimore,"[2] and illogically set before its readers qualities of a very different kind—delicacy, subtlety of perception, refinement of characterization, distinction of tone, charm of style. Some critics even went so far as to class it with the best foreign fiction and to see in it a European finish and elevation. A few brave spirits thought it was as well written as and more interesting than "Fenwick's Career"!

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[1] *Coniston.* By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[2] *Lady Baltimore.* By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mrs. Deland had given pleasure by her earlier books, and the fact that a story gives pleasure is enough to put the critical on guard; there is something wrong if you are happy! Happiness is a middle-class quality; an attribute of the *bourgeoisie!* In her earlier work, however, Mrs. Deland had shown that she could give pain; "John Ward, Preacher," for instance, was not an easy-going, optimistic romance. "The Awakening of Helena Richie"[1] has evidently touched the hearts of a great many people. They have not thought it great in the sense that "Anna Karénina" is great; does any one recall a story of to-day to stand beside Tolstoy's novel in moral and psychological insight? But they found it true, sincere, sound, sweet, human, and very interesting. They did not at once take down "Vanity Fair" or "Adam Bede," mark its departures from the methods of these masterpieces, and straightway cast it into the outer darkness where all popular stories are supposed by the elect to find themselves, ignoring the noble company whose misfortune it has also been to touch the heart of the world; they read it in the light of its intention and spirit, and they found it altogether good and true. They took satisfaction in its broad simplicity, so like the greatness of real life; in its quiet but unerring ethical movement, so constantly confirmed by experience; in its flavor of individuality, so often found among out-of-the-world people; its natural, human speech and humor, conspicuously absent from much cosmopolitan culture; its sustained and deepening interest, the unforced expression of true dramatic power. Highly sophisticated cosmopolitan novels are so numerous that the success of this deeply human tale, told in the universal language of the writers who are born and not made, is a thing in which even the judicious may rejoice without loss of dignity.

They may find pleasure also in "The Breath of the Runners,"[1] the work of a young writer who needs experience, but who has power. The vitality, freshness, and dramatic energy of this story are full of promise. Many novels of the day deal with the appeal of material activities of one form or another to the inward force; this novel deals with the working out of that force as a matter of self-realization. From the significant title to the last paragraph it is full of that passion of expression which is the sign of inward power. It is a study of the artistic temperament and also of character; the scene shifts from New York to Paris; there is not only a pressure of deepening feeling throughout the story, but there is a rush of experience, a well-directed march of events. The characters are unusual and significant, and they are alive. The writer has much to learn in the matter of construction; there are crudities in the first half of the story which might have been eliminated. But she will be willing to learn, for she has an artist's feeling for her work.

To lay down so promising a piece of writing as "The Breath of the Runners" and open so strained and overwrought a tale as "The Man in the Case"[2] is to go from the open air into a close, overheated room. The touch of hysteria is as much to be avoided in art as in life; it is fatal to natural feeling, to sound insight, and to sanity of emphasis. Mrs. Phelps has sinned before and against clear light, for she is an able woman of vivid temperament and many gifts; but she has never been more out of key with a wholesome way of dealing with life than in this story of a heroic and self-sacrificing woman.

One gets a breath of fresh air on Pook's Hill[3]—and feels that dreams do not inevitably run to nightmares. One is glad, moreover, to come once more upon the Kipling of imagination, humor, and poetry instead of the Kipling who hates Russia and the German Emperor. It was a very pretty fancy to lead two children within a fairy circle on the Hill and summon Puck to tell them stories, half legendary, half historical, and altogether Kiplingesque, of dramatic incidents in the early history of Britain, and to call back the striking figures which move against the background of English history. Puck and the men he calls to his aid are graphic narrators, there are some effective interludes in verse, and the treatment as a whole is fresh and vital. The book is a collection of tales for children, but it will interest their elders who have not outgrown their younger selves.

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[1] *The Awakening of Helena Richie.* By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers, New York.

[1] *The Breath of the Runners.* By Mary Mears. F. A. Stokes Company, New York.

[2] *The Man in the Case.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

[3] *Puck of Pook's Hill.* By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Since Mr. Thomas Nelson Page wrote "On Newfound River,"[1] a short story for younger readers, he has done good work, though nothing better than those captivating early tales which grew like wild flowers out of the rich soil of old Virginia social life. In his maturity he has returned to this early story, recast, expanded, and given it an air of maturity. The most appreciative comment that can be made on this story is that he has not spoiled it; the old charm still lingers.

The old Southern ideals of the relation of the man to the woman, of the shaping and enduring influence of the love between men and women, of the sovereignty over the man of spirit and imagination of the ideals of the gentleman, dominate Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's latest story, "The Tides of Barnegat,"[2] as they have dominated all his earlier stories. This is an old-fashioned love story with a tragic motive and several stirring incidents, chief among them the vivid description of the wreck of the Polly Walters at the end. The chapter which describes the holding of the old hulk against the boys of the town makes one young again.

The quiet humor and gentle lines of life apart from the storm and stress of the city are pleasantly illustrated in Miss Alice Brown's group of short stories in "The County Road."[3] These tales are not clamorous with action nor subtle with concealed intention; they have the qualities of their title: they pass through pleasant places, they are free from haste, and they are frequented by quaint, simple, original people. There is a leisurely air in "Listener's Lure"[1] also, but it resides in the old-fashioned epistolary style and in the quiet turn of a love story which enlists the sympathy, in one form or another, of a group of very interesting people. If Mr. Lucas's training had been less exacting, he would have failed disastrously to invest this collection of letters from a group of correspondents with the interest of movement and variety. In his hands the form so familiar to our fathers affords opportunity for reflection on many subjects, for much clever comment on people and society, and for a very pretty play of wit; and the story goes on its way to a happy ending, as it ought.

If one is looking for clever turns of speech, for ingenious maxims and witty talk, among the novels of the season, he will find these in abundance in Miss Fowler's latest chapter in the history of a very engaging young woman, "The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby."[2] The plot is slight, but there is much vivacity, variety, and a generous share of breezy talk in this account of Isabel Carnaby's hospitable but perilous experiment of bringing a captivating young woman from India—half English and half native—and launching her in English society. The story is neither deep nor vital, but it is entertaining and refreshing.

Fiction has rarely invaded the privacy of the harem, and when it has ventured to penetrate the mystery which surrounds family life among the upper classes in Turkey, neither its aims nor its methods have been serious. In "Disenchanted"[3] Pierre Loti has not only written a story of unusual charm, but has reported a change of the most radical nature in the attitude of Turkish women; a change so great that it has created a tragic situation. For the harem has not only been invaded by Paris gowns and furnishings, but by modern thought. Women still shut out from the world by inexorable custom have become educated, are reading the books of the day, and have become free in mind while they remain imprisoned in body. This situation M. Loti has developed in a story of rare delicacy and beauty, full of refinement of feeling, and sketched in those sensitive colors, with that extreme sensibility of feeling, which have made him perhaps the foremost of impressionist writers. The story is so slight that in hands less sympathetic and skillful it would run out into mere description. A French man of letters in Constantinople receives a letter from a young girl in a harem who admires his work; this note opens the way to a personal interview, to stolen meetings with other Turkish women whose confidence finally yields the secrets of their thoughts, hopes, aspirations, and the rigidity of their exclusion. The narrative is steeped in the atmosphere of the Bosphorus, and flows like a minor song through chapters of lyrical charm to the inevitable ending.

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[1] *On Newfound River.* By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[2] *The Tides of Barnegat.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[3] *The County Road.* By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

[1] *Listener's Lure.* By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[2] *The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby.* By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

[3] *Disenchanted.* By Pierre Loti. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is much more widely known as the author of "Sherlock Holmes" stories than as the author of "The White Company," but there is reason to believe that his ambition is to write sound, thorough, semi-historical fiction. He regards "The White Company" as the most serious piece of work he has done. "Sir Nigel"[1] is in the same vein and the same field. It differs from most stories that are vitally related to earlier stories by the same hand because it is a prelude and not a sequel. Sir Nigel is a gallant young Englishman who comes on the scene after the Black Plague and who wins his spurs in France, the story culminating in a daring action at the Battle of Agincourt. Every chapter shows thorough study and careful work; and the novel is not only a spirited story, but a very carefully drawn picture of the age of chivalry, bringing out both the heroism and the brutality of that period and interpreting its spirit in its activities, ideals, dress, and social organization. It is a far cry from the tournament in which Sir Nigel takes part to that which is the climax of Mr. James Fox, Jr.'s, tale, "A Knight of the Cumberland;"[2] a short long story told against the background of that mountain country which Mr. Fox described with such vivid vitality and picturesque force in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." This story is of less consequence than its predecessor, but it bears the mark of Mr. Fox's charming talent, the fresh feeling, the naïve directness, the sympathy with everything that it touches.

The sympathy for out-of-door life is very strikingly evidenced in the dramatization of animal experiences, not only in the books of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Seton, Mr. Long, and Mr. Roberts, but in such stories as "Bob, Son of Battle," and "The Call of the Wild." In sheer force of delineation, passionate feeling for the wilderness and for the things that live in it, the latter story is quite unsurpassed in American writing; it is fully matched in both these respects by "White Fang,"[1] in which Mr. London reverses the process of retrogression traced in "The Call of the Wild," and follows the fortunes of the wolf-dog until he becomes a human-dog. There are in the story touches of the brutality which Mr. London never quite escapes; but from the beginning to the end the experience of "White Fang" is dramatized with striking effectiveness. The psychology is, of course, guesswork, but it is wonderfully convincing. No stronger piece of work in this field has appeared.

In an article on another page dealing with "Contemporary Themes in Fiction" Miss Mary Moss refers to two new English novels as full of the most rare and delicate humor. These two books, in fact, illustrate once more the anomaly that while Americans are apt to gird at the imperfect sense of humor among Englishmen, it is usually to English novelists that we turn for humor as distinct from the comic. Recent English fiction has shown a tendency to the over-sophisticated, just as American fiction has sometimes lately pushed virility to the verge of brutality. But when artful workmanship and flesh-and-blood reality in character-creation are combined, and in turn united with true humor, the English novel is at its best. Such was the case last year with Miss Sinclair's "The Divine Fire," and such is the case this season with Mr. William De Morgan's "Joseph Vance"[1] and with Mr. W. J. Locke's "The Belovéd Vagabond."[2] The first, despite a rather unpleasantly brutal first chapter, soon arouses the reader's interest by its gently discursive narrative. Here, in Joseph Vance, is a sweet-spirited old man, who has loved much, known many friends worth knowing, suffered in silence for love's sake, and at last has had his reward. He has a kindly perception of the foibles and weaknesses of some odd characters with which his story is involved and of the good qualities of others, and soon one feels that he knows these people as intimately as did the narrator. From childhood to old age we accompany Joseph with growing pleasure in his joy and sorrow, in his griefs and troubles. Two characters stand out with singular distinctness—Joseph's father, who, despite his weakness for the bottle and his perversity in distorting names, has rough strength and startling originality; the other, Lossie, Joseph's early and late love, is a charmingly simple and true woman, a character one instinctively classes with Thackeray's Laura. In short, "Joseph Vance" amuses by its willful divagations from the straight path of narrative, quietly pleases by its wholesome sentiment, and leaves one with an impression of thorough enjoyment such as one had from the "old-fashioned" novel that preceded the quick-seller and the instantaneous-effect fiction of the day.

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[1] *Sir Nigel.* By A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

[2] *A Knight of the Cumberland.* By John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] *White Fang.* By Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. Locke, the author of several clever novels, better known perhaps in England than here, last year attracted attention by "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," now dramatized and one of the successes of the present theatrical season in London. His "Belovéd Vagabond" tells of one who, though a gentleman and a scholar, has become a peripatetic philosopher, a roadside humorist, and the delight of the cafés of the Latin Quarter. He too, like Mr. De Morgan's Joseph, has to bear the penalty of a fault not his own, and thereby loses the love of his early life; but when it is restored to him in later life, he has become confirmed in his cheerful vagabondage, and the author is artistically right in making his whimsical "Paragot" remain Paragot to the end instead of becoming a respectable English country gentleman. One may shrink a little from the realism with which some phases of our delightful vagabond's life is depicted, but one is fascinated by the overflowing humor of his talk and by the free, open-air spirit of the road with which the book is pervaded.

Another English story in which humor plays a prominent part is "Doubloons,"[1] but here the authors seem to have fallen between two stools by combining an exciting tale of crime and treasure-seeking with a strain of burlesque. Moreover, the gruesomeness of dead bodies buried in street excavations and under boarding-house floors does not readily lend itself to humorous writing, as Stevenson found in that unhappy literary venture, "The Wrong Box." One does not believe much in either the crimes or the treasure of "Doubloons," and may turn with relief to "Treasure Island" to see how that sort of thing ought to be done. We do not know what part Mr. Phillpotts had in the writing of this book, but there is nothing in its comedy to remind us of his "Some Every-Day Folks," nor in its pseudo-tragedy to remind us of his "Secret Woman."

For strength of construction, excellent sense of proportion, and balance between romance and serious interest, Mr. Weyman's "Chippinge Borough"[2] may be cordially praised. The subject is one quite out of the author's usual field. The novel tells of the political turmoil and personal passion that marked the fight over the passage of the Reform Bill, and ends with the exciting scenes of the Bristol Riots. The hero, under the influence of Lord Brougham (whose character, by the way, is excellently delineated), becomes a member in the interest of the bill for one of the "rotten boroughs" in opposition to his fierce old Tory uncle, who supposes the borough is in his pocket. The uncle's daughter is a sweet and entrancing heroine, and love story and political intrigue are deftly interwoven. Rarely does one find a semi-historical subject treated so dramatically and with such intense personal interest.

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[1] *Joseph Vance: An Ill-Written Autobiography.* By William De Morgan. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

[2] *The Belovéd Vagabond; the Story of Paragot.* By W. J. Locke. John Lane, New York.

[1] *Doubloons.* By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

[2] *Chippinge Borough.* By Stanley J. Weyman. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Miss Cholmondeley's "Prisoners"[1] is technically faulty in construction in that the critical point of the plot is reached in the early chapters, but the tenseness of the situation continues. The reader feels with increasing vividness the nobleness of the Englishman accused wrongly of murder, who suffers in silence in an Italian prison rather than say what might compromise a woman, while with detestation that turns into pity one reads of the wickedness of this woman who allows the imprisonment to continue year after year without saying the word that would end it. Apart from plot and central situation there is much of unusual cleverness in Miss Cholmondeley's writing, and even some amusement in the satirical touches by which the incidental characters are enlivened.

Mr. Will Harben has his feet firmly on ground which he knows at first hand in "Ann Boyd,"[2] a forcible, direct, plain-spoken contrast of two women in a small rural community in North Georgia; one, who has committed a sin in her early youth, pursued with unremitting and malicious persistence by the other, and meeting her enemy half-way with unflinching defiance. The contest between the two women is carried to the bitter end, and incidentally the life of the little community is brought out in strong, simple lines. In the end love works its old miracle, and there is a fine ethical solution of the problem. The story has a certain elemental vigor which is characteristic of all Mr. Harben's work.

In "A Lady of Rome"[3] Mr. Crawford returns to a background with which he is familiar down to the very last detail and which he loves with the old-time love of his childhood. Against this background, however, he tells an extremely modern story which has to do with telephones, automobiles, labor strikes, and other vexatious and more or less dramatic accompaniments of modern life. The heroine makes her first appearance at a kermiss, dressed in Neapolitan peasant costume, selling lemonade for charity; and here the Countess and the hero, if he may be called a hero, a captain in one of the Italian regiments, meet again for the first time after an absence of seven years. The husband of the Countess has all this time exiled himself to Spain to avoid scandal. The Countess and the captain meet on friendly terms. Then the husband returns, offers his forgiveness to the Countess, who accepts it, and the captain is transferred by his own request to another regiment. The death of the Count finally relieves the situation. Mr. Crawford's usual freshness of invention seems to have deserted him in this story; but he is so skillful and thoroughly trained a novelist that he never fails to interest his readers. This story, however, cannot be ranked with his very successful ventures in fiction.

Mr. John Bennett has shown extraordinary skill in compounding his tale of hidden treasure.[1] It is not often that the intricacies of a cryptogram can be untangled for the benefit of an eager reader, and each step remain absolutely clear. A treasure had been buried in a South Carolina swamp for over a hundred years. After the Civil War, disasters of all sorts had overwhelmed the family in which the legend of the treasure was known, and a new effort to find it was made by a young cousin from the North. Being of a mathematical mind and of an inexhaustible patience, Jack Giguillott held through many discouragements to his purpose to rediscover "Judas's Knoll" and the treasure—such is the bare outline of the story. The marvel of it is that it is told with such simplicity, and produces so strong an impression of verity. "The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard," after the MS. narrative by Buck Guignard, Esq., will certainly hold a high place among tales of modern treasure-trove. The pictures of people and places are evidently reproduced from photographs.

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[1] *Prisoners, Fast Bound in Misery and Iron.* By Mary Cholmondeley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

[2] *Ann Boyd.* By Will Harben. Harper & Brothers, New York.

[3] *A Lady of Rome.* By Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[1] *The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard.* Arranged by John Bennett. The Century Company, New York.

There are other stories which have claims upon the attention of serious readers; but as a rule they are not of more than passing interest. The range of subjects, the variety of treatment, the catholicity of points of view, indicated by the novels of the season, to say nothing of their number, give small comfort to those prophets who have been saying for a decade that fiction has had its day and must give place to some other literary form. The drama is certainly "looking up," but the novel shows no signs of declining vitality.

FOUR BIOGRAPHIES

IN assigning biographers to the men whose lives are here to be considered, fate, though it has delivered them all into the hands of their friends, has not treated all with equal kindness. It will be convenient, in considering these four new books, to speak first of the three "theatrical" biographies, and of these first of the Irving, concerning which there is naturally a present curiosity.

The reader, as he makes his way through Mr. Stoker's two handsome and generously illustrated volumes, will now and again incline to the opinion that "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving"[1] might with equal propriety have been entitled "Autobiographical Sketches of Bram Stoker." The author takes the stage-center in the Preface, and throughout is more in the limelight than the biographical proprieties permit. So much is this the case that at times Irving slips into the middle distance, fades into the far distance, or quite vanishes over the horizon. But if Mr. Stoker has sometimes found it impossible duly to suppress himself, the reader will forgive him, for, if not a prince of biographers, he is still a stanch friend, who put at the service of the man he worshiped a cultivated mind and a good heart, and has here recorded a friendship honorable both to Irving and himself.

These reminiscences make no pretense of being, and are not, a formal biography. Of Irving's parentage, of his early struggles, of his private life, or of the inner life of his mind, we hear little. What we do get here is a full chronicle of his career as an actor from 1878, when Mr. Stoker became his acting manager, until his death. There are sketches of his associates—the pages given to Ellen Terry are especially pleasant reading—and circumstantial accounts, detailed to the last degree, of his stage triumphs, and of his wrestling with the difficult problems that confronted him in striving to perfect the rich and elaborate realistic stage-settings for which he was famous—this last, in the opinion of many, largely a misplaced effort, since it tended to distract the audience from the business of the play, and to set it agape at the ingenuity of stage-carpenters, scene-painters, and upholsterers.

Another striking feature of this book is the picture it presents of the social side of Irving's career, a phase of his subject upon which Mr. Stoker never tires of enlarging. Indeed, the reader would be content with less talk of the titled and distinguished acquaintances who, whatever Irving may have been to them, were little or nothing to Irving. And when he has read all that Mr. Stoker has thought it worth while to set down on this head, he will be tempted to exclaim with Artemus Ward, "This is 2 mutch." Pages and pages that might have done better service are given to mere lists of men and women of name and fame, from Queen Victoria, King Edward, and Presidents of the United States down, who have either been entertained by Irving in the Beefsteak Room or on the stage of the Lyceum, or who have themselves entertained him. No other actor, not even Garrick, has been so honored socially. Chiefs in every line of endeavor—poets, painters, sculptors, prime ministers, archbishops, and authors—graced his entertainments, and returned in kind his generous hospitality.

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[1] *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving.* By Bram Stoker. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Besides chronicling Irving's histrionic achievements and recording his social triumphs, the "Reminiscences" aims to make us intimately acquainted with Irving the man. In this the author has but imperfectly succeeded. He lacks the gift of the creative biographer who can bare to us the heart of his hero and make him live in the pages of his book. From Mr. Stoker we do get, however, a very clear conception of the group of qualities which we are accustomed to associate with Irving's name, and which made him loved and respected beyond any other English actor of his generation. We see in him a masterly man, a man of fine grain, with a clear, strong mind and a kind heart; a man who strained every nerve for the honor of his art, and was steadfast in the pursuit of his ideals; one, too, who was affectionate to his friends, and considerate to even the humblest of his fellow-workers. Other shortcomings there are in these volumes besides the failure to make known to us the real Irving—Irving the man, as distinguished from Irving the actor. We get from them little idea of the development of his art, of his histrionic limitations, or of the relative excellence of his impersonations. But, after all is said, this is a book to be grateful for, a book that will be of deep interest to gentlemen of "the profession," and an important contribution to the history of the English stage.

In "Garrick and His Circle"[1] the actor who held in the eighteenth century a position not unlike that of Irving in the nineteenth is the protagonist. He is properly presented as an innovator, the triumphant champion of the new natural way of acting, that abjured the strutting, bellowing, and blustering of the old school. Mrs. Parsons's book is first of all a life of the greatest of English actors, a record of his triumphs and a study of his methods. It is also a broad picture of the social life of the day. Garrick is followed into all the circles he frequented, and we make the acquaintance of the great company of his friends and associates. First and foremost we meet Peg Woffington—Peg the irresistible, "sweet with the piquancy of wild honey, and mutable as quicksilver," who, from crying halfpenny tarts in the streets of Dublin, came to have all London at her feet. To her charms Garrick—he was then twenty-five, she twenty-four—succumbed, and, for once forgetting his aspirations toward high respectability, would have made her his wife, had not Peggy firmly declined "to be cast for the wife's part in any 'Constant Couple' of real life." The theatrical society of the day—its whimsicalities, its vanities, its vulgarities, its frailties, and its estimable qualities—is presented with the greatest possible fidelity and vivacity. There are, too, admirable pictures of the choicest literary circles of the day, which Garrick much frequented. He dined often with the great men of "The Club"—with Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Reynolds, and the rest. His fame as an actor, combined with a good mind, extraordinary social gifts, and a something of the *bel air* in his manner, also gave him an *entrée* to the highest circles of rank and fashion. The doors of many of the best houses in England opened to him, and he was a valued friend of many people in the great world, and of many of those who steered the ship of state. This book, besides being an admirable study of Garrick, is a gallery of admirably executed eighteenth-century portraits, a repertory of most delectable anecdotes that strike with perfect truth the keynote of the period, and a mine of curious and out-of-the-way information in regard to eighteenth-century theaters, the physical conditions of the stage, the tumultuous behavior of audiences, the costumes of actors and actresses, and no end of other matters of a kind that will be keenly relished.

Molière, first of all a dramatist, was also an actor, and one who, in certain aspects of his career, was to seventeenth-century France what Garrick and Irving were to the England respectively of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. As there is in English no life of Molière worthy to stand beside the best French lives of the great actor-dramatist, a full and competent English critical biography is to be desired. To fill this gap is the difficult task which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has undertaken in this handsome and bulky volume,[1] which, thanks to the aid of printer, binder, and illustrator, is on the physical side quite unexceptionable. And the book itself entitles the author to all the praise due to one who has spared no pains in getting up his subject and has presented it with scrupulous accuracy and care. To praise it on other grounds than these is impossible. It cannot be commended for grace, distinction, or charm of style, for the structural skill of the gifted and practiced literary workman, for critical acumen, nor for sympathy or insight. It sheds no new light upon the subject; nor is it an acceptable popularization of facts and judgments which the critical research of two centuries has established. But it is from a failure in sympathy and insight that the book suffers most grievously—from a seeming incapacity to sound the tragic depths in the nature of the great comic master. An instance of what is meant will be found in the chapter in which the biographer tells the story of Molière and Armande Béjart. One is shocked at the banality of the sentiment in the comments upon Molière's most unhappy marriage with that vain, frivolous, and unfeeling girl, whose bewitching graces, wit, audacity, and nonchalance had completely enslaved him. "The reader may think," writes Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, at the end of the chapter referred to, "that he [Molière] got his deserts. . . . Blame him if you like; yet when the young blood sings in a pretty woman's veins, even a stronger man than a genius will listen." To one acquainted, as the author of this volume must be, with Sainte-Beuve's masterly essay on Molière—that beautiful monument to the man and author—the flow of complete sympathy with which the critic dwells upon the poignant tragedy of the relations between the dramatist and his wife must, one would think, have made an indelible impression. So also must that touching conversation between Molière and Chapelle in the garden at Auteuil, in which the latter bared his heart and declared that all his reason and philosophy were helpless against the jealousy that dried up the springs of his happiness. How a biographer acquainted with these two documents could be guilty of the insensibility which his heavy-handed comments betray, it is difficult to understand.

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[1] *Garrick and His Circle.* By Mrs. Clement Parsons. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Of the books of the hour few have had more attention than G. K. Chesterton's "Dickens."[1] Aiming to be a personal generalization upon the novelist's genius and his work, and leaving the facts of his life on the left hand, this is not greatly successful either as a psychological study or as a piece of interpretative criticism. It does not put into our hands the key to Dickens's inner life, nor does it appreciably help us to a fuller enjoyment of his work. Now and again, however, the author takes a fresh point of view, or, by incisive statement, brings home to us a good idea, as for instance when he repeatedly protests against the prevailing tendency to discount the value of Dickens's novels on the ground of their alleged unreality, or when he gives felicitous expression to the old complaint about the formlessness of these stories. His analysis, too, of the charm of "Pickwick" is good, and his enthusiasm over Dickens's comic invention, and his delight in Micawber, Pecksniff, and Swiveller, are contagious.

Readers on this side of the sea naturally look attentively at the part of this book—a disproportionately large part it is, too—in which Dickens's hostile criticisms of America are considered. By way of explaining the novelist's peevishness towards this country, Mr. Chesterton has some uncouth things to say about us on his own account. But these remarks, based upon encyclopædic ignorance of our feelings and temper, are ineffective and insignificant except as a measure of the author's mind and manners.

A year ago the present writer had occasion to read Mr. Chesterton's "Brown-ing," and still retains a lively sense of the disagreeable impression that book left. The same faults of taste and style that belonged to it are of the essence of the "Dickens." There are the same air of always hitting the nail on the head without really doing so, the same complacent smartness, the same brand of paradox, the same rhetorical contortions, the same explosive, bank-holiday volubility, and the same old juggling tricks of diction and phrasing. Why, then, it may be asked, are Mr. Chesterton's books so widely read, if his style is so unpleasant and the substance of his work so slight and innutritious? The answer seems easy: People read this writer as they go to see a juggler in motley, not to gather information, nor with any allusions as to the quality of the entertainment, but to find amusement and kill time. With so good a book as Dr. Ward's little critical biography in the field, the present volume seems a work of supererogation.

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[1] *Molière: A Biography.* By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Duffield & Co., New York.

[1] *Charles Dickens.* A Critical Study. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

TWO CAMBRIDGE ESSAYISTS

IN all the clamor and noise of the unhalting current of books there is a real interest in being held by a constraining voice, being forced to pause and listen and ponder.

"Surely whoever speaks to
me in the right voice,
Him or her I shall follow."

Two such constraining voices have held our attention in the last few years, both of them coming from an English university town, and uttering the speech of ripe culture and leisurely meditation. These facts by themselves should claim a hearing, since now so much that takes the name of literature is either the product of clever imitation or the outcome of untutored emotion.

The present writer's introduction to Mr. A. C. Benson was the anonymously published "House of Quiet,"[1] chanced upon at Bumpus's, in London, and partly read standing at the bookstall while deciding to make the purchase and carry the book home. It was a book quite definitely of renouncement, setting forth, first, resignation of all the more boisterous delights of living, then of the lesser joys that slip in when personal claims are hushed, and finally introducing the greater exaltations, the profounder peace, which are the result of a decisively chosen, austerely sustained mode of life. The style was fluent and beautiful, without glitter and without emphasis; and the book was somewhat marred, at least to the writer's feeling, by the introduction just at the close of an emotional element. Perhaps, however, it was necessary to show that there were extant very real, very human cravings to renounce ere the thinker could ultimately shut the door upon himself in "The House of Quiet."

It did not occur to the writer to connect this book with "The Upton Letters"[1] when, in the same browsing frame of mind, he picked them up in a bookseller's shop in New York while he was looking for the first series of "Shelburne Essays," and accepted the letters as a happy substitute. Surely if one had had the penetrating habit of relating the authors one reads, "The House of Quiet" would have leapt to mind at the reading; but it did not. There is so prevalent a tone of mystic acquiescence in the air now, so much of a preoccupation with the concerns of the soul, that, setting it down to the spirit of modernity, the writer thought nothing further of it until he read the announcement that Mr. Benson was now acknowledging "The House of Quiet." Another Cambridge voice lifted almost simultaneously is that of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, whose "Letters from a Chinese Official" in 1903 first brought him into general prominence upon this side of the water. There are many things one can say to fit both of these authors. Both speak with that authority which results from being thoroughly steeped in the authentic culture of their time, both have the unmistakable accent of an English university life, both use the essay as their medium, and both are mainly concerned with life as their problem; life, what it is, how to deal with it, what to make of it. Both are stylists of a very high rank, and both hold the tradition of a somewhat restrained and undecorative kind of writing.

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[1] *The House of Quiet.* By Arthur Christopher Benson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

[1] *The Upton Letters.* By Arthur Christopher Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Having said this much, it remains to point out the diversities, which are greater than the similarities. If both are preoccupied with the great general theme of life, to each life means a different thing. There will always be the two types of mind—the mind that looks out and the mind that looks in, the mind that examines the concrete and the mind that analyzes the abstract, the mind that has recourse to activities and the mind that finds solace in contemplation, the mind that, facing the incompleteness of life, says, "What is wrong with the governments and the institutions and the organizations and the labors and the productions?" and the mind that, wounded by the casualties and limitations of life, says, "Where do I fail, what spot of darkness is left in me, why do I not radiate light and peace in all directions?" There is and perhaps long will be the distinction between the mind that regards life as the outer fact and the mind that regards life as the inward grace. Now, of these types Mr. Lowes Dickinson represents the first as fully as Mr. Benson does the second. Where the sympathies of the one are with paganism, the sympathies of the other are with mediævalism in its finest sense. The very titles of Mr. Dickinson's books show by what handle he seized upon life to better it: "From King to King," "Revolution and Reaction in Modern France," "The Development of Parliament in the Nineteenth Century," "The Greek View of Life," "The Meaning of Good," "The Letters of a Chinese Official," "Religion; a Criticism and a Forecast," "A Modern Symposium." Though it is of this latest book that we wish to speak somewhat more fully, it is yet impossible to pass over "The Greek View of Life"[1] without a word of appreciation as to the graceful way in which Greek philosophy and poetry are made tributary to this slight but charming picture of a mode now past beyond recall. The style, already grown to full maturity and very highly charged, has in this book the austerity of concentration, restraint, and rigid sincerity. The presentations of Greek life, and its ideals, religious, political, artistic, and individual, not only appear as pictures of the past, but a constant contrast is invited with our own modern conditions. The willingness of Greece to sacrifice the majority to the higher development of the minority is pictured, while the passing of this attitude over to the mediæval terror for the salvation of each individual soul, and the easier and more lightly assumed brotherhood of modern days, are suggested. The Greek theory of the gods, leading to a belief in an outer fate or chance that ruled their lives, a fate which they propitiated and cajoled as best they might, but always with a loophole for the possibility of misconceiving their humanly capricious deities, is contrasted with the Christian ideal that the All-wise is the All-loving too, and that man is his own fate. None the less, Mr. Dickinson points out in this book, and in the "Letters of a Chinese Official," that whereas æsthetics and ethics were the chief concern of the Greeks, and moral relations of man to man are the primary fact of Chinese morality, our Western civilization is based upon purely commercial interests. Are we, he asks reiteratedly in each volume, to strangle the soul by subordinating life to wealth? Is that intellectual beauty, to which the poets sung hymns, to be allowed to flit unwooed from earth while we heap up physical comforts? And that this is the danger of modern life, none who look deep can question. The character and the beauty of the life lived can be the only criterion of its value, whether it clothe itself in rags and sit in a tub, or wear Tyrian dyes and jewels and live in palaces. And as an example of Mr. Dickinson's style when this question urges him to unwonted fervor, we must quote:

"Is that which created the religion, the art, the speculation of the Past; that insatiable hunger for eternity which, by a sacramental mystery, has transubstantiated into the heavenly essence of the Ideal the base and quotidian elements of the Actual; that spirit of unquenchable aspiration which has assumed, in its tireless quest for embodiment, forms so alluring, so terrible, so divine, which has luxuriated in the jungle of Hindu myths, blossomed in the Pantheon of the Greeks, suffered on the cross, perished at the stake, wasted in the cloister and the cell, which has given life to marble, substance to color, structure to fugitive sound, which has fashioned a palace of fire and cloud to inhabit for its desire, and deemed it, for its beauty, more dear and more real than kingdoms of iron and gold—is that hunger, in the future as in the past, to harass and hunt us from our styes? Is that spirit to urge, as of old, the reluctant wheels of our destiny? . . . Are we to be spirits or intelligent brutes; men or mere machines?"

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[1] *The Greek View of Life.* By G. L. Dickinson. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

"The Modern Symposium"[1] is a series of monologues upon existing conditions by a Tory, a Liberal, a Conservative, a Socialist, an Anarchist, a professor, a man of science, a journalist, a business man, a poet, a gentleman of leisure, a member of the Society of Friends, and a man of letters. In each case the very highest specimen of the given type is chosen to set forth in eloquent words his view of the world and its outcome. And of these only one man is an out-and-out pessimist, and he is the business man, the one who represents the completest triumph over material conditions, and who is inevitably, too, the most frustrate and thwarted of souls. It has been said by a wise man of letters, and one who ought to know, that Mr. Dickinson has seen America, but without understanding it. But surely the jovial satire of Arthur Ellis, the journalist, hits home; and if the picture of us is a little overdrawn and does not count in all the elements, yet we cannot fail to recognize the spice of truth in that description of our own, our native land, as the land of quantity without quality, of size without flavor, of indistinction rather than equality, and, above all, of speed without a goal.

"The spirit of Art," says Mr. Dickinson, "is disinterested contemplation, while that of America is cupidous acquisition." Whether or not we accept all that is said of us, criticism is an excellent mirror to turn to from time to time.

And now to turn from Mr. Dickinson to that other essayist and his dealing with life is to turn from the glare and full light of activity into a quiet room of shadows and dim firelight. We turn from the mind that has taken stock of the chances and possibilities of life, its activities and external relations, to the mind that watches its own operations, notes the waxing and the waning of the inner flame—"a man preoccupied with his own soul." Life to him is not science, nor religion, nor politics, nor governments, nor crafts, nor arts; but life is the vivid inner light, burning brightly or quenched, and the intricate commerce of souls, of which these other things are but a current coin of exchange. Life is the great meeting-place of souls in concourse, souls superficially perhaps so diverse as to make one common interest seem an impossible castle in the air, yet in reality, seen from the depths, souls so fundamentally alike as to appear but separate atoms in one great body of life, the immeasurable body of humanity stretching from the void before time into the void of eternity, standing with feet in the mire of earth and eyes and head swathed in the clouds of the sky, one part in hell and the other in heaven, and yet moving slowly, slowly, through æons of effort, up the spiral stairway of the universe.

With a style of exquisite grace and sincerity, lucid, fluent, clear, and yet with the depth and richness which is the overtone of great sorrow vanquished, Mr. Benson is not only a successful essayist and a man of letters, but he is what the prophets and the teachers must ever consent to be—the guide, companion, friend of all his readers, to whom they turn again and again, not for facts or phrases, but for counsels of fine living and inspiration for noble thinking.

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[1] *The Modern Symposium.* By G. L. Dickinson. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The Creative Spirit in Literature

Is it Dead, or Dormant?

Opinions by

Edward Everett Hale
Henry Holt
Henry M. Alden
H. W. Boynton
Thomas Wentworth Higginson

By Henry Holt

Why not put the phrase "the creative spirit in literature" in a word as genius? That is what it is, in etymology and reason, despite many other definitions.

I interpret the inquiry to grant that there has been a marked decline of genius, and to ask whether I think I see any prospect of its revival.

Let us premise that the question probably relates more to influences on the wide number of possible parents of genius, than on the genius himself: we have standard authority that all he has to do is to be born. But he is generally born from people who have in a respectable degree the tastes and powers that the genius has in an extraordinary degree. Some help to an answer to our question should be found, then, in the influences affecting the world in general, even though their direct effect on a genius might be very slight.

What, then, have been the recent conditions unfavorable to the generation of geniuses? Most of them seem to me to be summed up in the fact that men are neither as humorous nor as fervid as they were a generation or two ago.

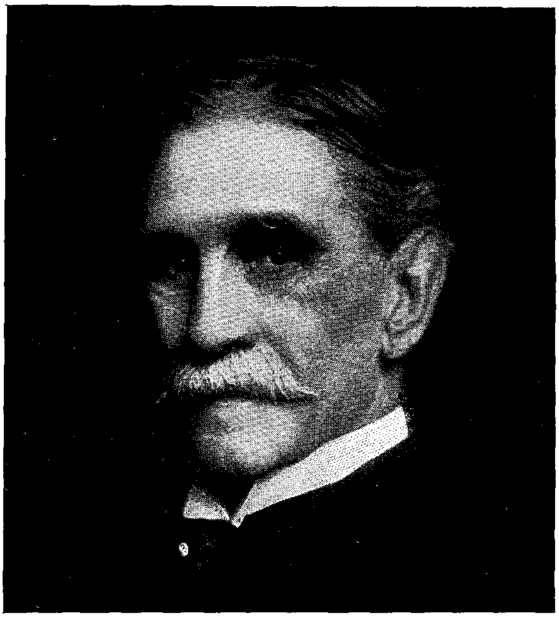
Among other causes for the falling off in humor may be the spread of democracy, which has increased the possibility of advance in social position. This has added a new intensity to the struggle for wealth, as wealth commands more social prestige than ever before. Moreover, its recent great increase has advanced the standard of ostentation among people who once disregarded it.

Some more specific causes of the "Commercialization of Literature" I have lately treated elsewhere, and am soon to say something more regarding them; therefore, in the narrow space at command here, I merely state that there are important ones, and that they have co-operated with democracy and the increase of wealth to produce in the literary world not only more struggle and anxiety, but more over-production, with its attendant inefficiency.

Another general sobering influence has been the increase of problems, social, moral, philosophic, religious, most of them springing from the substitution of the new knowledge for the old faith. These have made people "think too much" to have the old capacity for feeling. People no longer take their universe for granted, and carelessly enjoy whatever it brings; nor do they find the old inspiration in religion, with its cathedrals, pictures, statues, music, poetry, and ideal characters.

Daily life, too, has lost much picturesqueness. Costume has disappeared, at least from the male. Armor and doublet-and-hose and knee-breeches and ruffles and colors are poorly replaced by trousers and stiff hats and evening dress. True, the great writers of the middle of the last century did not directly know even the picturesque dress of a couple of generations before; but their grandfathers did, and its influence was fresher in their blood than in ours. Even the gorgeous military dress of a generation ago has given place to plain khaki and felt hats; and with the old pomp and circumstance of war, war itself has been declining, and the hero, instead of a magnificent man of might, swinging a battle-ax, is a little gentlemen in spectacles seated by a map, and using a telephone or directing the click of a telegraph key. Not only the picturesque heroes, but the picturesque pirates and freebooters and highwaymen, are all as dead as Robin Hood.

While genius is hardly directly a university product, while, indeed, a genius is not apt to be made or marred by university influences, they may seriously affect the possible parents of genius; and there is at least suggestion in the fact that American literature, whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, began to decline as the athletic craze in the universities began to grow. The craze has certainly diverted into brawn much nutriment that might have gone into brain, and has absorbed much interest that might have gone into literature. From the late fifties until now it has been my lot to see considerable of university men of all ages, and I have often been struck by the drift of their conversation away from the things of the spirit into things more of the flesh—flesh merely as muscle, I mean: I think muscle talk, to give it its due, may even have cleaned out a good deal of the other kind of flesh talk.


PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDER WEYDE

Now, is there anything on the horizon that may replace the old university interest in letters, the old leisure, the old ceremonies, the old clothes (I may as well let it stand), the old adventures, the old heroes, and the influences from them that stirred the blood for generations after most of them had disappeared, but whose power has been, under inevitable law, geometrically declining? I think there is.

Despite the exceptional great fortunes of recent years, and the rant that they have partly given rise to, the rich, as a class, are getting relatively poorer, and the poor, as a class, are getting relatively richer; the hours of labor in all pursuits are getting fewer, and those great fortunes are being more and more devoted to the diffusion of knowledge and art. The law of equilibration is evening up the lots of men. The ostentation that has harmed us may have reached its culmination; for there is something in the influences that have taken it out of men's dress, and cut down by half the old dinners of sixteen courses. It seems not unreasonable, then, to hope for a new and better leisure.

The heroes are not all dead, but their type is changing, even in fiction. It will take time, however, to get the enthusiasm for the new types as thoroughly into the blood as was that for the old. Pasteur shut up in his laboratory until he came out half paralyzed, with a greater boon for humanity than any conqueror ever bore, may not yet thrill us as the conquerors do, but he will. The victories over temptation are not as picturesque as those over mailed and standard-bearing foes, but our response to them is increasing, and the story-tellers know it already.

Though picturesqueness has faded out of daily life, it seems to be increasing on special occasions. The gathering of the war-ships at Oyster Bay, or the earlier ones near Grant's tomb, and similar ones in English waters, have been among the great spectacles of all time. Our American centennials gave a great impulse to pageants of all sorts. Architecture is reviving. The electric light has made the commonplace town night gorgeous. The Acropolis probably never presented as moving a vision as the great court with its electric lights at the Chicago Fair, and the music there and at Baireuth and all over the modern world, with the stage spectacles, are such as our grandfathers could not have dreamed of. Now that the blight of Puritanism is passing away from America, our academic ceremonies that a generation ago were conducted in black coats are, like those of Europe, blazes of color. The last college president I saw at his Commencement wore as gorgeous a gold collar as if he had been a Knight of the Golden Fleece, and was preceded by a picturesque official bearing a great gold mace. And regarding the universities, it must be admitted that the very athletic craze, through its games and regattas, has added a new element of picturesqueness to American life, though not, I think, one strong enough to counterbalance the competition of athletics with intellectual interests. But the craze will dwindle to reasonable proportions when the world gets over what the great Dr. Da Costa called "the exercise superstition"—the superstition that muscles can be healthily developed by an amount of exercise great enough to wear them away. So far as genius may suffer from this superstition, it will be relieved as people come to know that a few minutes daily of systematic exercise will stimulate to the muscles all the flow of blood needed for their nutrition, and that the rest of physical and intellectual well-being is apt to be secured by the liberal amount of fresh air and sunshine which love of Nature has generally led genius, and probably the parents of genius, to seek.

As to adventure. Nansen's book wasn't half bad, and there are others. And then we have vastly more travel to the inspiring objects of nature and art. On an ocean steamer even the engine-room has its possibilities to a Kipling, and other men are going to find more possibilities in such things. Marconi will yet inspire poets, and the telephone and the typewriter have already been godsends to the humorists, though it must be admitted that they keep us more busy.

Yet these are mainly commonplaces; we have all heard most of them, in some form, time and again. But there may be a deeper interest in considering whether the new view of the universe—whether a God working through law—is ever going to inspire the fervors that came from a God who was a capricious tyrant, cried to throughout the world's temples to-day for mercy, and to be propitiated by such adulation as would sicken even the Emperor William. I believe that as we outgrow these debasing conceptions, and rise to broader realizations of the order and majesty and beneficence of the universe, and to an understanding of them as the foundations of the moral law, our poetry will take a sweep that will be as far beyond anything it has yet reached as Hamlet is beyond the brute Achilles. But it will take a generation or two for the poets to rise to those conceptions, and perhaps a generation or two more for the people to understand them. But while we wait we can hope.

The novelists, too, will find a theme among those great conceptions—one which, like all the rest, was faintly dreamed of by primitive prophets, and called Nemesis, divine retribution, and many other names, but is only now beginning to attract the wondering comprehension of modern men as a part of universal law. It is the minute reaction of conduct on character—the deserved consequences, whether in punishment or reward, being generally, despite many fatalities, those essential to our development; and not only this, but, more marvelous still, the fact that disaster, even though the sufferer had nothing to do with causing it, generally has among its complexities many elements to nourish his character. Under such general terms as "the discipline of suffering," this has long been recognized and used as an argument for a future life for which this life is but an education. But whatever force may have been in those considerations is vastly expanded under the new attitude of mind which studies and correlates the acts, not as arbitrary decrees of some vague power, but as intelligible processes of nature. Fiction is already somewhat busy with them under the new aspect, but in a blind and puzzled way that it will take some time to give the light and warmth of great art; but the time is within sight.

And for poet and story-teller both, and for all mankind, there is still a hopeful gleam way off beyond all these, on the faintest borders of mind. It may be the light of a new universe, it may be but a mirage; but it certainly is something: for even mirages reflect something. Science knows it already as far as hypnotism and telepathy—a poet has coined for the consciousness that experiences it the term subliminal; and experts suspect that exceptional tendency in that consciousness to cross the threshold is the distinguishing attribute of genius, and that the increasing evolution of it may lead to developments of art greater than men have yet known. Meanwhile the common world gapes over the little it knows of the strange manifestations, and mumbles the old word for everything new—"Spirits." But crystallization, organic growth, light, electricity, have all been "spirits," and now we call them from the vasty deep at will. What are these new ones? It may be the most serious question that men have ever asked. Its answer may be, in clearer tones than ever before, one with those given by Moses and Gautama and Zoroaster and Mahomet and Christ—with those that make new literatures as well as new faiths and new empires.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

The question offered by The Outlook as a theme of discussion, "The Creative Spirit in Literature, is it Dead, or Dormant?" can only be answered, I should say, in reference to each country by itself. The creative spirit is not dead in the north of Europe, for instance, and is undergoing an actual revival in Italy, though it may be said to be declining in the English-speaking nations. We find that now, more than ever before, each of these nations must be judged by itself, even if they speak the same language. In a remarkable essay by the late Horace E. Scudder on "The Future of Shakespeare" he claims, and comes near to proving, that, up to the present time at least, the gulf between Englishmen and Americans in respect to literature is ever widening, not diminishing. While the inventions of men have reduced what was once a three months' dreary voyage to England until there is substituted a six days' trip in a luxurious movable hotel, and while the two shores can almost speak to each other through the wireless telegraphy, yet the new accent in American literature is more sharply discriminated from the accent of the mother country than it was a hundred years ago. It is needless to go into details. The names of Thoreau, of Poe, of Whitman, are alone sufficient to vindicate this assertion.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDER WEYDE

Facts so conspicuous, therefore, make it necessary to consider the question of the Creative Spirit primarily for America by itself. Another distinction is also apparent on reflection, very soon, between England and America. It must be more and more recognized, I think, that England shows affiliations with Greece in its literary origins by beginning distinctly with a period of romantic tradition, while America is to be classed quite as distinctly with Rome through making its first efforts in prose. What Cicero writes in his "Tusculan Disputations" (i. 2, 3) about Rome is a wonderfully accurate portraiture of this country of ours as to its earlier intellectual development: "Tardily, indeed, were poets either known or recognized among us. It was oratory which we embraced most promptly, and that not of the highly educated class, but that effective for popular speech." In precisely the same spirit are the words quoted by Aulus Gellius from the writings of Cato, speaking of early Roman verse: "Poetry was not held in honor; if any one devoted himself to it or went about to banquets, he was called a vagabond" (Noctes Attici, xi. 2). In such a spirit and in full sincerity wrote John Adams in 1819 to a French artist who wished to make a bust of him, "The age of sculpture and painting has not yet arrived [in America], and I hope it will not arrive very soon. I would not give sixpence for a picture of Raphael or a statue of Phidias." In the same spirit Fisher Ames had written twelve years earlier an essay on American literature to prove that there would never be any such thing, although Horace Walpole, looking at the matter with the more far-seeing view of a cultivated scholar, had written earlier still that there would one day be "a Thucydides in Boston and a Xenophon in New York." It is an extraordinary fact that, with the possible exception of Franklin and of Gouverneur Morris, one looks vainly through all the many-volumed writings of the American public men of the Revolutionary period to find any trace of what would now be called the Creative Spirit in literature.

Without visible cause, this spirit found its origin first at Philadelphia in Charles

Brockden Brown; then at New York in Irving and Cooper; and then in New England by the well-known group of authors, reinforced and in some ways expanded by Poe and Whitman. Looking along the line of these authors, we can now see that all this early manifestation was spontaneous. Brockden Brown announced it in 1797 as his primary purpose to be American in theme; he protested against "puerile superstition and exploded manners, Gothic castles and chimeras," and added, "The incidents of Indian hostility and the perils of the western wilderness are more suitable." In the same way, Irving did not create the legends of the Hudson, as commonly supposed, for Mrs. Josiah Quincy tells us in her journal, written in 1786, when Irving was but three years old, that the captains of sloops on that river had already a tradition for every scene, "and not a mountain reared its head unconnected with some wonderful story." So Cooper, when sharply criticised by the Edinburgh Review for describing the dress and appearance of an Indian chief "down to his tobacco-stopper and buttonholes," was praised by a much higher authority, Balzac, who said, "Never did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil."

Whittier, with less training by travel and by society than any of his compeers, surpassed them all, after early life, in the sagacity with which he availed himself of material drawn from the colonial ways of America. Longfellow's earliest dreams, on leaving college, were to avail himself of American themes as they were, and he wrote at thirteen a poem which he published in the Portland Gazette on the Battle of Lovell's Pond. Later, in 1837, he wrote in the North American Review for July, "There is no tradition now of the Black Forest which can compare in beauty with that of the Phantom Ship," and goes on to point out that the story of "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man" and "The Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains" were "not surpassed by that which William of Malmesbury described as lighting up the subterranean Palace in Rome."

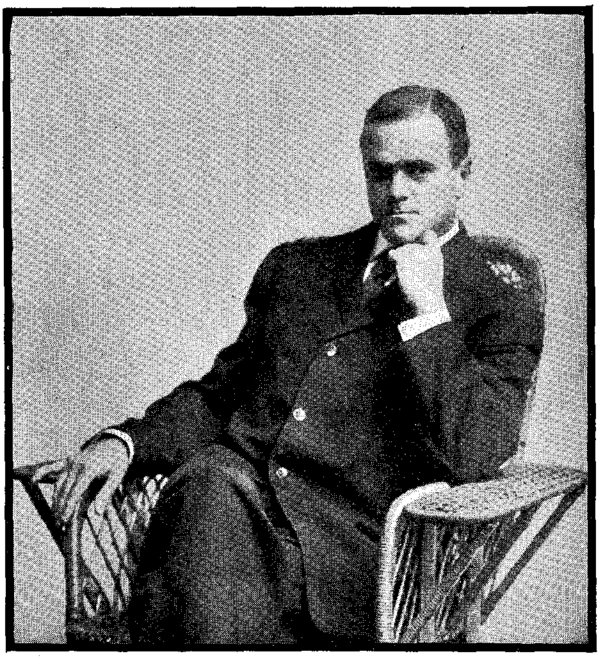
Thus uniformly spoke the very founders of American literature. It was in 1851 that Philarète Chasles, of the French Academy, published his "Études," the best book then written on the early literary culture of the American Nation; and after describing and praising its early efforts, he sadly owned that this Nation, with all its promise in other respects, had not yet produced a humorist. It was precisely in that same year (1851) that Mark Twain became, at sixteen, a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi, and that the chosen humorist of the age began to discover himself, not alone for his own country but for all nations. The fact is that there are always materials for literary work at hand, but the Creative Spirit hath its own devices. What those devices are we cannot tell. Under what laws that spirit moves we know not. History shows that any temporary inaction of the great creative impulse is but such repose as nature provides for body and mind in sleep. The awakening comes in due season, as dreams grow proverbially brighter when day approaches.

By
H. W. Boynton

To speak frankly, this question seems to me a good deal like asking on a cloudy day, "Has the sun gone out, or has it only stopped shining?" The sun will never stop shining till it goes out; and it will never go out till long after our frail humanity has withered from this cooling globe. With the last man will perish "the creative spirit" in human art. Just now, no doubt, that luminary is unusually dim to our eyes. Little of the first order, we assure ourselves mournfully, is being done. Will anything of the first order ever be done again? As it examines the literature of the day, the most determined optimism is in danger of being swept away by the ever-swelling tide of mediocrity. It is not the bad things which are discouraging, but the fairly good things.

We are too clever by half. We have all the technique of the literary art at our finger-tips; we have a higher average of workmanship than has ever before been attained. We sadly recognize our perfections and our futility.

But let us turn an eye of inquiry upon our own distrust. Admit that we are for the most part but making little neat ripples on the shore, and the tide is at the ebb. There is and should be a tide in the affairs of art. It cannot be always at the flood, nor does the marvel of an occasional tidal wave determine high-water mark. There have always been these moments of abeyance, when diligence and skill have failed and failed again to do what, but a moment since, impulse and inspiration were achieving offhand. We do not need to look far back or far away for reminders of this. After the Elizabethans, after Pope, after Johnson, after Wordsworth, what an ebbing of the waters! Why should we take it so to heart that we are taking our turn at this perfectly natural and human experience? Really, we are in no immediate and crying need of fresh literary masterpieces; we might make shift very well with the old ones for a decade or two. Does the world in general complain that its geese are not swans? Not at all; geese are much more useful factors in the every-day economy. The world in general is very well satisfied with the literary fare set before it by writing persons. Nor are connoisseurs inclined to protest. Already more literary masterpieces exist than the most eager enthusiast can study in a lifetime. It is, I fear, the writing person himself who raises the hue and cry about the decadence of genius and inspiration and the creative spirit. *Irritabile genus:* we insist that the public (which is honestly inclined to go about its own business and to take a good-natured view of ours) should at least find fault with us! I think the connoisseur's attitude, not of indifference, but of patience and quietude, is the reasonable attitude. To him the present is at least a stepping-stone. He knows enough of the past to be confident of the future. His treasures are already so great that he can afford to bide his time for new acquisitions. Quietly, but without impatience, he regards those objects of current art which promise to be worthy of note. Now and then he acquires something which promises to be of permanent value. He cannot tell absolutely whether it will be or not. No critic, no connoisseur, no artist, has ever been able to do that. Christopher North dismissed Keats with a mocking word. Landor numbered



Southey among the great English poets. As for the errors of connoisseurs, infallible as to past excellence in dealing with the work of their own day, they are too notorious for remark. Even tidal waves such as Milton are not always observed at the moment. So subtle is their substance that it may be years before their irresistible action is so much as suspected. It is always possible that there may be among us an inglorious Milton, not mute, but for the moment unheard. Both he and the world can afford to wait. Once audible, he is to be audible for all time.

In the meantime we should not fail to hear true voices because they are not both true and colossal. Genius, in which the creative spirit manifests itself, is sometimes spoken of as if it were all of a piece, reducible to formula. But in reality do we not feel that it is a breath, a divine impulse, now strong, now weaker, now weak? I do not see how any one can fail to discern, however subdued and clouded, the presence of the creative spirit in the literature of our day. Nothing has happened to the world to deprive it of such a presence. No sudden curse has decreed the extinction of our guarded torch of Promethean fire. We are not a race of giants; perhaps there are no giants in these days. Perhaps there are: certainly there will be. Commercial and political development have in many ages before this paved the way for a triumphal progress of the arts. Even the next decade may see the birth of a new world. Already there are voices and stirrings in chaos; and the creative spirit is brooding upon the waters.

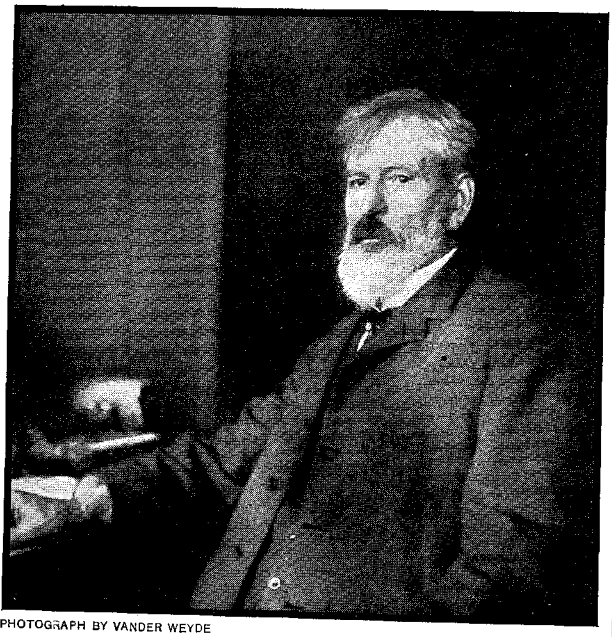
By
Henry M. Alden

Creative power is neither dead nor dormant in the literature of our day. It is simply not in evidence in the manner of its manifestation in former periods. Indeed, to expect the repetition of older forms is to ignore the fact that there is an evolution of literature, or rather of the imagination in literature, as there is of every other factor in human progress—political, religious, or industrial.

There is evolution in nature because nature is a continuous creation; and, as the imagination is the nearest like a natural operation of any functioning of the human mind, we should expect more sharply defined epochs—indicating successive stages of evolution—in its world than in any other sphere of human activities, where constructive effort, involving the adaptation of means to ends, rather than spontaneous creation, determines the result. Nature had entered upon her present plane of evolution before human history began; and in so far as we apply her forces in our mechanical progress, the result is precisely the same to-day that it would have been in the time of the Pharaohs. We have a better knowledge of these forces, have discovered forces not then apparent, and have applied them more extensively and, by the aid of fertile invention, more effectively—but this is progress rather than evolution. An aqueduct or a sewer in New York is not essentially unlike what we find in the Roman Campagna or Pompeii. But when we consider the effects of the imagination in art and literature and in human personalities, we note striking differences in successive periods. Distinctive forms emerge and are never again repeated. This is evolution.

The new emergencies are not to be explained or accounted for by any preceding form—and this is the case in natural evolution. We see clearly a logical sequence in the stages of mechanical and industrial progress, and in the important advances of political development; but even in the political field, while we can explain the position of a Cromwell, we cannot explain his personality. Who shall account for the appearance of a Shakespeare? Is there any intimation given in Wordsworth of his laureate successor, Tennyson? What *a priori* expectation could there have been of such a poet as Dryden to come in the generation following Milton's? The varieties of genius in the same generation are equally inexplicable.

But the point to which I wish to direct attention is this: That in the course of evolution in literature, while the personalities of great writers are as distinct in one age as in another, yet, as we pass from one age to another, the manifestation of their creative power suffers a wonderful change. It seems to be a law of evolution, whether physical or psychical, that in each successive stage the creative energy seems more and more to surrender its potency and to veil its elemental forces. The perfection of the literary art is reached through a multiplicity of veils, which must be transparent and yet in beautiful cosmicity hide the chaotic violences.


PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDER WEYDE

It is true that an age of masters in literature may be succeeded by an age of pygmies. Such infertile and even sterile eras occur in the literary retrospect. But our own time, except in poetry, does not suffer by comparison with the Victorian era. It is prose rather than poetry that is being developed in the present generation, and it is reaching an excellence hitherto unattained. The creative power is veiled in this exquisite art, which, though not as masterful or as artificially elaborate as that of previous generations, is more alluring and has a more intimate appeal.

In fiction we have no Dickens or Victor Hugo, except as surviving delights from a preceding generation—as fresh advents they would seem out of time and out of place—but we have novelists whose appeal to our sensibility is quicker and stronger. Our satisfactions in this field exclude regrets. Mrs. Humphry Ward and Margaret Deland are far more significant to us than a new George Eliot would be.

If our comparison of the present with the past is confined to American letters, we do not find so striking contrasts as are presented in the long vista of English literature, but we clearly see a marked advance in imaginative prose, more especially in the short story—an increase rather than a diminution of creative power.

It is creative insight and sympathy that make a literature really great, even though it shows no such towering eminences as were possible in the more plastic eras of imaginative development—possible, indeed, only in them. In our more level land, deeply and closely cultivated, the prospect, if not so striking, is impressive through other and finer features, and for the absence of imposing grandeurs we are consoled by more varied delights and riper satisfactions.

Of course nine-tenths of the fiction that gets published, and no inconsiderable proportion of which is commercially successful, is creative neither in substance nor in form; but, excluding it from our consideration, a saving remnant is left which is a worthy contribution to imaginative literature. As an offset to the promising young writers whom distinction still awaits, it is only fair that, in a general survey of English and American fiction, we should claim as of our time the old masters who still linger with us, such as Hardy and Meredith, James and Howells, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Those who follow them —Hichens, Conrad, Hewlett, Mrs. Ward, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Wharton, Sir Gilbert Parker, Miss Sinclair, Grace Ellery Channing, Abby Meguire Roach, Alice Brown, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, James Branch Cabell, and Justus Miles Forman—are not unworthy successors. Some of this later group have sounded a new note in fiction, are distinctly new emergences in the evolution of creative genius, and have yet to show the golden harvest of their maturity.

Pessimistic criticism will still bewail the passing of the older race of giants, ignoring the fact that genius to-day does not wear the masques of yesterday, has its new distinction, and, if not greater than it has been in the past, is nevertheless in advance.

By Edward Everett Hale

My dear Editors:

Can you perhaps make the more intelligent of your readers turn to our wise friend Rowland Hazard's essay on "Man a Creative Force"? I think a solid reading of that essay would simplify our symposium.

You and I have found out that it is hard to write the history of the present. Thus, well-informed people like you and Colonel Higginson and Mr. Alden know the interior history of the American Revolution better than George Washington did, or John Adams. Let that be remembered when we have our symposium about To-day.

As a wise friend said to me the other day, "it is hard to write on water." Mr. Keats had said it before him. And you may add, if you please, that if you will give the ocean time to recede, it is a great deal easier to write on the sand of the beach which it has left than on the waves themselves.

All the same, I believe that at the end of the year 1825 people knew that there was such a person as Flora MacIvor. I think that it was not twelve months from the publication of "Vanity Fair" before people knew that there was such a person as Becky Sharp. In the same way Silas Lapham is a more real person to the American of to-day than is Tristam Burges or Fisher Ames. Somebody created Silas Lapham. Your symposium wants to know whether such creative force is just now dormant or dead. That seems to imply that people like you and me have not discovered Dominie Sampson or Becky Sharp in the novels we have read in the last ten years. I am not sure, however, that I should look for such people simply in the novels. If we may count back sixty years, as you know I can, I should say that to the young American of to-day Rollo and Jonas and Prudie and Uncle Tom and Topsy and Maggie Tolliver and Silas Lapham and Kipling's Kim and David Harum and Dr. Lavendar are quite as real persons as is the under-secretary of state for the colonies of Mr. Gladstone's second Cabinet. Who he is I do not know and I do not think you know.

I do not suppose that Robert Elsmere is a unique person. There were probably a thousand people like him in England at the time his biography was written. Still, his name is written on the water of his day. Fenwick and Julie Breton are both reproductions of historical characters. But so was Dandy Dinmont. There are probably a million persons who could sustain a competitive examination as to the life of Julie Breton where there are only five hundred thousand who know about Edward Waverley. If you and I could manage to put ourselves in other people's places—or if you could get a symposium prepared by the young women whose ages are between fifteen and twenty-five, I think you would find that as many of them are as well acquainted with Penelope of the Progress as there were among the undergraduates of three hundred colleges in America who were well acquainted with Dante's Inferno.

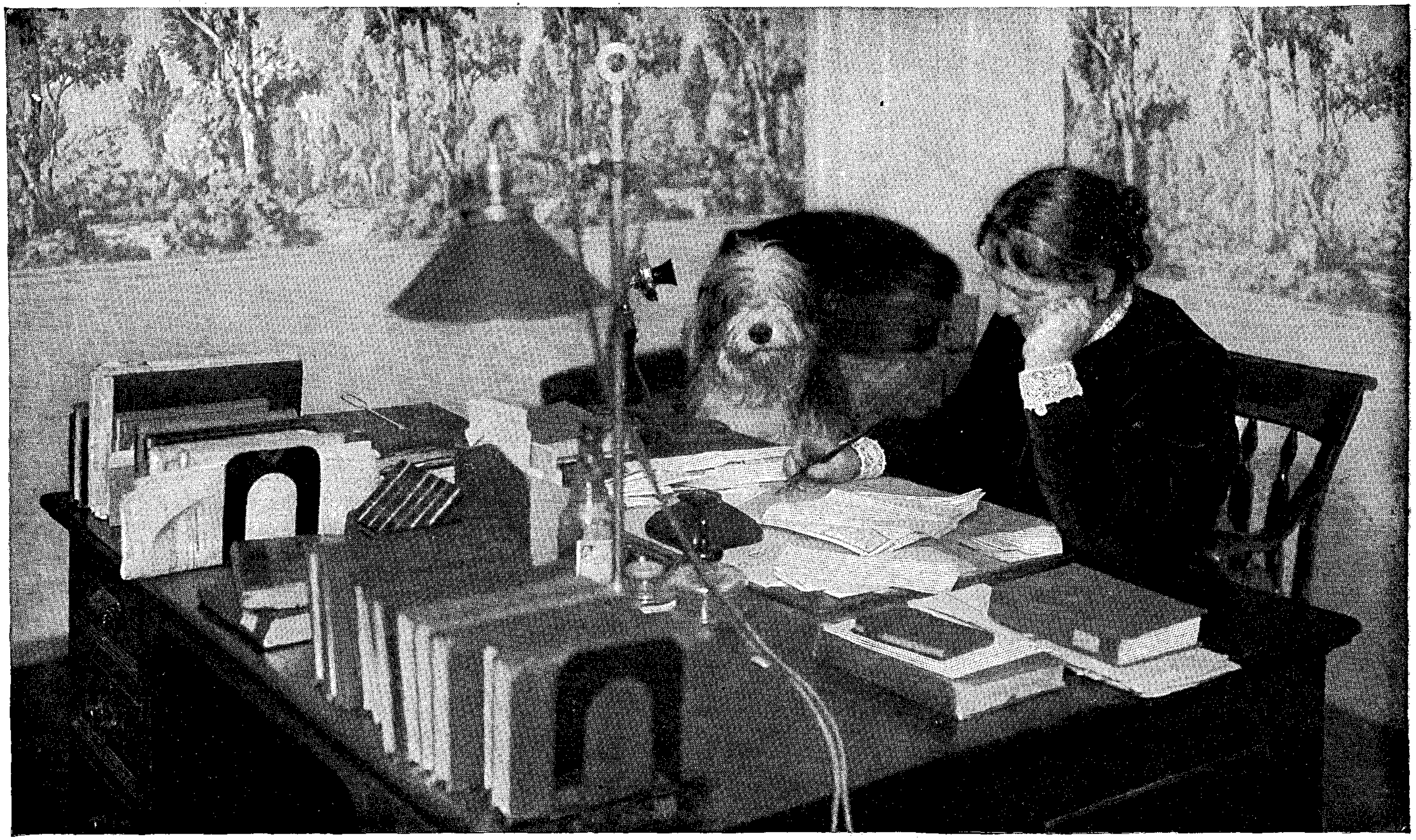
If your symposium could range over the whole area of Life, every one would declare that no sixty years of the world's history has seen any such exertion of creative force as those which have passed since 1850. In that period the world has found out what a few men learned eighteen hundred years before, that men are partakers of the divine nature when they choose. So the children of a Creator have found that they themselves could create. The sixty years which have created the modern photograph, the modern telescope, the friction match, the modern railway, the telegraph and telephone, the electric light, and a few hundred more of such necessities of modern life, may well be sure of the Creative Power of man.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDER WEYDE

I see no reason for fearing that this creative power does not or will not show itself in literature. Certainly it shows itself in the creation of new magazines. It also shows itself in the creation of readers.

While Mr. Kipling is alive, and Colonel Higginson, and Mr. Alden, and Mr. Crothers, who is only forty-nine years old, and Theodore Roosevelt, I think it will prove, when the tide has gone down, that they have created some characters whose names can be written on the shore. Always yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.



MRS. DELAND IN HER STUDY

From a photograph by Miss Mary H. Northend, Salem, Mass.

MARGARET DELAND: A STUDY IN INFLUENCES

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

THE newest journalism and biography have achieved many things. Yet they have still to prove that the circumstances in the life of one who is doing important work belong to the public, beyond the point of illustrating and explaining that work. When the work is really important, the life out of which it has sprung becomes really worth knowing; and in so far as the life and the work are related, each takes on a fresh interest through familiarity with the other. It is one of the happy conditions of the work and the life of Mrs. Deland that they bear an unusually close and illuminative relation.

In her work as a whole, three characteristics may be regarded as peculiarly her own: a knowledge of the heart and mind of an imaginative child; a familiarity with such a community as Old Chester and such a person as Dr. Lavendar—or the attributes of which he is made; and an apprehension of the forces well below the surface in the relations of men and women. Other elements in the equipment of a writer she shares with the favored of her kind. Experience and native endowment have made their special contributions in the three directions named.

The childhood of Margaret Campbell was fortunate beyond the common lot of those for whom the mother's life ends where theirs begins, the father's three years later. The child, born in 1857, was left to the care of an aunt, her mother's sister, who, with her husband (also bearing the name of Campbell), stood with such rare completeness in the place of parents that they seemed indeed to become, as they were called, mother and father. The village of Manchester, now indistinguishable in the sordid encroachments of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, was in the sixties a place of dignified houses, pleasant gardens and meadows sloping to a picturesque river. Here the imaginative child delighted to move her playmates to laughter or tears by impromptu stories, to play elaborate games of foreign travel on a "comforter" spread for a ship on the nursery floor. An old geography served as a chart, and in later years the traveler found noted on the fly-leaf: "I am now alon upon the bozom of the mity Medetereon." There was even something of the "Sentimental Tommy" in her habit of conjuring up for her own satisfaction pathetic death-bed scenes, with herself as the central figure, making the most noble and affecting farewell speeches to her family and friends. The many stories committed to paper were shown to the aunt-mother, who took them none too seriously, bestowed obvious corrections, and never encouraged self-consciousness by displaying even the best examples of precocity. "The wise neglect of friends," Mrs. Deland has sagely written with reference to her own childhood, "may do more to give permanence and stability to a child's character than any amount of 'influence' in any one direction." The positive influences were by no means lacking, and reverence, obedience, and ignorance of fear are gratefully acknowledged as themes of the "mother's" special teaching. It was typical of this teaching that once, on a visit to Niagara, the child started towards what seemed a point of peculiar danger near the edge of the falls. She turned to ask permission to go on. "No," said the "mother," "I am afraid—" and then quickly checked herself and substituted "Go on." Through her wise encouragement also came an early acquaintance with the English classics. There was a good library in the house, and to the child was given the freedom of it all, with the sole reservation that books of fiction were not to be read without permission in each case. The fruits of all this careful nurture, and of the vividly remembered child nature upon which it was expended, are clearly to be seen in the delightful pages of "The Story of a Child," and in the sympathetic studies of such figures as David in "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and poor little Theophilus in "Justice and the Judge."

To the background of her own childhood we must look for the source of the second item of her equipment—the knowledge of such a place as Old Chester and such a character as Dr. Lavendar. The place and the man have become so real to Mrs. Deland's readers that her mail has been known to contain letters from persons who say they are seeking a quiet refuge for the summer holiday, and ask just where Old Chester may be found. At least one person has also asked whether Dr. Lavendar is still in charge of a parish, for, if so, the correspondent would like to place himself in the good man's spiritual care. The truth is that the Old Chester of Mrs. Deland's creation would now be hard to reach in any journey but that of the imagination. The Pennsylvania towns of the present day would probably be found to have less in common with this bit of a mellower New England than with the Middle Western settlements which Mr. Booth Tarkington has so faithfully reproduced. If Old Chester presents resemblances rather than parallels to the New England life of a past generation, it should be remembered that early New England was of unmixed English origin. The Manchester of Mrs. Deland's girlhood had also a pervading flavor of the Old World. Its character was eminently British, the dominant elements in its population being Scotch-Irish and English pure and simple. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that American readers sometimes find the atmosphere of Old Chester a little Utopian, or at least exotic, and that English readers have wondered at finding themselves so much at home in it. Old Manchester plus imagination accounts for much.

Presbyterianism and Episcopacy must needs thrive side by side in a community which derived so much from both the northern and the southern portions of Great Britain. The household in which Mrs. Deland passed her girlhood was strongly Presbyterian. Her mother's family stood with equal firmness for everything which the Episcopal Church represented. It fell to the child's lot, therefore, to learn, with the thoroughness characteristic of the time and place, both the Westminster and the Anglican catechisms. Theology filled the air, and the ministers, as its chief personal representatives, occupied a large space on the human horizon. Seekers for the prototype of Dr. Lavendar have sometimes been told that he is found in the person of the Rev. Dr. William Campbell, an uncle of Mrs. Deland's, once President of Rutgers College. It is probably nearer the truth, as in every case of literary identification, that the familiar figure is a composite picture. Those who knew Dr. Campbell have doubtless recognized some of his characteristics in Dr. Lavendar. Those who knew Phillips Brooks will also do well to remember that Mrs. Deland knew him intimately before Dr. Lavendar came into existence. Their memories and imaginations will help them to discover in the beloved clergyman of Old Chester something of what Phillips Brooks might have been in surroundings so different from those in which his life was spent.

There is an incident in the history of Mrs. Deland's first novel, "John Ward, Preacher," which must be told to the credit of the Presbyterian source of Dr. Lavendar's being. The story, it will be remembered, deals with a young Presbyterian minister who banished his adored and adoring wife from his side because she, reared an Episcopalian, could not share his rigorous views of eternal punishment. When the manuscript was completed, it was read in the household of the author's youth, still a stronghold of Presbyterianism. Great was the consternation excited by the story. The head of the household regarded it as subversive of all sound doctrine. He begged for its suppression, and backed his plea by the offer of a substantial alternative for royalties—if only the manuscript could remain unpublished. The

MRS. DELAND IN HER OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN AT DEDHAM

young author naturally demurred at this, and none can say what would have been the outcome of the matter had not some one proposed: "Leave it to Uncle Willie Campbell, and abide by his decision." Here was a way out of the difficulty, with hope for each desired verdict. To Dr. Campbell the manuscript was submitted. "Print it by all means," he promptly declared—"I wish there were more John Wards."

Still the manuscript had its way to make with a doubting publisher. To secure his firm from possible loss, the head of the house which undertook the novel proposed that no royalties on the first seven hundred copies be paid, until this number had been sold. To the delight of everybody concerned, the sales soon exceeded a hundred thousand copies, and a fresh instance was added to the list of proofs that the course of the reading public is over a practically uncharted sea.

This was in 1888. The years that had intervened since the period of unconscious garnering for the future had contributed a full measure of valuable experience. There was study at home, and at the boarding-school of Pelham Priory, near New York. At the age of sixteen the school-girl decided that the time to shift for herself had arrived, and, lacking the sympathy of her family in her enterprise, she set out for New York. Here she took a course in drawing and design at the Cooper Institute, and graduated at the head of her class. This enabled her to win against many competitors the appointment of instructor in design at the Girls' Normal College of New York City. The duties of this post occupied her until 1880, when her marriage with Mr. Lorin F. Deland took place, and she came to Boston to live.

It was six years later that her first volume, "The Old Garden and Other Verses," was published. The claim to "discovery" may truly be awarded to the friend who came downstairs in response to a call from Mrs. Deland and found a piece of verse scrawled on the brown bundle she was bearing home from a butcher's shop. Many verses rapidly written, perhaps under conditions more propitious, followed this beginning. They found a hospitable welcome at the hands of Mr. Scudder, then editing the Atlantic Monthly. When they were gathered into a book, this same good friend of promising beginners must have been ready with encouragement for the work in prose that was soon to follow. But flowers and a garden stand most appropriately at the entrance of the road to be traveled by Mrs. Deland's writing. All who have visited Old Chester with her know what places of beauty and delight its gardens were. The love and care of flowers, a habit acquired in the earliest days, have made her the most successful of gardeners in city and country.

"John Ward, Preacher" came only two years after the book of verse, and from 1888 to the present day there has been a succession of volumes—novels and collected short stories—which year by year have shown more clearly that the first success was no mere accident. There has been a resolute grappling with "problems," a word associated at no little risk with a novel. As a child Mrs. Deland confounded her elders with "conundrums" as puzzling as any her Davids have asked. The conundrums of life have naturally appealed to her as a writer of fiction. In "John Ward, Preacher" and "Sidney" there were the problems of faith and doubt. In "Philip and His Wife" there was the problem of domestic infelicity. The short stories themselves have abounded in questions which may well leave a group of readers disputing some knotty point of right or wrong. It is worth noticing, however, that in the field of spiritual questions there has been a steady drift away from the problems of theology towards those of religion and humanity. The questions which harassed John Ward have given place to those which Dr. Lavendar answers in the very "functioning" of his nature. In this change is implied an inevitable growth of mellowness in Mrs. Deland's work, together with a wide enlargement in the scope of its appeal. Is it not more than a fanciful coincidence that the transition began to take place in those final years in the life of Phillips Brooks, when his personality and influence were elements of the first importance in her daily life?

The third distinctive mark of Mrs. Deland's fiction, her apprehension of the realities in the relations of the sexes, still remains to be touched upon. One may attribute it in general to the searching of a spirit equipped as hers, by nature and formative influences, after the vital thing in the individual problems of men and women. Mrs. Deland could hardly have grown out of her earlier years into a maturity content merely with theorizing upon these problems of the closest human relation, or with skimming the surface of things. One significant episode of this maturity should be related. For a period of twenty years in her married life she has done a remarkable work of personal ministration to betrayed and forsaken women. Her interest in this class was known to clergymen and institutions which made it possible for her to receive into her own house these victims of folly and misfortune, to teach them to love their bewildering offspring, sometimes to bring them into permanent relations with their partners in responsibility, nearly always to send them on their way prepared and courageous.

There is the obvious danger in such an equipment as Mrs. Deland's that in the work resulting from it the merely ethical purpose will receive an emphasis not quite in just proportion to the other purposes controlling life and art. The stories of actual existence have a way of telling themselves and pointing their moral just as if the teacher, human or divine, had nothing whatever to do with the narrative. It has not been Mrs. Deland's invariable fortune to escape the risk of revealing the teacher's hand. There is another danger, also for the most part avoided, that, dealing as often as she does with Old Chester and Dr. Lavendar, scene and figure will become stereotyped to the point of forcing the author to give the reader what he has learned unerringly to expect. Yet one who would urge these considerations should remember a corresponding critical danger—that of complaining because a creation faithfully made according to one deliberately chosen plan is not created according to another. Meeting on its own ground, then, the latest expression of Mrs. Deland's ripened powers—her "Awakening of Helena Richie"—one may surely say that for soundness and intensity of conviction, for the faithful portraiture of human types restricted to no local boundaries, and withal for the power to convey pleasure through the exercise of a delightful and individual art, the book provides the reading world with far more than a common occasion for gratitude.

A POET'S BIRTHDAY

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

At seventy years one well might choose
To pause in service to the Muse;
Nor counts it much for blame or praise
To him whose brow is bound with bays
If she be kindly, or refuse.

Least—least of all, we need excuse
The Bard who, backward-looking, views
But blameless songs and blameless days
At seventy years!

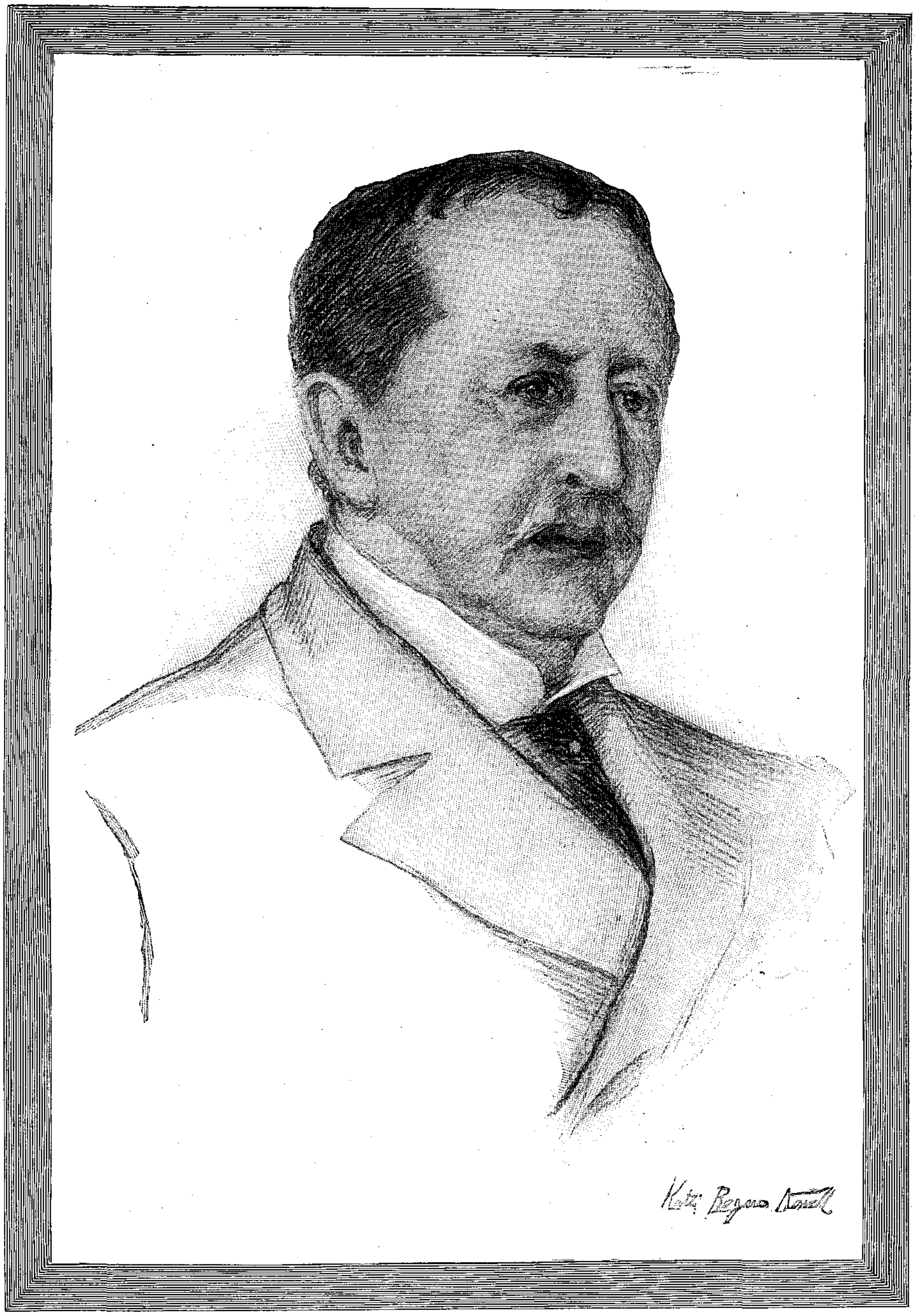
And yet, Sing on. While life renews
Its morning skies, its evening hues,
Still may you walk in rhythmic ways,
Companioned of the lyre whose lays
None—in this tuneless time—would lose
At seventy years!

AN APPRECIATION

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

NO time runs against the poets; and, so far as the world is concerned, their birthdays are of small account; they remain the contemporaries of their own unwasted prime, to recall Lowell's happy phrase. To personal friends special days afford occasions, far too rare, for putting into words that affection, man for man, which a timorous generation hides in its heart; to admirers they suggest breakfasts or dinners of a complimentary tone, often most fit and enjoyable; to the newspapers they are welcomed as topics to be written up with due illustration. To the poet himself they are doubtless both bitter and sweet; the mortal side of him shares the common shrinking from getting older, and is warmed by the sense of fellowship which understands without making too much ado about it, and believes without framing a creed; the immortal side, if it projects its radiance into consciousness, must bring a glow which has the charm of light if not of heat.

Nobody will associate any particular birthday with Mr. Aldrich; he is probably older than he was when he was a bad boy in Rivermouth in spite of the sermons of the Rev. Wibird Hawkins; he is doubtless more mature than in the days when he foregathered with Taylor, Stoddard, and Stedman in Pfaff's restaurant on Broadway, and shared the ardor of the young poets who found a kindly host in the rotund German; he may even be older than when he fooled his contemporaries to the top of his bent in the surprising climax of "Marjorie Daw," that charming little masterpiece


Kate Rogers Nowell

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
Drawn from life for The Outlook by Kate Rogers Nowell

of the sure hand and the light touch. These suggestions of added years are in no way impertinent so long as they are not pressed too far, and so long as everybody understands that birthdays are salient incidents rather than depressing facts in the career of this poet of the sensitive imagination and the magical line.

It may have been Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's good fortune to suggest to Mr. Aldrich's publishers the true celebration of his coming of age:

"They know not age; no, nor dost thou, in truth,
For thou with laurels green on locks of gold
Hast reached but now the poet's dewy prime.
A thousand years! O song-enamored youth,
Thy lyric castles never shall grow old,
Nor ruin mar their airy walls of rhyme."

It is quite certain that the putting together in a single perfect volume of the elect verses from Mr. Aldrich's poetry was an appreciation of the most subtle and delicate kind. One shrinks from saying obvious things of a writer whose lifelong habit it has been to escape them; to touch the personality of a poet who has always kept himself out of the range of that terrifying Polyphemic organ, "the public eye." "Songs and Sonnets" rises easily out of the somewhat stupefying air of eulogy; and rises because it was compounded by the poet himself, and partakes of that quality of levitation which gives wings to language. "Here," the book seems to say, "is your past, which is also your present and future. What you sent forth returns to greet you, and circles about you a moment on its way to the future." It is well within bounds to say, even in a mood of birthday festivity, that no more delicately artistic piece of book-making has come from an American press; and it is safe to add that no more delicately artistic verse has appeared in our time than that which gives this beautiful volume its soul.

The same good genius that brought the gift of song to the cradle of the future poet brought also the gift of wit; there will be, consequently, very little work for the future editors of Mr. Aldrich in the way of selection. If one is compelled to choose among the slender nine or ten volumes of moderate compass which contain his prose and verse, one will take them all; for they fill small space on the shelf, and they bear the touch throughout of a wonderfully sure hand. The wit of the poet is likely to preserve him from mutilation; he will escape the process which has rejected a large part of Wordsworth, Victor Hugo, and Whitman—to suggest the poets who lacked the salt of wit—in order to preserve the residuum from the impatience of later generations. He has, fortunately, taken himself seriously as an artist and not as a prophet, and has escaped the melancholy moments when the oracle speaks from habit rather than from inspiration.

That he was a "pretty bad boy," though not a "very bad boy," we know by his own confession; that he escaped the heavy hand of the New England that was a pulpit, to recall Lowell, was a piece of good fortune for his genius and for his readers. There were suggestions of a remote and alien world in Portsmouth, where he was born, and the boys who played about the docks caught whiffs of the Orient, became familiar with Hindu idols at an early age, and knew instinctively that life was mysterious and interesting outside the boundaries of New England. New Orleans, to which Mr. Aldrich was taken at an age not much later than that at which Hercules strangled the serpent in his cradle, was an antidote to New England at every point. It was gay, restless, amusing, picturesque. The levees must have been a paradise for boys when the cotton bales rose in great piles and the old-fashioned high-pressure, stern-wheeled boats came down the river and the lusty negro stevedores sang at their work. The French quarter had lost little of its picturesque illusion of galleries and high vine-covered walls and inner courts fragrant with flowers. In these degenerate days things are fast becoming spick and span in the old city, and curious tourists crowd the French market for breakfast on a Sunday morning, order pompano at the Café Louisiana, and pour in and out the doors of the new St. Charles. In the days when Mr. Aldrich was a boy, "befo' de war," the city was easy-going, pleasure-loving, very comfortable, very picturesque, and free from ethical strenuousness.

He was not willing to leave it, for he had fallen a victim to the subtle charm of the South, and became a sectional patriot at a premature age; but the smell of the sea was in Portsmouth, to which he returned, and it was as easy for a boy to drown off the docks of the quiet, prosperous old New England town as off the docks of the Gulf city. That he would have enjoyed the "Jungle Book" more than "Stalky & Co." may be taken for granted; for although "a pretty bad boy," he was not "such a very bad boy;" and if the spirit of the explorer was upon him and inspired him with invention when mischief was afoot, he was already looking out of the door of the imagination, and aware of those mysterious presences which make childhood a tale out of the "Arabian Nights."

Mr. Aldrich at a desk in a counting-house in New York would be a mythical person if it were not for some charming records of the generous friendships with other youths who followed the muse with eager feet. Those were the days of the brilliant and versatile Taylor, whose friends were all lovers; of Stoddard, with the foundry behind him and a laborious and courageous devotion to letters before him; of the slender, restless Stedman, whose many kinds of talent and store of vitality were to sustain him in many kinds of work well done and through many trials nobly borne; of O'Brien, "a gypsy of letters" whose long periods of idleness were broken with such raptures of creation as "A Fallen Star" and "The Diamond Lens;" of George Arnold, who declared, "We were all very merry at Pfaff's."

No doubt the young apprentice to business did his work well, but he was not above an occasional vagrancy from Wall Street, an occasional fall from business into poetry. He suffered little at the hands of editors, for he had something to say and he knew how to say it. It is astonishing how few people who have nothing to say and do not know how to say it ever discover why theirs are "rejected addresses;" they invariably take refuge in the comforting conviction that if editors had any literary and publishers any common sense, there would be a great many more classics! The door of journalism opened to the young writer, and he had brief but useful newspaper associations with three New York journals; pleasant, easy-going, highly respectable periodicals of a kind that make the so-called newspapers of the Hearst type well-nigh incredible.

In 1866 Boston claimed its own, Wall Street and Pfaff's knew him no more; he had become an editor of Every Saturday. On the retirement of Mr. Howells in 1881 he took his place at the desk in the office of the Atlantic Monthly, and remained there nine years. Those who know his own work are not deceived by its simplicity, clarity, ease; these qualities, so alien to the spirit of labor and so akin to the lilies of the field which neither toil nor spin, do not come save at the end of much devotion and burning of oil. The wit in the editorial office, who was always sparkling and at leisure, was a very Rhadamanthus when it came to literary workmanship, and there must be some delightfully witty notes of his in the hands of rejected contributors. Unluckily, unsuccessful aspirants for literary honors are like the graduates of charity schools; they rarely boast of their early experiences. It was a joy in those days to climb the stairs and emerge head first, so to speak, in the old sanctum at the moment when Mr. Aldrich was telling his dog, in tones that brought a deep solemnity on that fortunate beast, that the piece of verse he had just devoured was not doggerel but poetry! It was a comfortable place, and there were blessed memories of sound learning and good English connected with it. It was very quiet, too, and Mr. Aldrich used to smoke his pipe and look out on the old burying-ground on which the windows opened with deep satisfaction—"they can submit no manuscripts."

If you walked home with him to the old-fashioned house in Mount Vernon Street, you found yourself in an atmosphere in which good talk was easy, if you had the gift for it; if not, you blessed your stars for the gift of hearing. You met people there so significant and interesting that their names tell the story of the Arts and Letters of the time; you heard

TWO POEMS BY MR. ALDRICH

NOCTURNE

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS"

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now amid a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

From *A Book of Songs and Sonnets.* Selected from the Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
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things said so apt that when you got out of the atmosphere of Boston they seemed incredible. Boston has used wit for years with a prodigality born of hereditary possession. The Autocrat, who lived a few blocks away on Beacon Street, was not more continuously and spontaneously witty than your host, who quietly and unostentatiously said better things than his guests and yet gave no offense. This was the more surprising because he said the things you would have said if you had had the wit. There was pungent criticism, too; comment that touched lightly but keenly defects of taste, faults of style—the whole brood of lines that stumble on imperfect feet because they have been brought forth without the travail which precedes the births of art. You did not always agree, but you recognized the voice of the expert, the tone of one having authority:

"Great thoughts in crude, unshapely verse
set forth,
Lose half their preciousness, and ever must.
Unless the diamond with its own rich dust
Be cut and polished, it seems little worth."

In Beacon Street; at Tenant's Harbor, where the sea seemed to be a kind of glorious front yard; and at Ponkapog, there were and are abundant signs of the traveled man who has known what to see and, above all, what to bring home. These memorials belong of right to the poet who knew at a glance their finer uses for the imagination, and has had the magic to bring about him in things material the beauty that wears a thousand forms in Venice, the Alhambra, the Andalusian Pass, beside the Rhine and the fjords of the far north, in the bazaars of Tangier and the green English lanes.

Now that he has come of age, there will be much weighing of Mr. Aldrich's work, and serious computations of its value will be made. It may be suspected, however, that there will be a testing of scales rather than of the substance of the imagination, the feeling for beauty, the sensitive and self-effacing skill. There are no weights at the goldsmith's delicate enough to be put in the balance against the finer things of art; for the last felicities of form, the final prosperities of phrase, cannot be entered in any books of account; they are free of all registry save that art which makes its nest in time, but spreads its wings in the air of immortality:

"No slightest rhyme he wrote
That held not something men must quote;
Thus by design or chance did he
Drop anchors to posterity."

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

ON HIS BIRTHDAY

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Dear Aldrich, now November's mellow days
Have brought another *Festa* round to you,
You can't refuse the loving-cup of praise
From friends the passing years have bound to you.

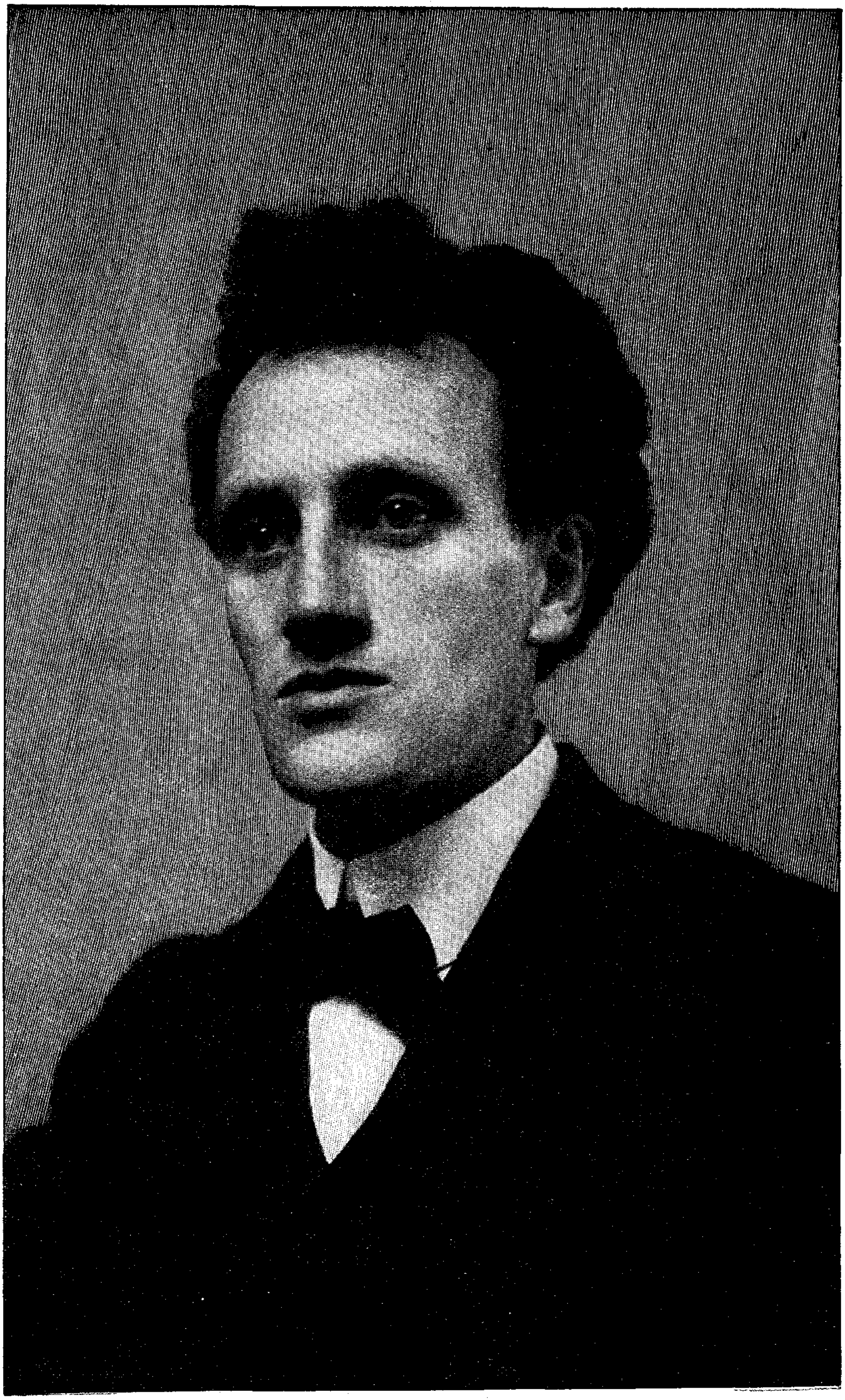
Here come your Marjorie Daw, your dear Bad Boy,
Prudence, and Judith the Bethulian,
And many more, to wish you birthday joy,
And sunlit hours, and sky cærulean!

Your children all! They hurry to your den
With wreaths of honor they have won for you,
To merry-make your threescore years and ten.
You, old? Why, life has just begun for you!

There's many a reader whom your silver songs
And crystal stories cheer in loneliness.
What though the newer writers come in throngs?
They cannot spoil your charm of only-ness.

You've done your work with careful, loving touch,—
An artist to the very core of you,—
You've learned the magic spell of "not too much;"
We read,—and wish that there was more of you.

And more there is! For while we love your books
Because their subtle skill is part of you;
We love *you* better, for our friendship looks
Behind them to the human heart of you.



HUGH BLACK

From a portrait made especially for The Outlook by Vander Weyde

HUGH BLACK

BY FRANCIS BROWN

Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages at the Union Theological Seminary, New York

MR. BLACK is new to the professorate. He brings to it the gifts, the training, and the power of a preacher. A preacher he has thus far been, and a preacher—with whatever else—he will certainly continue to be. It is well that it is so. The Church will gain by his work as a preacher, and the ministry will gain by his enthusiasm for preaching and his experience in it, brought to bear, in the seminary, on those who are to serve as ministers. If his life is spared, his effective influence will be multiplied many times.

Congregations that face him see a slight figure, nervous, but well in hand, of no great stature but looking taller than it is; a thin face, clean-shaven, beneath a semicircle of thick, short hair; a wide, clear forehead; eyes large, deep-set, and steady; a mobile mouth. It might be the face of a poet or a prophet. They hear a full voice, with a rich burr, deliberate speech, intense rather than passionate, weighted with the seriousness of his message. There are dignity and strength of conviction, all the more impressive because of the restrained and careful language. The total effect, beginning with the first look and the first sentence, is far from ordinary.

The style of his preaching might be described, but he has just given us fresh means of illustrating it, which is better. A new volume of "Edinburgh Sermons,"[1] appears just as he comes to make his home with us. That he brings it with him, so to say, gives it something of the character of a declaration of principles. But not a syllable indicates that it is so designed. Nothing could be less self-conscious or assuming. It is a simple collection of parish sermons, dedicated "To the Congregation of St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh, in happy memory of Ten Years' Ministry." There is nothing of the *pronunciamento* here. These are such sermons as he preached, Sunday by Sunday—the steady product of a busy minister, face to face with people whom he knows and loves, and who know and love and trust him. All the better for this very reason they reveal him to all who read them.

In two respects they are quite unlike the Scottish sermon of which satire is fond; they are not argumentative and dry, and they are not long. But, indeed, whatever justice such satire may have had in some past generation, it is baseless and empty to-day. In warm humanity and the power of insight and contagious faith the typical Scottish sermon of this decade can bear any comparison. This volume is a case in point. These sermons are earnest, practical, appealing. They analyze motive, and expose temptation, and unfold religion as it touches life. They grow out of the simple heart of one who has lived among his people, and shared their experiences, and felt their burdens and needs—one whose principles are sturdy, and whose judgments are virile, and who believes with his soul in the significance of Jesus Christ for modern men and women. They show the cultivated mind—neither holding aloof fastidiously from common things nor displaying itself for parade, but enlisted in service. They are always fresh with sincerity, and often with suggestiveness. It is not intellectual mastery of systems of truth that you feel in them, but the constant application of the large principles of Christ's religion to the character and conduct of men. Where the preacher handles great doctrines, as in the sermon on "Repentance"—perhaps the most distinctly doctrinal of all the sermons—it is not to make the doctrine lucid to the mind, but to make it effectual in experience. He moves always in the sphere of reality. There is no pedantry of style or form. The articulation of the parts of the sermon is not thrust forward. But there is orderliness and unity and progress at bottom, and the strong personal impact of faith and desire. Marks of literary sympathy and taste appear constantly, without detriment to force. There are also real sobriety and good sense, plenty of directness which finds men where they are, no soaring away from them either in speculation or in dream. These are sermons for reasonable people, willing to frame their individual lives in all sincerity after the standards of God. The larger social questions come in by the way.

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[1] "Edinburgh Sermons: Listening to God." By Hugh Black, Professor of Practical Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York. Fleming H. Revell Company.

Those who know Mr. Black find all these impressions reinforced by the charm of a sincere, unaffected, and winning personality—loving to teach and therefore eager to learn, taking a personal interest in those with whom he associates, and expecting to receive as well as to give, with a strong sense of loyalty and personal obligation. He has hearty pleasure in human fellowship, is at home with all sorts of people, and shows a fine tact and courtesy in every situation. He is known to the public here as a writer as well as a preacher, and his books reveal the well-read and thoughtful man. All in all, it cannot be wondered at that he has crowded "Free St. George's" in Edinburgh to the doors and beyond. No doubt he has given up much in the present, and still more in the future, to assume a life's work here. He was trained in the Glasgow traditions of Professor A. B. Bruce's time, and for ten years has been associated with Dr. Alexander Whyte in the most prominent pastorate of his Church in Edinburgh.

Mr. Black is not yet forty—a younger brother in the ministry to the well-known preachers whose first academic loyalty was toward Edinburgh and A. B. Davidson—John Watson, Henry Drummond, George Adam Smith. Even John Kelman, a fellow-pastor in Edinburgh, is his senior by four years. In his own way he can safely stand beside these men, filling, not their places, but his own. No one would ascribe to him the astonishing versatility of Watson; he has not made himself a specialist in learning, like Drummond and Smith, nor is his quality exactly theirs. But he is personally attractive, able to preach, eager to teach, and, humanly speaking, the outlook before him here is wide, and his influence sure to be definite and far-reaching.

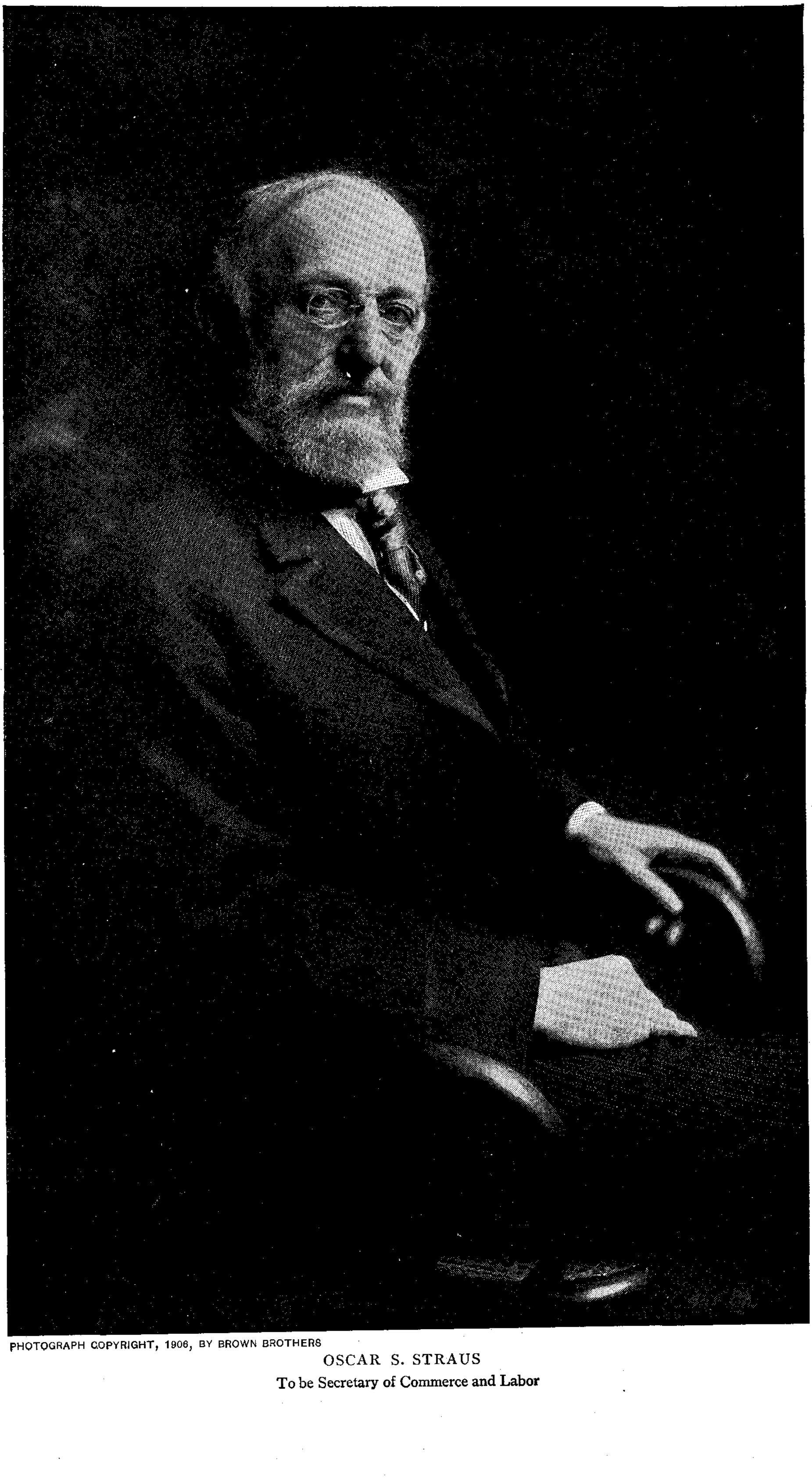
Mr. Black's exact title at Union Seminary is "Graduate Professor of Homiletics." His specific work is to train and stimulate the more advanced men for more effective preaching. This work is now so arranged as to cover one half of the academic year; for the other half Mr. Black is to be free to go here and there, as he may be desired, to churches and colleges, for practical religious service. For both kinds of usefulness he is well fitted. It is no small matter that he has been willing to leave his own church and country to undertake them. He will find everywhere a hearty welcome, which his own presence will justify and deepen; and we shall all hope that these opportunities of doing good will prove themselves to him worth all they cost.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW CABINET

The following pen-and-ink portraits of the five men who take new positions in the President's Cabinet at the beginning of next year are furnished to The Outlook by writers whose impressions are derived from personal acquaintance with the men whom they describe, and have been welded into one narrative written in the first person without any impairment of accuracy or sentiment.—THE EDITORS.

IF the essence of Americanism is recognition of the sovereignty of the individual man expressed in terms of public service, there is no member of President Roosevelt's official family who is more representative than Charles Joseph Bonaparte. A descendant of the most famous of modern Old World families, a graduate of Harvard College and of the Harvard Law School; a man, in other words, who has had the largest opportunities for broad culture; a lifelong Republican by conviction and by affiliation, Mr. Bonaparte has expressed his Republicanism by constant protest against machine politics, boss rule, incompetency and dishonesty in every form. He has belonged from the very beginning to that group of Republicans who saw, years ago, the signs of the times, and have been slowly, patiently, and in the face of much vilification reorganizing a party disorganized by the substitution of machinery for conviction. Mr. Bonaparte was a Civil Service Reformer when the old battle-cry, "To the victors belong the spoils," was still accepted as a truism by the vast majority of American voters. His alliance with the new life in the party brought him into association with President Roosevelt, and was the starting-point for an intimate and honorable friendship between the two men. As a Civil Service Reformer, as President of the National Municipal League, as a member of the National Civic Federation—to select a few from the many organizations for the betterment of political conditions to which Mr. Bonaparte belongs—the new Attorney-General has had the most thorough kind of initiation into the evil fruits of bad theories which were corrupting our public life. As special counsel in the investigation of the frauds in the Post-Office Department, and as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, he learned precisely how adroit and unscrupulous tricksters cheat the Nation and rob its beneficiaries.

He has never been a comfortable person for the "stand-patters." His incorruptible integrity, hatred of sham, independence, and frankness have made him an exceedingly trying associate for gentlemen bent on using the public service for private ends. An American as he is to the core, Mr. Bonaparte bears the traces in his face and in his nature of his distinguished ancestry. Some time ago I happened to be taking Mr. Bonaparte in an automobile to a certain club in New York; a brief stop was made on the way, and while Mr. Bonaparte was absent the chauffeur asked who he was. His face and conversation had evidently interested the man. The question was briefly answered. After Mr. Bonaparte had left the automobile at the club, the writer found an overcoat on one of the seats, and asked the chauffeur if he knew to whom it belonged. The man promptly replied, "I guess it's Napoleon's." There is a reminiscence of the Napoleonic cast of countenance in Mr. Bonaparte's face, and a great deal of the Napoleonic determination, energy, and steadfastness of will in his character. In his case all these qualities are the servants of the highest personal and political ends; he is a man who cannot be silenced by any form of bribe, however subtle; nor will he compromise his duty for any consid-



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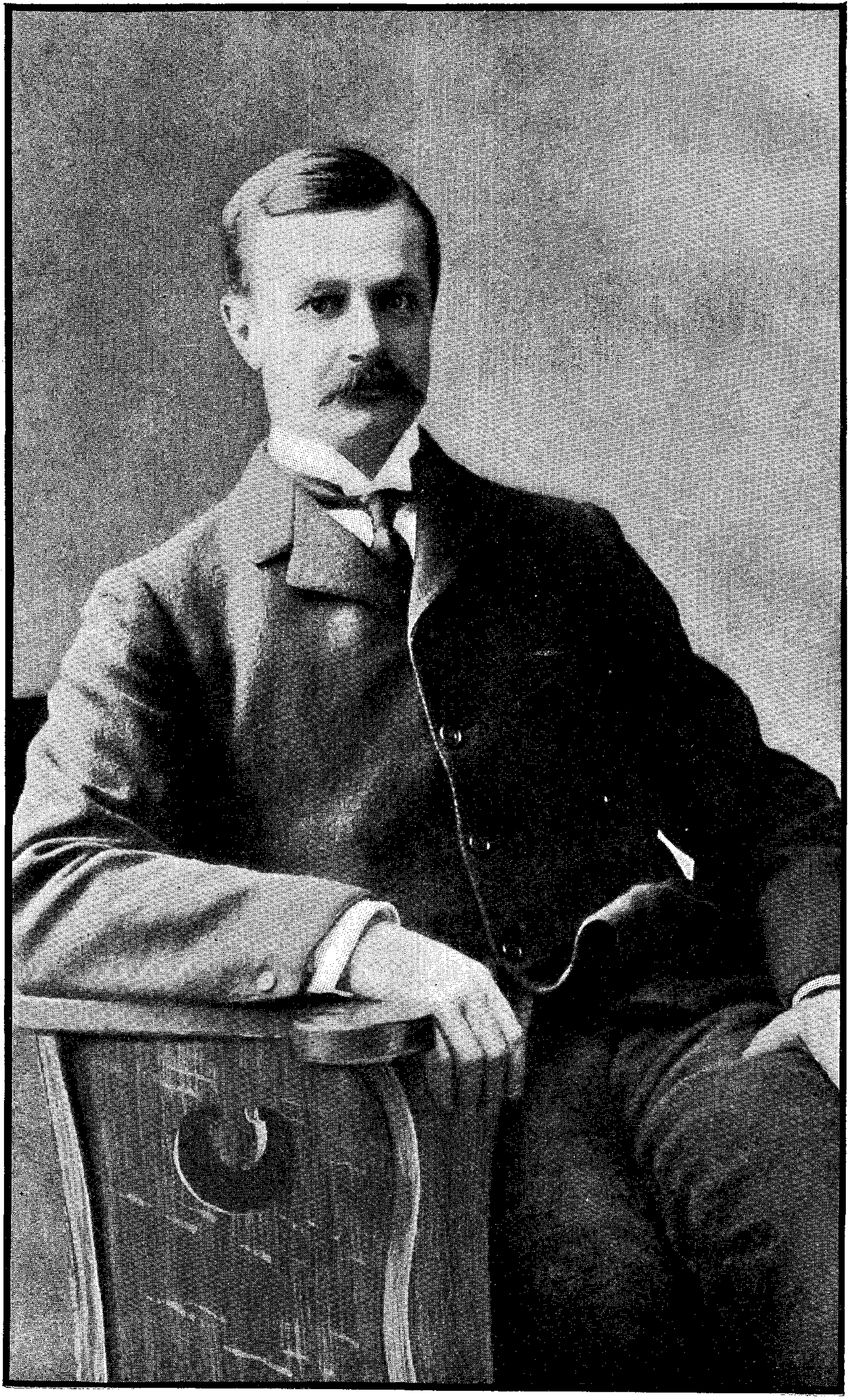
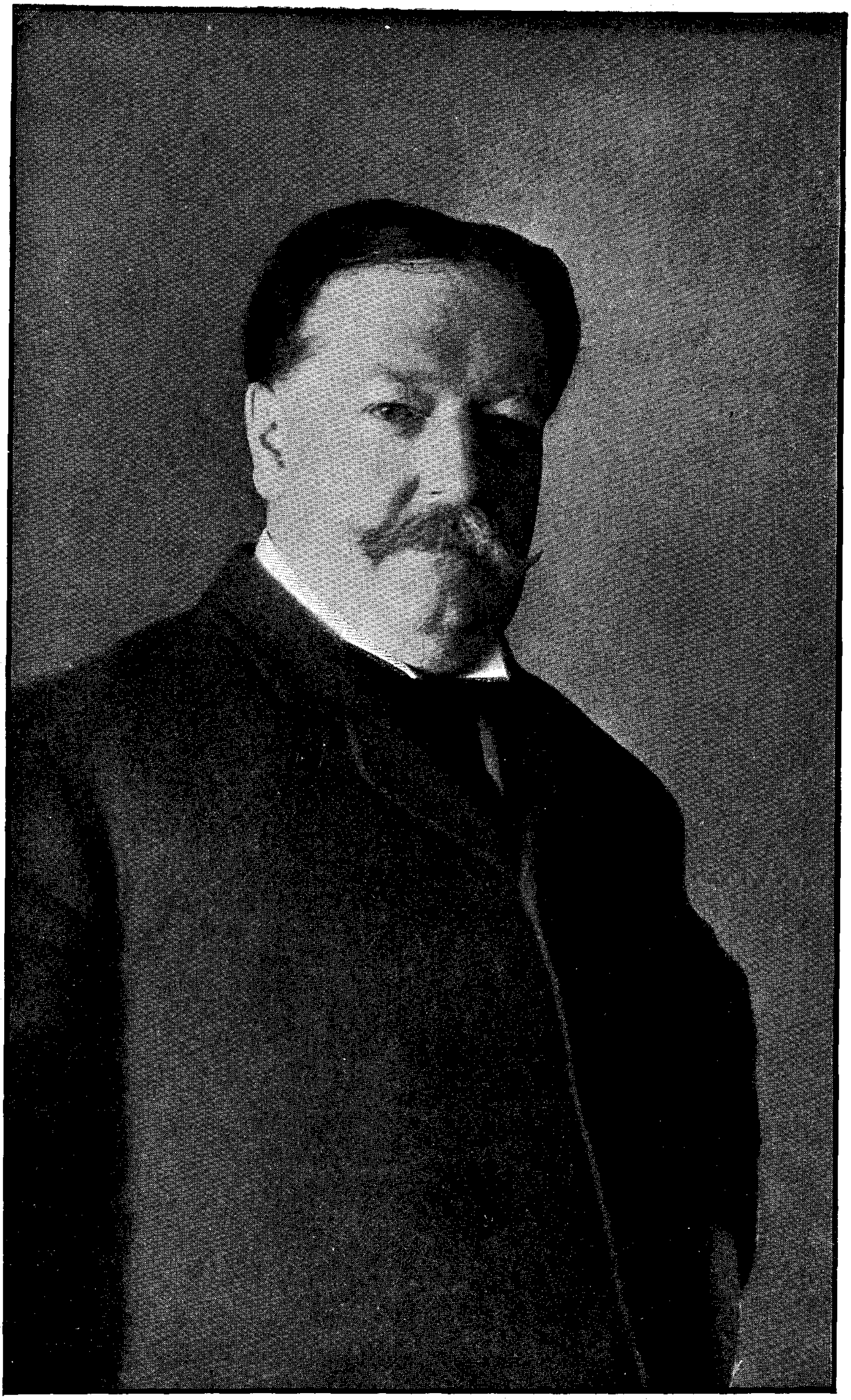
OSCAR S. STRAUS

To be Secretary of Commerce and Labor



GEORGE VON L. MEYER

Now Ambassador to Russia; to be Postmaster-General



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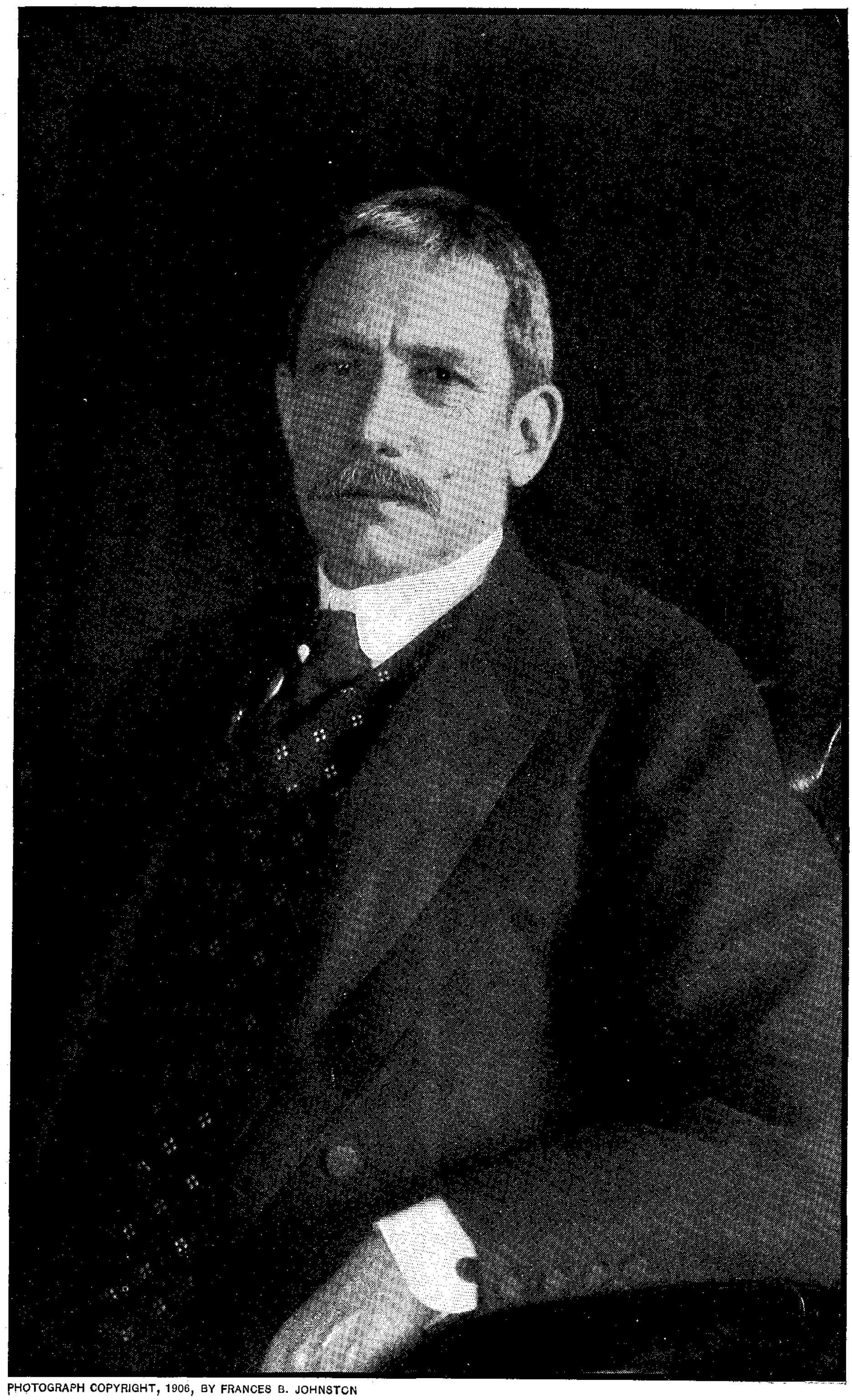
WILLIAM H. TAFT
Secretary of War



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ELIHU ROOT

Secretary of State

erations, however strongly they may appeal to the best side of his nature.

His integrity is expressed through a very interesting personality; it is impossible to be with him five minutes without being aware that one is in the company of an unusual man, who sees things from his own point of view, who has behind him the best traditions of education but is entirely untrammeled by merely conventional views of life. He has a direct, pungent, effective style of speech which always arrests attention. It has been the good fortune, or, to be more accurate, it has been the good judgment, of the President to collect about his council board a small group of men as high-minded, devoted, and as competent as any in the history of the administrations in Washington. As Secretary of the Navy Mr. Bonaparte is already familiar with the temper of this official family and the methods of Cabinet discussion and work. He merely moves from one chair to another, but he takes into his new position as Attorney-General the added experience, definiteness of purpose, and breadth of view which have come to him from his year's work in the Navy Department.

George Bruce Cortelyou is a striking example of the self-made man. Many self-made men are not altogether agreeable in manner. They have a way of reminding you all the time that they began without a dollar and then they point to present affluence, or they tell you that they began without a friend in the world and then they point to admiring sycophants standing round. Not so Mr. Cortelyou; and one reason why he is in no danger of so doing is because he was apparently born taciturn. If the "watch-dog of the Treasury" is by tradition taciturn, the new appointee will admirably fill that position. Most of the Secretaries of the Treasury have been close-mouthed. That frequent speech-maker, the somewhat loquacious Leslie Shaw, the present incumbent, is one of the exceptions. I like to think of George Cortelyou as the Secretary of the Treasury, first of all, because he is a self-made man—a stenographer who has worked his way up to the second highest Cabinet position; secondly, because the position demands both a genius for organization and a genius for detail, and Mr. Cortelyou unites the two. He showed the efficacy of this combination when he was assistant secretary and then secretary to President McKinley, and later as secretary to President Roosevelt. He showed it strikingly when he put in running order an entirely new department in the Cabinet. He showed the same talent when he became Postmaster-General, filling a Cabinet office which more than any other demands pure business ability and detachment from politics. But Mr. Cortelyou understands how to be a business man and a politician too without letting one field conflict with the other, as has been seen by his record as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. And now, at forty-four years of age, he is to become Secretary of the Treasury! He is not a great banker like Secretary Gage, nor a great student of financial problems, as were Hugh McCulloch and John Sherman, and it is questionable whether he has the fertile resource of his immediate predecessor. But, though it seems strange, as a matter of fact, I cannot recall any Secretary of the Treasury, except Mr. Gage, who had been known as a great financier before his appointment. Chase, Bristow, Folger, and Gresham were lawyers without any particular commercial training; yet the first named established in 1863 our present National bank system, thus creating a market for our bonds, and the second prosecuted the Whisky Ring with such vigor that over a hundred members of the Republican National Convention of 1876 voted for him for President.

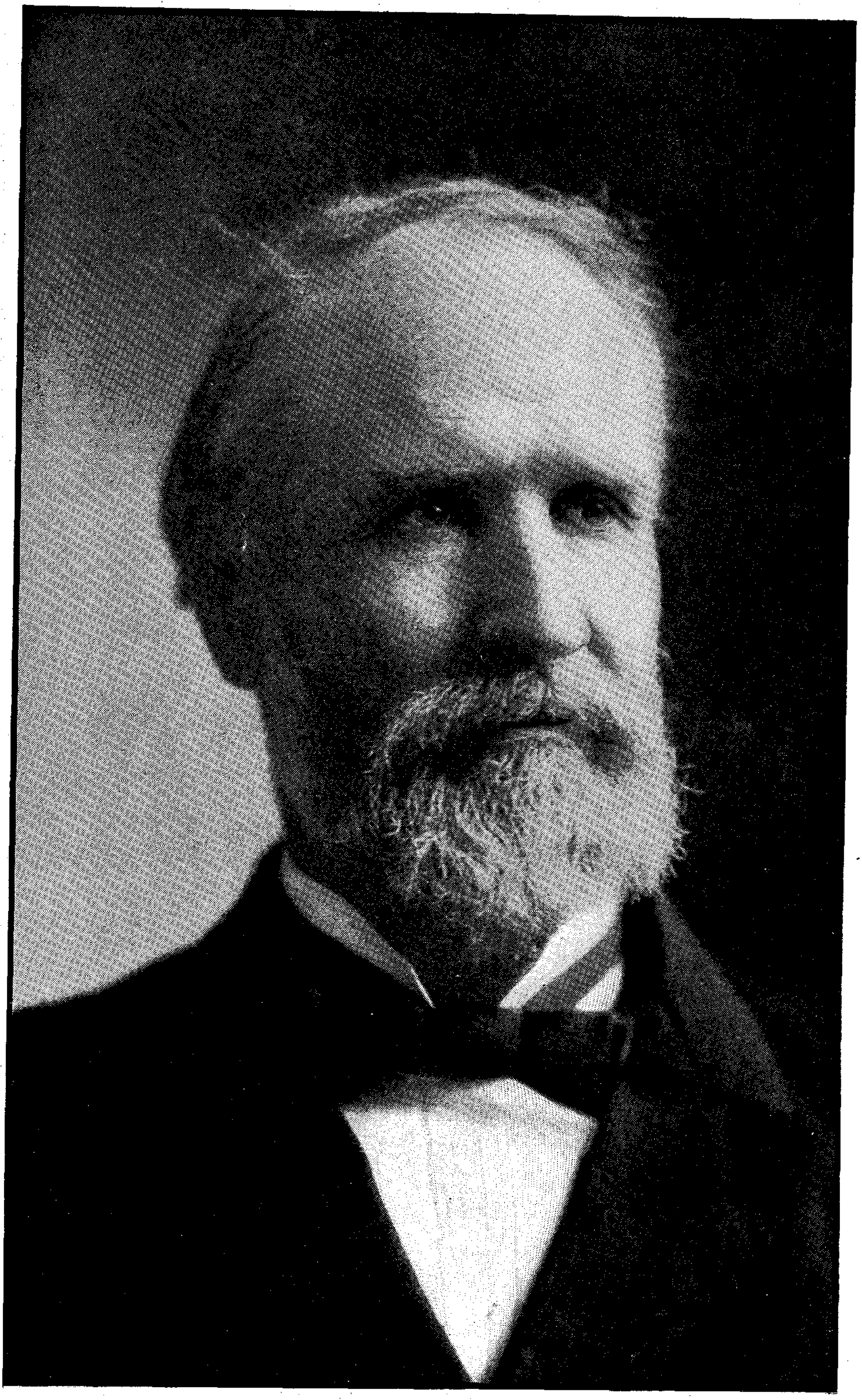
I like to think of my friend Victor Howard Metcalf as now going from the Secretaryship of Commerce to the Secretaryship of the Navy, a post to which the Californian has always been specially attracted. Mr. Metcalf has not always been a Californian. A graduate of the Yale Law School, he was admitted to the Bar in Connecticut and then to the Bar in New York State, practicing two years at Utica. In 1881 he went out to California, was admitted to the Bar there, married, and settled down to a law practice. But his appreciative fellow-citizens would not let him alone. They elected him to the Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Congresses. Two years ago Mr. Metcalf resigned from Congress to become Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the appointment was a specially good one, if for no other reason, because the recipient had never "played politics" in a spectacular way; he certainly had never been accused of "playing to the galleries."

In Mr. Metcalf's presence one always feels that he is in the presence of a gentleman first of all, and only secondly in that of a Government official and of a man familiar with political life. These qualities are also evident to President Roosevelt, and had doubtless a good deal to do with his request to the Secretary of Commerce to go back to San Francisco to inquire into the anti-Japanese feeling there. Mr. Metcalf's clarity of vision and balanced judgment must have influenced our Chief Executive quite as much as the fact of the geographical proximity of the Metcalf home in Oakland, just across the bay from San Francisco, or the fact that the disturbance falls in Mr. Metcalf's particular Cabinet department. The Secretary, now fifty-three years old, is precisely the official to undertake this task, for he possesses the respect of the men in that department, in Congress, and in California.

The incoming Postmaster-General, George von Lengerke Meyer, is forty-eight years old. He is a Harvard graduate. Simple, sincere, and straightforward in manner, he makes friends and keeps them. As Ambassador to Italy he made a friend of the King of Italy, who treated him with unprecedented consideration. He now seems repeating that record at the court of St. Petersburg, where, in hunting, shooting, fishing, and motoring parties, a "dead sport" is appreciated. Mr. Meyer is quite the pink of perfection as a "dead sport." To be such you must not advertise it; you must simply be it. You must do all you can as a sportsman, but never make a show of it. In the same way Mr. Meyer acted in society also. Sport and society oil the wheels of politics amazingly when those wheels happen to be rusty and creak or refuse to turn at all. This was true a year ago in Russia, when President Roosevelt was trying to influence Nicholas II. towards concluding peace with Japan. After heroic struggles to get the combatants to agree to come together in conference and then to agree on peace terms, everything seemed finally arranged, even the clause of indemnity, all except one little matter—the disposition of the island of Saghalien. "Not a kopeck of indemnity, not an inch of Russian soil," swore the Emperor. Finally, one day Mr. Meyer got at the Imperial "private ear." Result: half of Saghalien went to Japan. "That," said Mr. Meyer to the writer of this paragraph, "was my share in making peace."

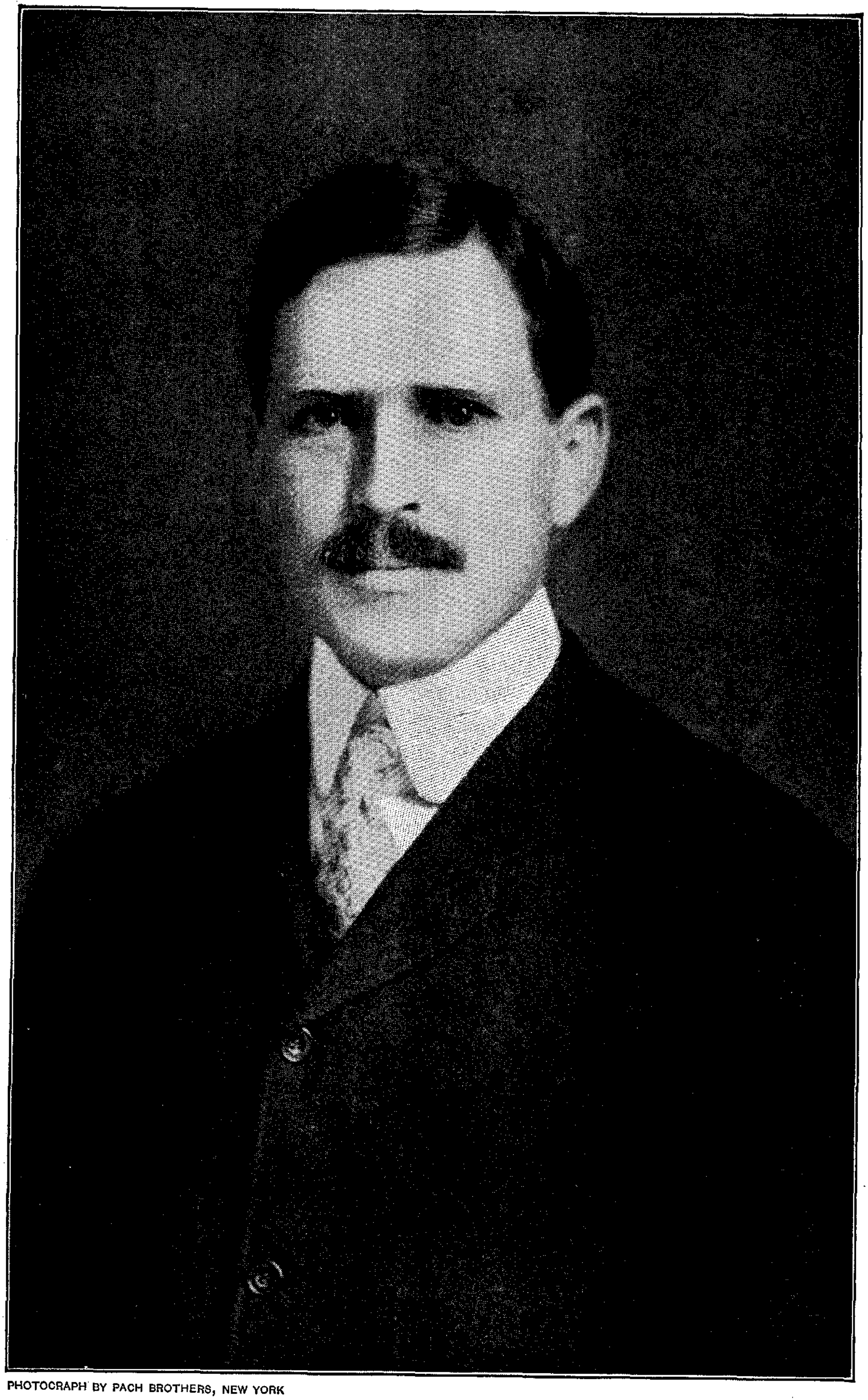
Great wealth permits the Meyers to live in princely style. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer may give considerable dash and vivacity to the social life of the present Administration if they continue in Washington their sprightly entertainments on the generous scale of their Italian and Russian hospitality. But Mr. Meyer's forthcoming experience of Washington and of politics there will have as a background, not so much his two ambassadorships as the experience gained while member of the Boston Common Council, of the Boston Board of Aldermen, of the Massachusetts State Legislature, where he became Speaker of the House, and as a member of the Republican National Committee.

I was not at all surprised to read in the paper the announcement that Mr. Oscar S. Straus was about to enter the Cabinet. I first met him at the White House, and subsequently met him there or on his way to or from the President's on several occasions, and so learned that he was one of Mr. Roosevelt's unofficial advisers. It is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt to gather about him a continually changing body of unofficial advisers from different professions, localities, and social ranks—men of different religious and political creeds. All that he demands of such advisers is a combination of three quali-



JAMES WILSON

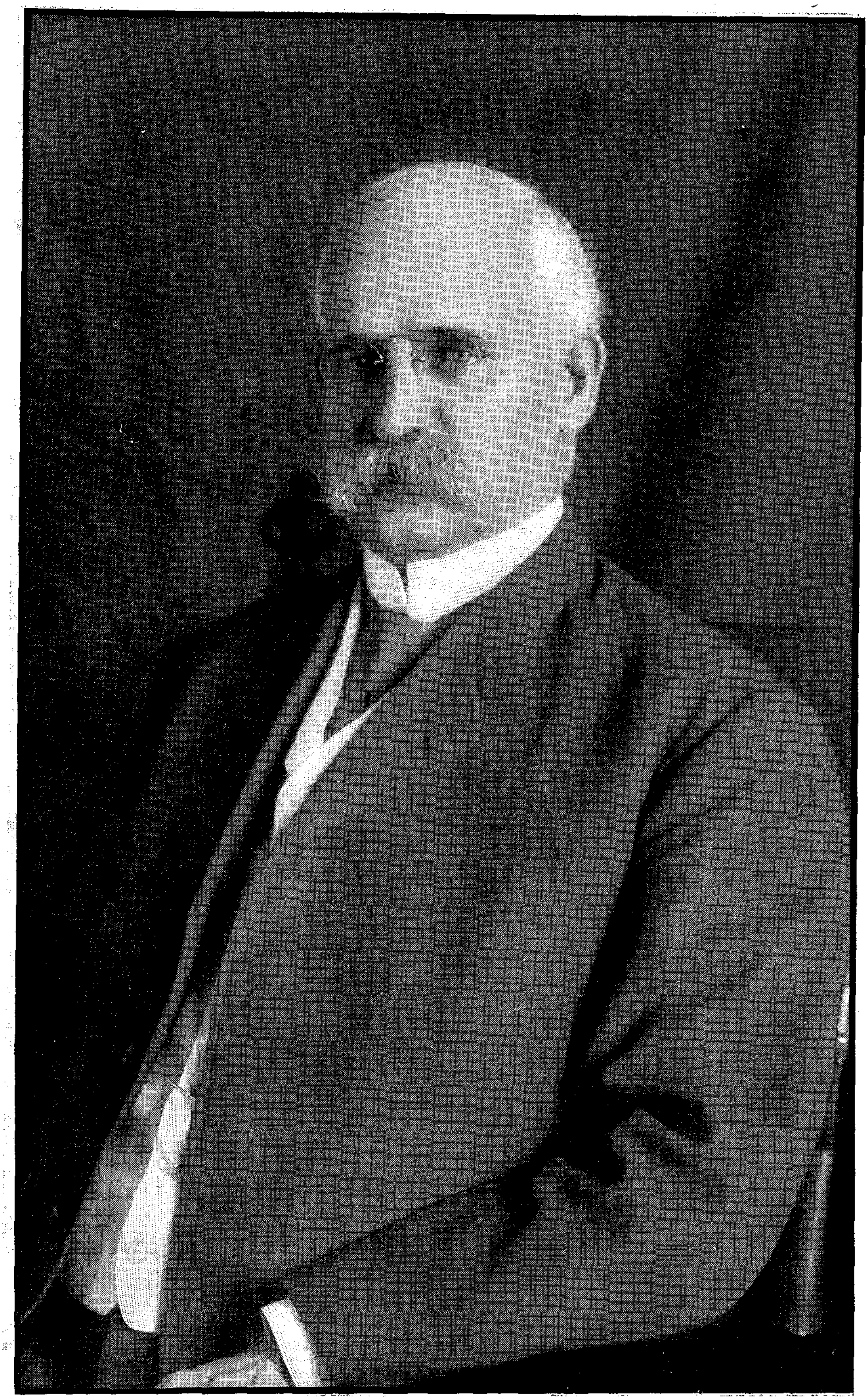
Secretary of Agriculture



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS, NEW YORK

JAMES R. GARFIELD

Now Commissioner of Corporations; to be Secretary of the Interior



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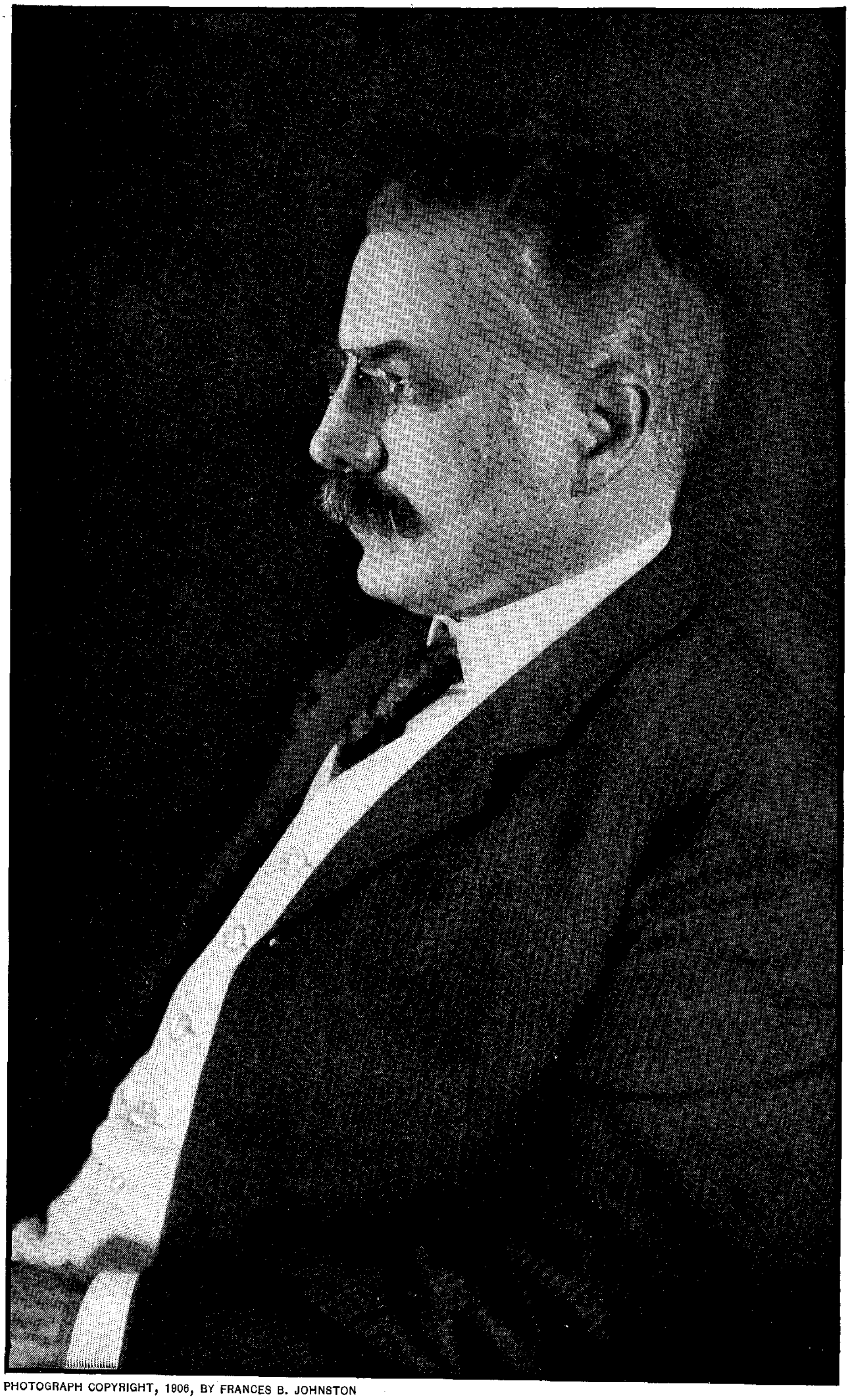
VICTOR H. METCALF

Now Secretary of Commerce and Labor; to be Secretary of the Navy



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GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

Now Postmaster-General; to be Secretary of the Treasury

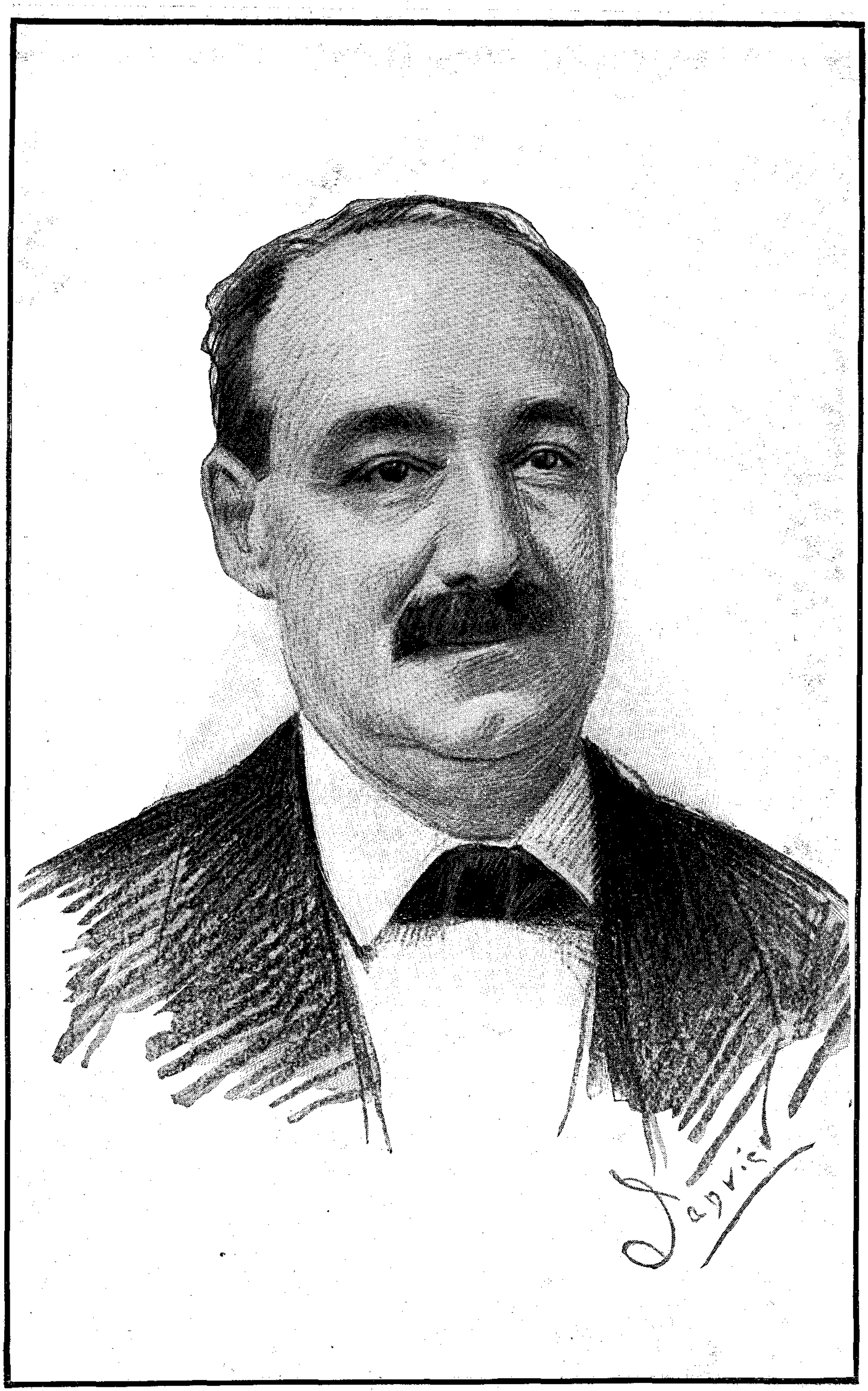


PHOTO-SKETCH BY JANVIER, BALTIMORE

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE
Now Secretary of the Navy; to be Attorney-General

ties—a generous enthusiasm, a broad spirit of humanity, and a practical common sense. These qualities Mr. Straus possesses in an eminent degree. They have been shown in his interest in the endeavor to bring laborers and capitalists face to face in a frank interchange of opinions for the purpose of providing a better mutual understanding; in his passionate devotion to the cause of international arbitration; in his identification with the cause of political reform and his readiness to co-operate first with one party and then with the other in making political reform an accomplished fact.

By nature endowed with convictions that are clear-cut, so that he can always define them, and with courage of his convictions so that he is always ready to defend them, he is by training a diplomat, and knows how to affirm a positive faith without exhibiting an aggressive spirit. Said to be the first Hebrew who has ever held a Cabinet office in this country, he carries into the Department of Commerce and Labor, to which he is called, that spirit of fraternalism which we are accustomed to think of as distinctively Christian, but which the Jew, not without reason, claims to have been inherited by Christianity from the older faith. In brief, Mr. Straus seems to me to combine in himself qualities that are ordinarily regarded as antithetical: he belongs socially to the wealthy commercial class, but sympathizes with the democratic movement; he is a reformer and also a sagacious politician; he is a Hebrew and an American of Americans; he has vigorous convictions and tact in maintaining them; he is a defender of American labor and has a hospitable welcome for the immigrant; and he has maintained with a militant courage American rights in Turkey, and yet is a lifelong advocate of universal peace.

The President, who is himself but forty-eight years of age, believes in putting responsibilities on young men—after trial. Mr. Cortelyou is but forty-four years of age, Mr. Meyer forty-eight, and Mr. James R. Garfield, who on the retirement of Mr. Hitchcock will become Secretary of the Interior, is but forty-one. I doubt whether so young a body was ever before intrusted with the administration of the Federal Government as the one now charged with its direction. Mr. Garfield belongs to what is known as the "Tennis Cabinet" of the President, because he is one of a group who often join him in that recreation. Whether a father's reputation is a help or a handicap to a young man depends on the young man. Both the sons of President Garfield have made good their father's reputation. Mr. James R. Garfield is of slight figure, with the face and frame rather of an academician than of a politician. He is not a fighting man, but he can fight for his convictions when the occasion arises. I have seen him maintain his ground in favor of a radical advance on certain lines, not only against older counselors of the President, but also against the President himself, with an admixture of modesty in himself and confidence in his position which was as effective as it was delightful. He has been heart and soul with the President in his campaign to bring the great corporations under Governmental control, and, our readers may remember, was the one to suggest that the Federal Government could make that control absolute by the simple expedient of requiring any corporation which wished to engage in inter-State commerce to take out a Federal license. In temper and spirit he is quite a man after Mr. Roosevelt's own heart.

Like all strong men, Mr. Roosevelt likes strong men. He has gathered strong men about him. Each one is an independent force; not one of them is an echo, either of the President, of the party, or of his own constituency. Often widely differing on questions of policy and of method, agreed always in their American, that is their democratic, spirit, the body of advisers and administrators—for they are both—who constitute the President's Cabinet are all the better fitted for "team work" because of their distinctive individualities, their differences of temperament and often of opinion, and the fact that, representing one great popular movement, they represent it in different ways and seek to promote it often by differing methods.

THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA

A NEW HOPE FOR THE BLIND

BY ELISABETH, QUEEN OF RUMANIA
("Carmen Sylva")

MY conviction has been for many years that it is a mistake to make the blind work so much with their hands, when brain work would be very much better, and their capacity for brain work shows where their real future lies. They ought to be the greatest students on earth, those two millions of blind people. They ought to be philosophers, theologians, mathematicians, linguists, teachers of languages and music—teachers of everything that does not require the telescope or the microscope, and therefore doctors to a certain degree, masseurs with very deep medical knowledge. And toward this grand aim I have been moving for many years with all my heart and soul; and now I hope to come before the world of the blind with something that will let them rise rapidly to what I think they ought to be. In my house a machine has been invented that enables every blind person, young or old, weak or strong, to print five thousand sheets a day in raised characters for the blind, without the slightest effort.

A blind printer, Theodoresco, had the first idea of it; and then a genius who entered my service as a servant, but whom I made a kind of secretary from the first, as he was a stenographer and learned merchant, took the idea in hand, worked at it day and night for a year and a half, and now the machine is so simple that any child can in a few minutes work it.

With this machine Monske, the inventor—who, by the by, will not take a penny for himself, but offers his invention to our blind, of whom Rumania has twenty thousand—and I have built after long and careful work our plan for the blind colony or city that we have begun already. Most of the blind are adults, and I saw from the first the utter impossibility of doing what the other countries had done; we are too poor for that. We cannot build enormous schools that cost half a million for seventy blind children, etc. It would be utterly useless. We must begin by finding bread for the fathers of families who have gone blind and are reduced to begging in the streets and in the cemeteries. We have already twenty-two fathers who earn their bread by making chairs and ropes, and lead seals for the sacks of corn, and things that go over the sea, and nets by hundreds of thousands. We mean to build them small houses around big gardens, with church and school in the middle. We mean to let the seeing and the blind in those families work together, have one large kitchen in common and one table, which is already installed in the garden, and where Monske and his family dine with the blind. As soon as there is one kitchen and one table, the women and children can work the knitting-machines, the ropes, the nets, and all the rest—ever so many things, we shall find—and then choose the most gifted among them for higher work. I have one who is going to print Kant and Spinoza as soon as the first machines are ready. The blind will have as many books and as large libraries as the seeing, for the printing of them creates no overwork, and is, on the contrary, a new way for the blind to earn their living. The difficulty has been till now that too few books were printed. Now every blind man or woman, and even child, will be able to make editions for themselves, and sell them. They can print as many editions at a time as they choose or hope to sell, every blind person for himself, or a few united, setting six or seven pages, and having one press in common. From Germany we have already orders for thirty-six machines before they were ready, so much the need for them is felt everywhere. The simplicity of it strikes every one. I have one house and garden now, but I hope soon to build one little house after the other, with a veranda round it, as Rumanian houses mostly have. The school, the music hall, and the church must be in the middle—one church, that of the country—but we shall have religious instruction in every religion, as the blind are already of four or five different churches. As braille goes all over the world, every language can be printed on this machine. It was a matter of a few days for the blind master to arrange a Rumanian alphabet.

I have promised the first to dear Helen Keller, whose appeal is so true and so touching, and to my poet friend Bertha Jaleron, who is blind and almost quite deaf, growing more deaf every year, so that one can scarcely talk to her any more, and to M. de Sizeranne, the blind friend of the blind; and one I must send to Mr. Bell in Colombia, another to South Africa, where I send many books for the blind already, one to Java, where they are waiting for it, and one to the Sunbeam Society of ministering children in Adelaide in Australia. They are all waiting for it with great impatience, but as we have no factories and no iron in the country, it was slow work at first. I would not sell it to any foreign factory, as I want all the money to flow into my country and to build up my blind city called Vatra Luminoasa—the luminous hearth.

Much light shall stream from the blind people's fingers from this day onward.

They shall have as many libraries as they want, private and public, and these books will spread over the world and bring life and enjoyment to them all. Music will be printed in such quantities that there will soon be no production that the blind cannot read and play, in orchestras, on the organ, and sing with many voices. We shall hear all Handel sung and played by blind people, and, what is most extraordinary, we shall be able to make them books with illustrations, as the press is so powerful that it prints a dollar, with the effigy quite clear.

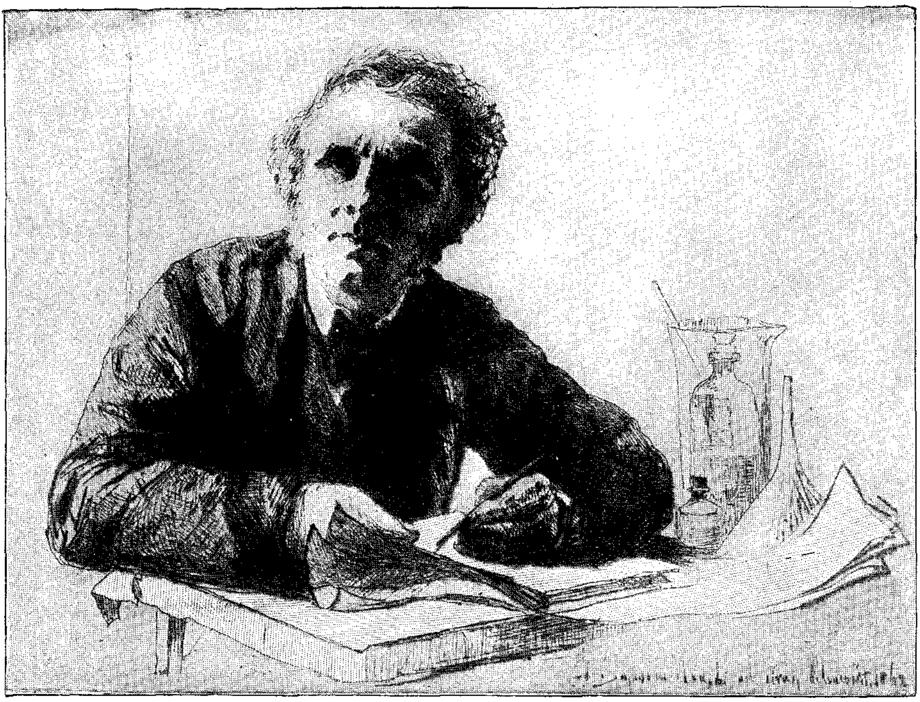
It is not to be foreseen what the blind may grasp by these means of instruction which bring them into contact with every thought that has been expressed in writing in every language of the world. And as the inventors do not take a penny for themselves, my city will rise rapidly. They sing at their work already, and when they first entered the new home they stood there disconsolately and were so afraid! But the seeing children already are accustomed to rush up to them, to seize their hands and to conduct them joyfully to their home, with bright welcome. Their wives are no more in despair, but smile and hope and know that they can educate their children. We shall have blind washerwomen among the seeing; with the knitting-machines we shall not only make the socks and woolen underclothes for the whole establishment, but a great deal for selling, so that this will be another source of income for the Vatra Luminoasa. We hope to weave also and to make carpets, not only brushes and chairs. I am sure we shall discover many new ways of helping; but to me the principal thing is no more to separate them, but to keep them together in a happy, socialistic community of my invention.

We shall begin a newspaper directly, and I have sent for a blind English lady who writes three languages perfectly, and who is going to be our correspondent on the Hammond machine; and she will teach English and German, and write stories, and be happy, too, I hope. I believe that all the inmates of the Vatra Luminoasa will be as happy as their sad condition will allow, and help each other, and laugh and sing, and live as if they were happier than the seeing, that are not so well taken care of. A lady has made me a present of twenty thousand square meters of her country place, so that we can have gardens there, taken care of by the blind, that will bring forth all our fruit and vegetables. The gifts are flowing into our box during the exhibition. There have even been tenpence and half francs from poor workpeople. Everybody feels that this is going to be a grand thing and a blessed one, and that I am going to give back to the country ever so many useful citizens who were beggars before.

From America I hope for large orders, as our machine, instead of costing the nearly three thousand francs that it did to buy the American machine and get it here, costs only three hundred, payable in small sums, so that every blind person can earn enough with the machine to pay for it. I fancy that several blind will unite to buy one machine with many plates to set the types on. In Germany six or seven ladies had united to make the big cyclopædia of Meyer for the blind. It will take seven years and cost ten thousand marks. Monske says he hopes to make that cyclopædia in six months, with three blind to help, and to earn ten thousand marks by the number of books he can issue.

The whole world will change for the blind as soon as they can have as many books as the seeing, and are no longer dependent on the good or bad taste of the charitable souls who copy. The blind lady I spoke of before wrote to me to guess what had been her reading book all the last summer. A book on mushrooms! And, as she rightly says, never a blind person can pick them, and as to eating, the blind take what is set before them in good faith that one won't poison them! And this lady used to give sixty lessons a week, and is highly cultivated.

Many people are so cruel in doing good, because they do not watch the lives of the unhappy ones enough, but follow their own tastes and judgment, which are often very limited and insufficient. The Theodoresco-Monske machine is a work of genius, and will bring happiness to many.



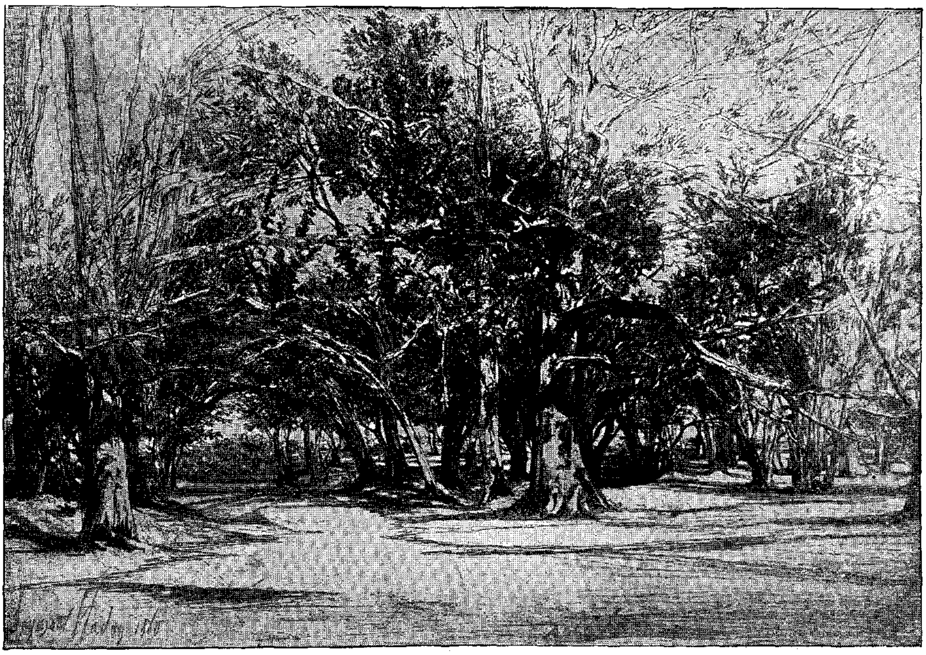
SIR SEYMOUR HADEN'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF
From the rare dry-point done in 1862

SIR SEYMOUR HADEN
PAINTER-ETCHER
BY FREDERICK KEPPEL

IN writing of a celebrity who has already been much written about, it is sometimes not easy to avoid the "rethreshing of old straw;" but even admitting this, we must also admit that very much depends upon the particular sort of straw we may be threshing.

Among the makers of pictures some artists yield us their little all very quickly, while others may be compared to certain mines where the precious ore is almost inexhaustible, and where the more you delve the more you get.

In any creative art—whether it be pictures or poetry or music or fiction—it often happens that the shallow and adroit practitioner wins his reward more quickly and more largely than does his profounder and more original brother. The former is like a bird that sings one little song. His message is obvious and is quickly understood of all; while the truly original and creative artist brings a message so unusual, so unheard of, that it is at first like Saint Paul's new doctrine—"to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." Still another thing which militates against the immediate success of the artist of real originality is that he never repeats himself; each picture is a new problem worked out in a new way, and it never is a disguised repetition of some former success of his. In speaking thus I by no means intend to intimate that, in art, what is clear and obvious is bad, while



A BY-ROAD IN TIPPERARY

Etched in 1860. Only twenty proofs were taken of this " second state " of the plate

This is one of the rarest, as it is perhaps the most beautiful, of Sir Seymour Haden's plates

what is obscure and hard to understand is good. Indeed, I believe that obscurity—which is not profundity—is my " pet aversion." Furthermore, Seymour Haden is not obscure, yet it took him many years to win recognition.

A signal demonstration may be found in the careers of two renowned French contemporaries—Meissonier and Millet. Meissonier's brilliant monetary success as painter and etcher began early and increased to the end of his long life. He had consummate dexterity, but he went on repeating variations of just one artistic idea. Millet's sad story is too well known to be repeated here. He was the profound originator, whose style was a surprise to the public, and so he struggled on in dire poverty during the years when he was producing paintings and etchings which were then despised and neglected, but which, according to the verdict of a later generation, now rank as masterpieces; and among the great masters in art Millet has surely " come to stay."

Unquestionably the art of Seymour Haden has come to stay also, and, within the modest limits of pictures in black and white, the opinion of the best judges is that his etchings must assuredly rank among the permanently great art works of the nineteenth century.

Before more definitely considering the etchings, dry-points, and mezzotints of Sir Seymour Haden, it may not be amiss for us to recall the elementary a b c of the etcher's technique, so as better to understand an etching when we examine it. This may have the same good effect that athletes derive from the daily practice which keeps them "fit," or it may be compared to the lifelong daily habit of the great singer Adelina Patti. Every day of her professional life she sang the simple do, re, mi of her early girlhood, and thus she conserved her glorious voice so that it outlasted the voices of all her contemporary rivals.

Etchings, then, are impressions printed from a copper plate upon which the etcher has drawn and "bitten" or corroded his composition; and the prime advantage of the etching process is that it does not hamper the etcher with the tedious difficulties of line engraving, but allows him absolute freedom and lightness of touch while he is at work.

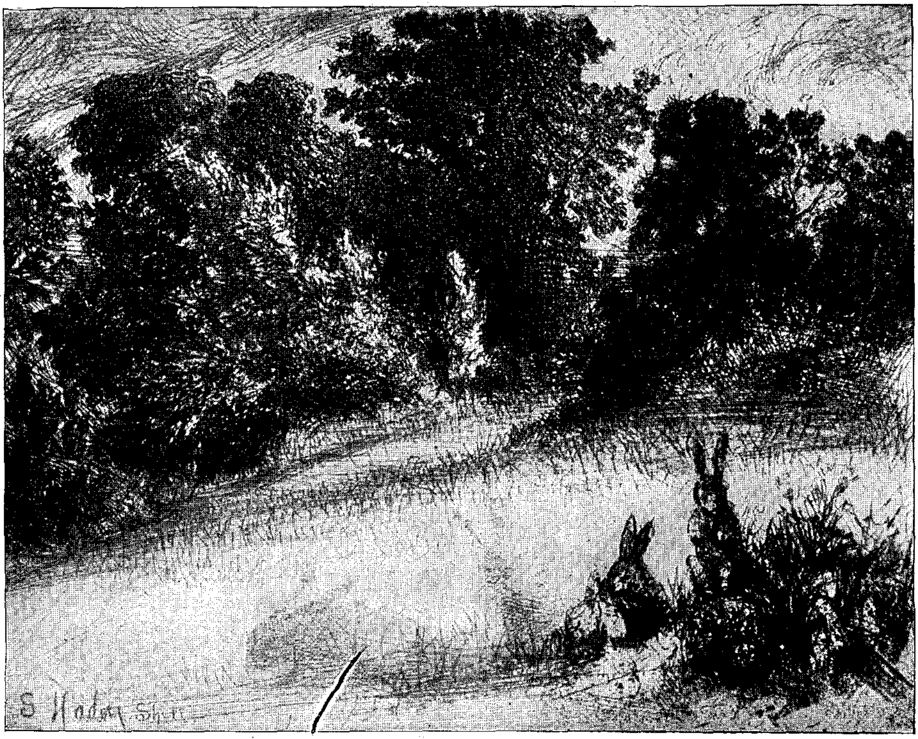
Hence the prime virtue of a good etching is its spontaneity and freshness, and Sir Seymour Haden declares that his finest plates were etched at a single sitting. But danger lies in this same advantage of facility. The French artist Paul Rajon well expressed this danger when he said, " It is so easy to make an etching, and so hard—so very hard—to make a good one."

But while the mere drawing of the design on the copper plate is mechanically a simple matter, the subsequent " biting in " of its lines on the copper is full of danger to the unskilled. Even in the prints of Rembrandt, who was the king of all etchers, the treacherous acid occasionally played him ugly tricks, some of his plates being overbitten and hence too heavy, or underbitten and hence too light.

While in pure etching the lines which make the picture are bitten or corroded into the plate by an acid—the rest of the surface being protected by a sort of varnish—the dry-point process is quite different. In dry-point the artist dispenses with the coating of varnish and also with the use of acid, for he scratches the lines of his design, with a steel point, upon the bare copper plate.

The mezzotint process is radically different from all others. In it the artist puts in the *whites* of his picture, while in line engraving, etching, and dry-point he puts in the *blacks*. Also, the mezzotint shows us a picture composed, not of lines, but of tones ranging in gradation from black to white, and giving an effect somewhat like that of a glorified photograph.

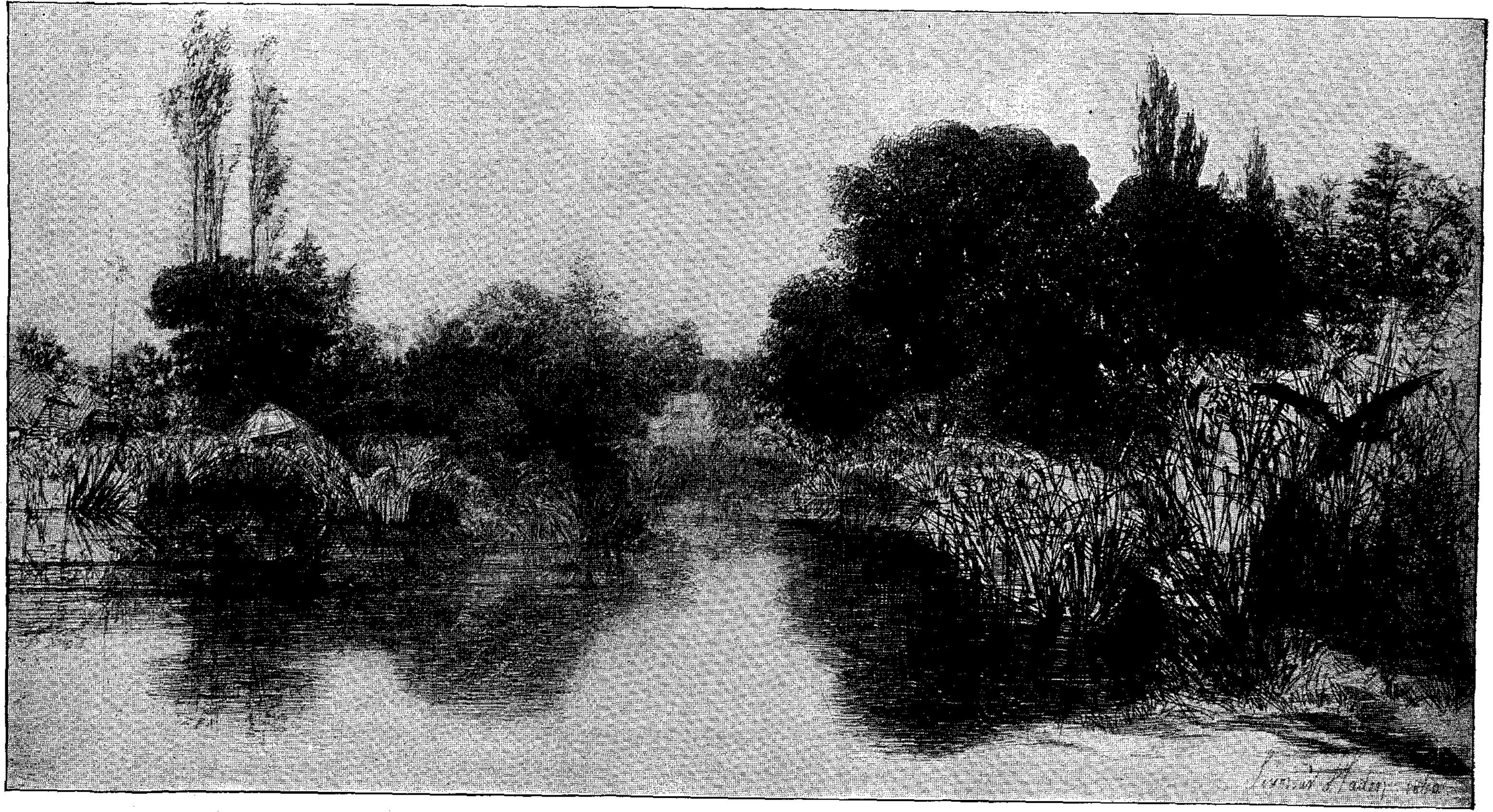
Still another important matter in the making of an artistic etching or other print is the printing of it from the prepared plate. Unlike typography—which prints from the inked surface of the type, and prints very rapidly—etchings, etc., are printed, not from the surface of the plate, but from the incised lines which form the picture. The printer first covers the whole surface of his plate with a thick, oily ink, and, having thoroughly



COMBE BOTTOM

Etched in 1860. From an early proof before the plate was altered

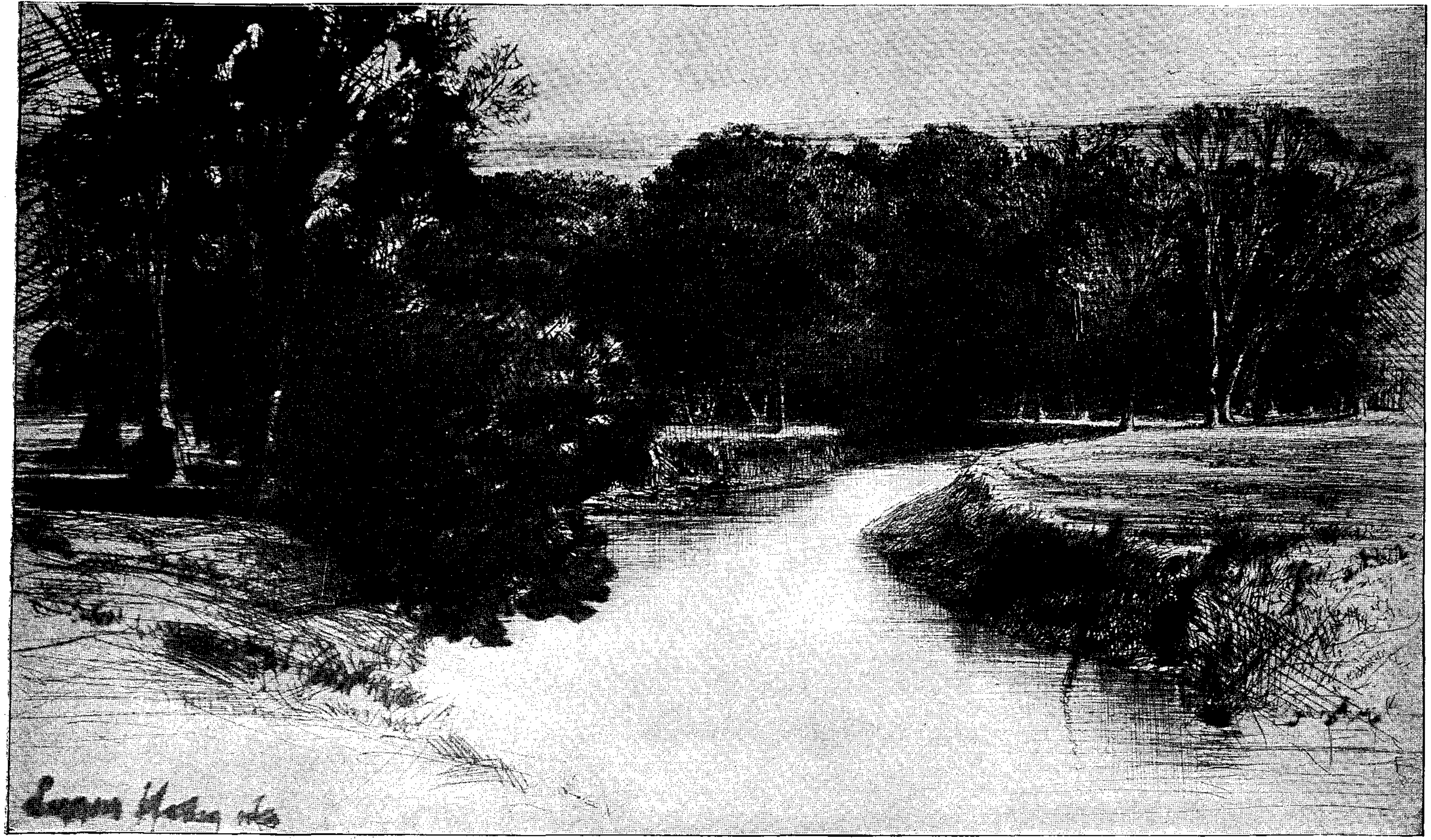
Frederick Wedmore said of this plate, " Combe Bottom is unsurpassed for sweetness and spontaneity "



SHERE MILL POND

Etched in 1860. The most famous of the artist's works

Philip Gilbert Hamerton said of this plate, " With the single exception of one plate by Claude [Lorrain], this is the finest etching of a landscape subject that has ever been executed in the world "

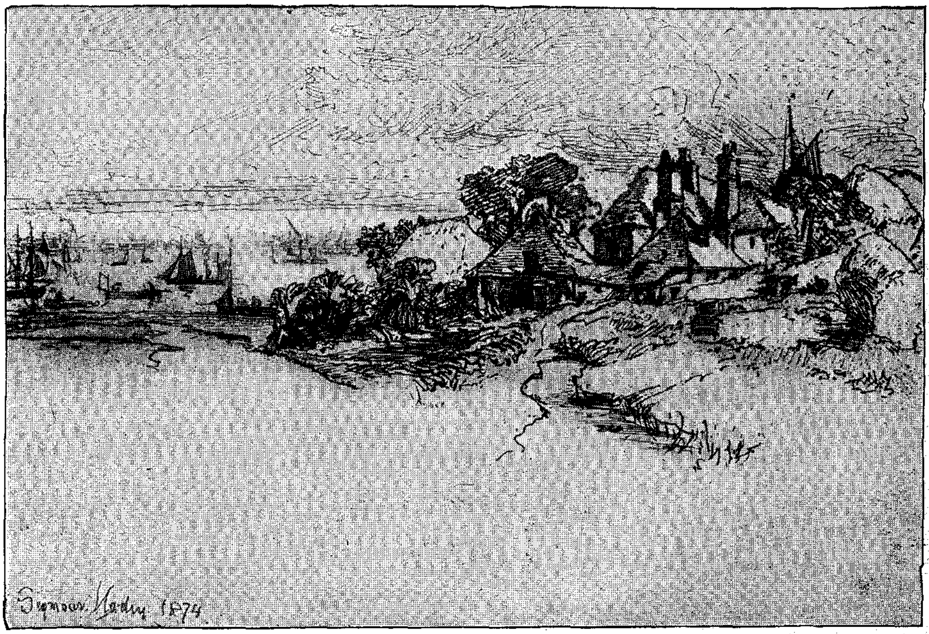


A SUNSET IN IRELAND

Dry-point done in 1863

Sir Seymour records the fact that "this plate, and also 'A By-road in Tipperary,' were done in the park of Viscount Hawarden, in the most beautiful part of Tipperary" filled the lines with it, he wipes off what remains on the surface, and this wiping supplies the *white* of the picture. Meanwhile the ink remains in the incised lines of the copper. The printer is now ready to "pull" his proof; so he lays his plate on the platform of a roller-press, lays a sheet of dampened blank paper over it, passes both under the heavy roller, and then, in carefully lifting the paper from the plate, he finds that the pressure has transferred the ink from the etched plate to the sheet of paper—which latter, when carefully dried, becomes a "proof etching"—and the printer goes slowly on "pulling" other similar proofs. Some eminent artists, including Whistler and Pennell, have found it best to do their own printing, so as to have each proof exactly what it was intended to be; and so important is fine quality in each impression or proof that a very fine print by such an old master as Dürer or Rembrandt will sell to-day for quite fifty times the price that could be obtained for a bad or worn impression from the very same plate.

Francis Seymour Haden was born at No. 62 Sloane Street, London, on September 16, 1818, so that he is now (the figure 8 seems crowding on us!) in his 88th year. To those of us who are no longer "as young as we used to be," it is a comfort to remember that, in general, the human intellect is likely to outlast the rest of the human machine, and also that the more a man's mind is worked the better it grows and the longer it lasts. To-day it is thus with Sir Seymour Haden. He can no longer climb a mountain or spend a long day at his favorite sport of angling for salmon; but his present mental activity and force might well be coveted by many a man young enough to be his grandson. In character he has always been a strong, positive, emphatic man, and the virility of his nature is clearly apparent in his pictures. Like the present German Kaiser, Sir Seymour never tires of praising his own grandfather, and he loves to relate how, a century ago, when a great mob of rioters had surrounded the old man's factory and were about to burn it down, old Thomas Haden, of Derby, then past eighty, armed himself with a stout horsewhip, mounted his horse, rode all alone into the thick of the rioters, flogged every man of them off the prem-



AN ESSEX FARM

Etched in 1874. One of the artist's favorite plates

Sir Seymour has said, "I like this plate and think it is one of the best and most masculine of my works" ises, and sent them all scampering away like so many wild rabbits!

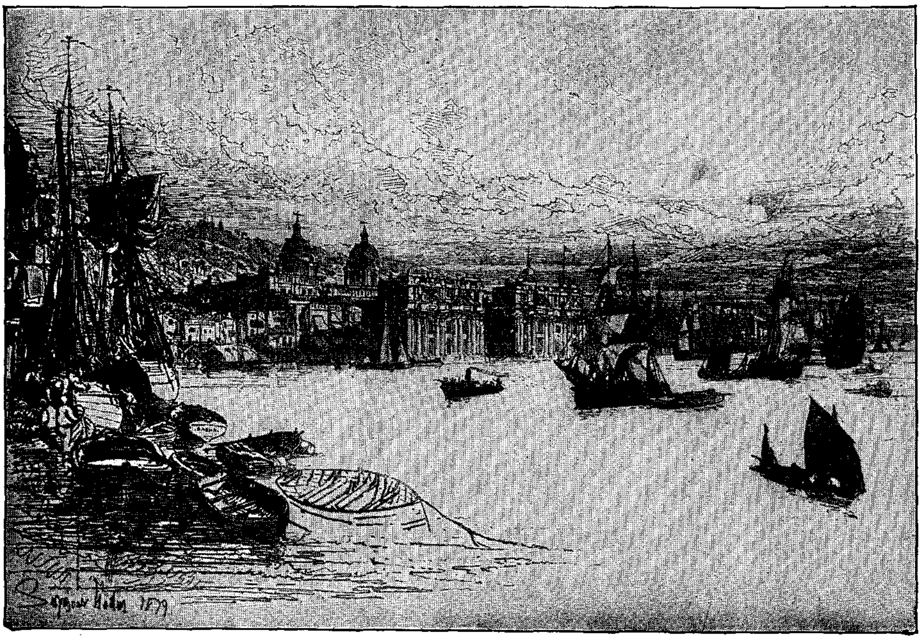
Like the Kaiser again, Sir Seymour has less to say about his own father, but it is known that he was an eminent physician and highly respected as a man, and after his death his son Seymour succeeded to his practice in the Sloane Street house where he was born. There he rose to eminence as a surgeon, and he is still one of the Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons. But, in accordance with the antiquated British usage, he never was "Doctor"—only plain "Mister" Haden, until the day when Queen Victoria conferred a title of knighthood on him as President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and in recognition of his great achievements as an etcher.

Other signal honors were not lacking. At the Paris Exposition of 1889 he won the *Grand Prix*, or Medal of Honor, for his etchings, and this supreme distinction was a second time conferred upon him at the Paris Exposition of 1900 for his mezzotints, most of these mezzotints being the work of his extreme old age.

It may at first be puzzling to understand how the busy and successful surgeon managed to win immeasurably wider fame as an artist, the more so as he never studied art in any school as ordinary students do. The old essayist Addison says, in the Spectator, that every good man has a hobby; the bad supply its place with a vice; and it sometimes happens that a man's hobby or *play* proves to be the most valuable part of his life-work. It was so with Seymour Haden—and his hobby was etching.

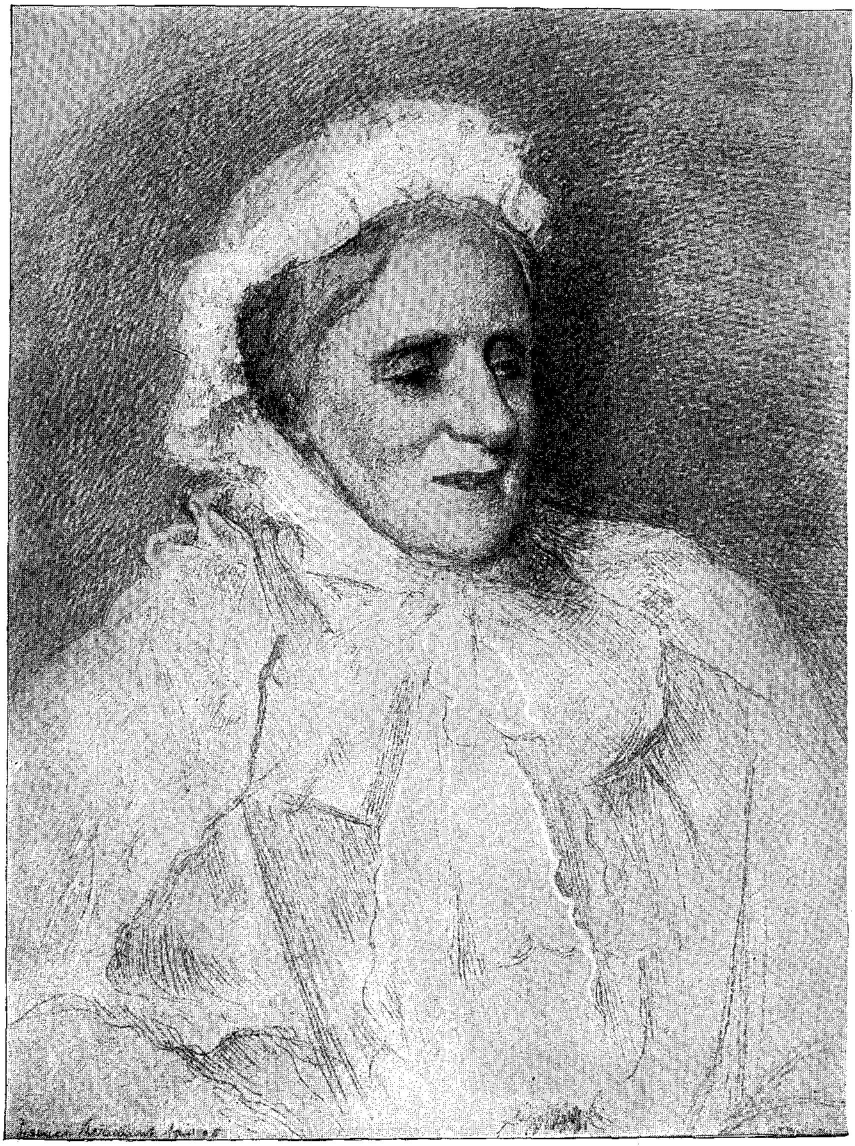
In Dr. Holmes's fine poem, "The Voiceless," he says: "Alas for those who never sing, but die with all their music in them!" Sir Seymour (who was a friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes) might have died with all his music in him if he had not taken long and laborious pains to make himself a consummate draughtsman. Shakespeare makes his clown Dogberry say that "reading and writing come by nature;" perhaps they may—but masterly power in drawing certainly does not. It can come only through long and hard study, and even with that it comes only to one man in ten thousand.

Nearly all of Seymour Haden's works were done out-of-doors and with the landscape before him; and, excepting a few of the later ones (after fame had overtaken him), they were all done solely



GREENWICH
From an early proof, of which only twenty were taken. Etched in 1879

to please himself and with no purpose of exhibiting or selling them. The greater number of his plates are in pure etching. In some cases he enriched the effect of his etched plate by adding touches of dry-point, and among his mezzotints some are done over an outline or skeleton of etched lines, while others are entirely mezzotinted.

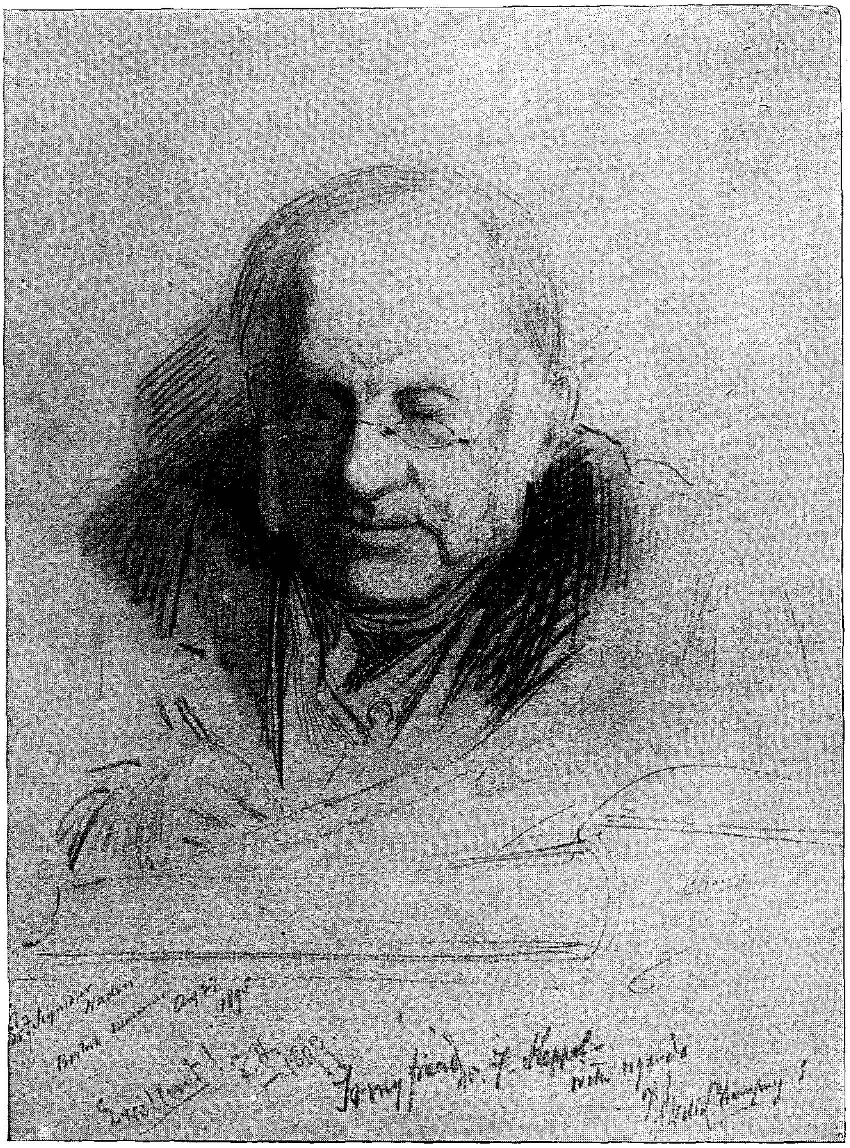


LADY SEYMOUR HADEN

From the privately printed lithograph by Beaumont, 1905

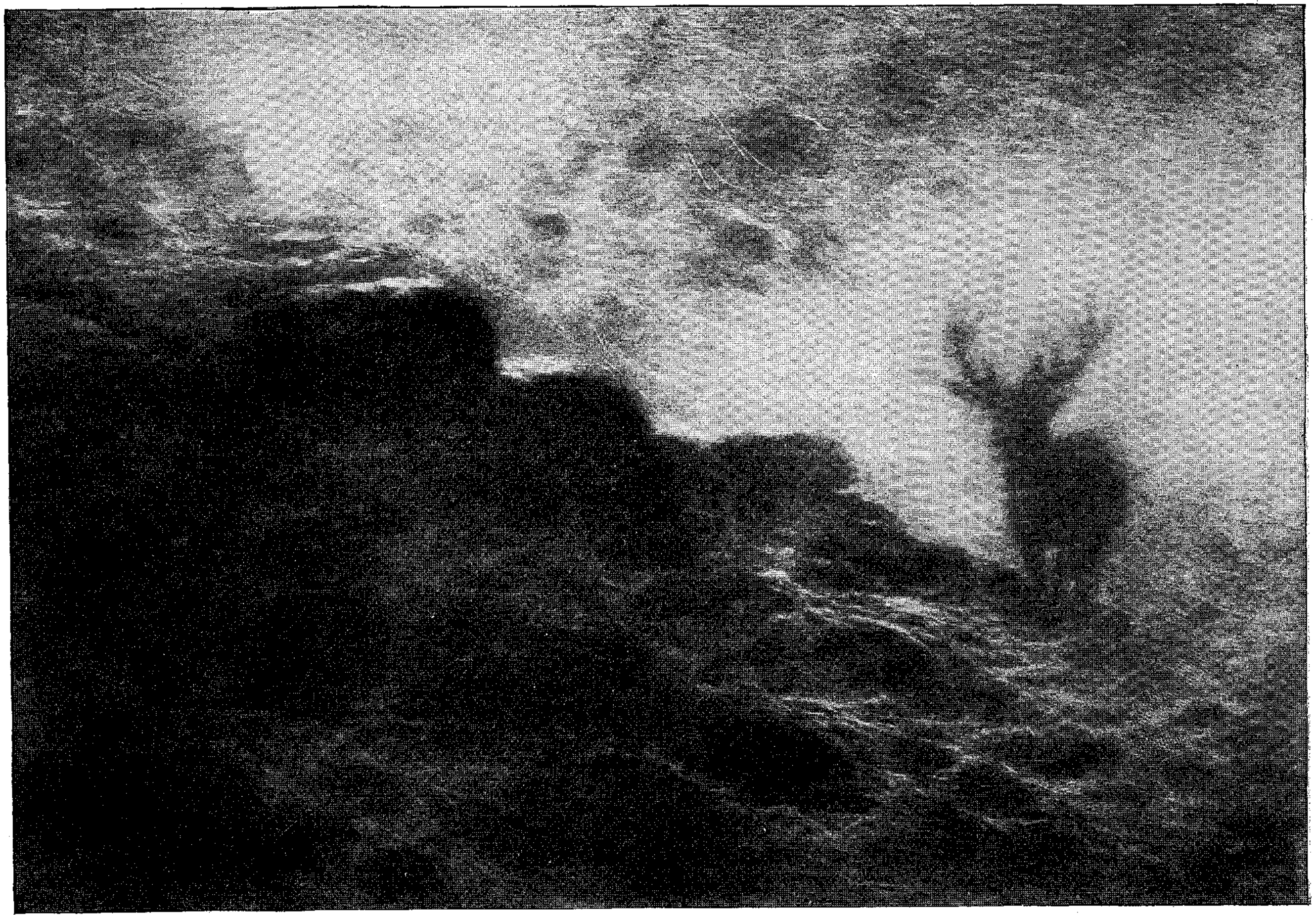
No artist has depicted trees quite so truly and so beautifully as he. In seeing the work of many other landscape artists we have a feeling that their trees were somehow stuck down into the ground; but Seymour Haden always makes his trees grow out of it. He once put the question to me: "At what season do you think a tree is most beautiful?" I answered that I thought it must be at midsummer, when the foliage was at its richest. But he answered, "No, it is in the spring, when you see not only the tender young leaves, but also the whole construction of branches and twigs."

Seymour Haden married an American wife. Lady Haden is daughter of Major George W. Whistler, of the United States army, and half-sister of Whistler the great artist. Major Whistler was eminent as an engineer. It was he who really was the "brains" in designing and constructing the famous first railroad in Russia, which runs between St. Petersburg and Moscow. Three years ago Lady Haden became totally blind; but that terrible affliction has not broken her. With a beautiful, quiet courage, she still conducts the affairs of Sir Seymour's fine old residence, Woodcote Manor, Hampshire. She writes her own letters, and, on occasion, I have heard her laugh as heartily as a young girl. All the art of the Whistler family is


Sir Seymour Haden British Museum Aug 22 1899
Excellent! S. H. 1899
To my friend Mr. F. Keppel with regards J. Wells Champney

SIR SEYMOUR HADEN

Sketched, unknown to him, in the Print Room of the British Museum by J. Wells Champney, of New York. Sir Seymour afterwards wrote on this sketch, "Excellent! S. H. 1899"



AN EARLY RISER

Mezzotinted in 1899. Won the Medal of Honor of the Paris Exposition of 1900

Harrington describes this plate as follows: "Across a shallow, rocky torrent there is seen, dimly through the mist, a stag, with noble antlers, facing the spectator. To the left, the rising sun lights the surface of the flat rocks. The whole atmosphere seems to quiver with the light penetrating the mists" manifested in the music of Lady Haden. To see her now, groping her way to her piano, and to hear her play, superbly and from memory, some great composition of Beethoven or Chopin, is one of the most affecting things that I have ever witnessed in my life. Years ago Lady Haden developed musical skill among the rustics of the neighboring village of Bramdean. She taught the violin to Tom the shepherd, the flute to Dick the cowherd, and the trombone to Harry the plowman; and it was not long before her rustic orchestra learned to play very respectably, while that sweet and gentle old lady wielded the conductor's baton. As to the pictorial art which might be expected from one of the name of Whistler, Sir Seymour has proudly said to me of his wife, "She could make as good pictures as anybody if she liked."

Besides his achievements in etching, Seymour Haden has done valuable work through his writings in promotion of his favorite art. When he began to write and to lecture on the subject, many educated people thought that an etching was a sort of scribbled drawing done on paper with pen and ink. The great tradition of Rembrandt and of Claude Lorrain in the seventeenth century was forgotten, and when Seymour Haden began to assert himself art in England was in a sad state. Every picture was expected to tell some "goody-goody" pretty little story, and the "artist" who could make the closest imitation of external textures and surfaces was the great man of the hour. The intellectual and suggestive qualities of a picture were quite ignored, and it is greatly due to this strong and earnest man that we now see things differently.

The reader of this article may have noticed that I do not waste his time by attempting to give lengthy verbal descriptions of the style, manner, and effect of Sir Seymour Haden's pictures. The reading of a printed description of a work of art is about as unsatisfying as the reading of a bill of fare by a hungry man—when no dinner is forthcoming. Fortunately, such attempts at description are not necessary on this occasion. In ancient Greece a youth was urged to go and hear a man who gave a wonderful imitation of the song of the nightingale. To this the young philosopher quietly replied: "I have heard the nightingale herself." The accompanying illustrations must here take the part of "the nightingale herself." They are a selection from the two hundred and forty plates which Seymour Haden has done. Several of them have never been reproduced before, and their rarity renders it unlikely that they can be had for reproduction again. In most cases the dimensions have been necessarily reduced. The work of reproduction has been well done, but naturally they fall somewhat short of the beauty of the originals. If they quite equaled these—why, then, each copy of this Outlook would have a market value of several thousands of dollars!

Three centuries ago "rare Ben Jonson" gave a wise piece of advice in the verses which he appended to the engraved portrait of Shakespeare which is found in the precious first folio edition of the great poet's plays.

This advice to those who would know "the gentle Shakespeare" was—"To look, Not on his picture but his book." In the present case the circumstances are reversed, and to those who would know the art of Seymour Haden I would give the counsel that they look less upon my pages than on his pictures.

CONTEMPORARY THEMES IN FICTION

BY MARY MOSS

THE theme of a novel may be said to be that direct emphasis laid upon one phase of life or emotion about which the rest of the story revolves. In some fiction, as in Thackeray, many co-ordinating themes are so nicely adjusted that this emphasis may be difficult if not impossible of detection; in others, in "Anna Karénina" for instance, it is dominant and unmistakable. In doubtful cases it can be easily identified by simple elimination. "Don Quixote," for example, might have stopped quietly at home and yet found means to illustrate the pathos of mistaken chivalry. Consequently, in spite of all his journeys, the fundamental theme of his adventure rests on a visionary state of mind. But eliminate the idea of travel from "Robinson Crusoe," or of religion from "Helbeck of Bannisdale," and you at once pull out the linch-pin.

If human life were long enough to verify such an assertion, I would risk declaring that, with the exception of Hawthorne in "The Scarlet Letter," not one American has been greatly concerned with the question of sex, and that, barring "The Morgesons" of Mrs. Stoddart, there never has been an American love story. That is, in the deep sense that "Jane Eyre," Charles de Bernard's "Gerfaut," "Manon Lescaut," "Clarissa Harlowe," and Fogazzaro's "Daniele Cortis," are love stories. As a rule, the love episode merely furnishes a conventional motive, easily replaced by friendship, brotherly affection, or comradeship. To define the term more closely, I take it to apply to any work of fiction in which the "heart interest" forms the essential matter, as in "La Princesse Lointaine," not an unimportant side issue as in "Guy Mannering." Macbeth, for instance, avoids the subject altogether, since Lady Macbeth would be equally effective as an ambitious mother or sister. In Hamlet the Ophelia episode could be removed without any irreparable damage to the structure; but try to eliminate jealousy from Othello, or to extract the love motive from Romeo and Juliet!

Of course, in all times and places, good love stories have been the exceptions, but the point is that in America we seem to have given up striving for them, and, save for a few frankly boy-and-girl affairs, the subjects of our present stories may be sought far from the realm of sentiment as it affects grown men and women.

This particular outlet being taboo, rank sentimentalists as we are at bottom, we find ourselves left with an immense accumulation of sympathy which splashes over upon burglars, sneak-thieves, the impossible child, the intolerable old woman, policemen, grafters, and promoters. Most stories merely concede a courtship, a secondary motive to which it is good taste to refer in winding up the finale, after an entire *durchfuhrung* has been filled with really important matters—money-getting, railroad business, and "breaking into society."

Nothing could more oddly account for the dominance of men's affairs in American novels (at times you feel that the wide-awake commercial traveler must have had many of them made to order for his own use) than poor Mrs. Trollope's picture of an evening party in Cincinnati in the year 1827. Fresh from London, where men and women were in the habit of freely mingling, she was amazed by the remark of an American lady who happened to say that "the hours of greatest enjoyment to the gentlemen were those in which a glass of gin cocktail or egg-nogg receives its highest relish from the absence of all restraint whatever, and when there are no ladies present to trouble them."

Later the traveler herself went to a party, and there found that "the women invariably herd together at one part of the room, and the men at the other; but in justice to Cincinnati, I must acknowledge that this arrangemeut is by no means peculiar to this city, or to the Western side of the Alleghanies."

This, naturally, does not imply that boys and girls did not find a way to philander, but merely described the general relation of adult men and women. Nowadays we have modified this custom quite successfully as far as fashionable society goes, but the solid body of respectable citizens still takes its pleasures separately (witness the outcry of all French travelers over our women's teas, lunches, and evening card-parties), a custom undoubtedly arising from the fathomless, untiring chivalry of the American man. His regard for woman is so high, his response to her needs is so immediate and lavish, that the poor dear would rather be anywhere than in her company. After satisfying all her claims, when it comes to a little ease and relaxation—give him another man! Of course our fiction must inevitably reflect this. It goes even further; our stories, as a whole, are far less occupied with any individual than with general conditions, which seems a curious paradox, since any one would expect the older civilization to aim at general summing up, and the fermenting new country to pay greater heed to individuals. But in actual fact the only general condition (besides that already mentioned) upon which American fiction keeps silent is the state of our souls.

In my notes upon twenty-odd recent English novels I have marked four as devoted entirely to religious questions. Only one of the twenty is historic; eight deal with individual conditions of mind or spirit.

There may be an occasional tending towards Socialism, but it is apt to be treated rather as an individual experiment than as a safeguard for the whole community.

"Fenwick's Career" and M. Hamilton's admirable "Cut Laurels" show the nearest approach to the problem novel. There is one excellent story about children, one depending upon local character, only one of adventure and a few with a leaning towards mysticism, and four in which the fundamental relations between man and woman form the essential theme.

Turning to America, out of seventy volumes, one (of no consequence whatever) is faintly and foolishly religious. Mysticism is absent.

Six only out of seventy (as against a third of the whole in England) touch upon individual character, and of these Mrs. Deland's delightful "Awakening of Helena Richie" alone is worthy of serious consideration.

Five deal either with the detection or the perpetration of crime—and here let me stop to say that if England revived the mode with "Raffles," the gentleman burglar, that paragon's transplanted progeny so thrives and multiplies in America that to find lack of breeding or consideration in the "second-floor man" who had rifled the jewel-case would be a painful surprise to any admirer of contemporary detective stories.

This class of fiction grows daily more ingenious in discovering and exploiting new fields for crime. It is tremendously up to date. While retaining all the sentimental garnishings of Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue, it now calls in the aid of modern criminology in absolving the criminal from all responsibility. After a course of this school, you are in danger of being convinced that "society" is banded together for the sole purpose of compelling young men of exceptional sensitiveness, courage, and ability, and young women of perfect loyalty and high-mindedness, to prefer "wire-tapping" and kindred professions to safer and more plebeian means of livelihood.

This protest may be over-squeamish; perhaps the same objection might have been entered against "Robin Hood," "Gil Blas," and even "Roderick Random" (who came uncommonly near turning highwayman). Sentiment has always favored knights of the road, murderers even, as Mr. Owen Wister once sharply pointed out in his "Serenade at

Siskyou," and the Greeks certainly did erect altars to Mercury! But the present school of picturesque fiction gains a new influence from its false air of realism, and from employing, in addition to sentimentality, a pseudo-scientific sanction for ordinary acts of dishonesty and violence.

The crop of historical novels grows scanty, and the mass of my Amiercan collection is devoted to adventure, business, labor, slum life, and remedial suggestion of the most impersonal type. From "Lady Baltimore" to "The Jungle"—from Mr. Wister's invocation of past traditions and standards to Mr. Sinclair's call for a clean slate and everything new—each one of these aims at bettering conditions through more or less concerted effort by whole classes. In England, on the other hand, the philosophy preached is rather that every sick soul must minister to its own salvation, by remedies sought from within.

In the fiction of both countries satire goes unrepresented, and, except for Miss Broughton's charming "Waif's Progress," humor is increasingly rare among English writers—and to this it may be added that, after all, the Waif is more wise and witty than openly comic).[1] Four American books, however, keep the pace of honored American mirthmakers. Mr. William Allen White's "In Our Town" may only raise a smile, but from the much-tramped territory of the Wild West Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips's "Red Saunders' Pets and Other Critters" quite easily evokes the state where you wish that he may stop till you have dried your eyes, and caught your breath, and lost that stitch in the side which comes from hapless giggling. While in "The Four Million" Mr. O. Henry occasionally ventures over that narrow line dividing laughter from tears, in "Cabbages and Kings," from the hackneyed setting of a South American Republic, he extracts freshness, comfortable laughter, and a sense of humorous content.

Consequently, although some of us may secretly hope that our serious fiction may before long take a more personal turn, at least, since an unforced smile is left us, we even now have much to be thankful for.

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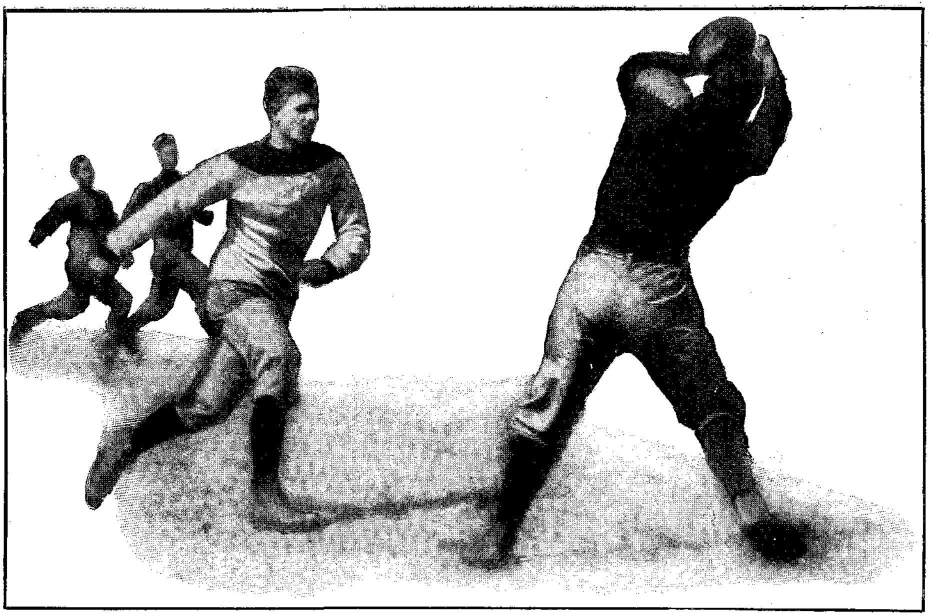
[1] Since the above was written both William de Morgan's "Joseph Vance" and William J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond" have come out, two charming stories full of the most rare and delicate humor.

THANKSGIVING

BY EDITH HOPE KINNEY

How oft, O Lord, do we forget to pay
Our tithes of thanks to Thee at morn and eve;
How oft the thankful word unsaid we leave
Before Life's laden table, day by day!
Thy golden gifts we grasp, and go our way—
So used are we Thy bounty to receive.
But now, for our ungratefulness we grieve,
And grace for the whole year are fain to say.

We thank Thee, Lord, for thy great Fatherhood,
That doth with our child-waywardness forbear,
In token of Thy love's infinity.
We thank Thee for the Past, with all its good,
And for the Present, anchored in Thy care,
And for the Future, Thou alone canst see.



CATCHING A FORWARD PASS PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BOSTON JOURNAL

THE NEW FOOTBALL

ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE REVISED RULES[1]

BY HOMER EATON KEYES

THE present article is written essentially for the ignoramus. Knowing ones will elsewhere find far better and more scientific statements of the case. By ignoramus, however, is not meant the person who does not know a punt from a pole vault, but that usual individual who, while interested in the great American game of football and fairly conversant with its general terminology, has no definite acquaintance with or understanding of the rules, new or old, and is hence in some doubt as to the effect of the changes long heralded and now in operation. That these changes may be more easily understood, a résumé of the theory and style of play in the old game should be given.

As now, a football team consisted of eleven men operating in a field 330 × 160 feet. Under the old rules they were placed with military precision; the heavy men, a "center" and two "guards," constituted the main bulwark for offense or defense—of necessity strong to hold against attack, powerful to tear down the fortress of the enemy. This center line supported two wings, each consisting of a "tackle" and an "end," men again strong, but nimble as well, whose business was to prevent a flanking movement or to lead the way for an attack, according as conditions called for defensive or offensive measures. In the rear of the line thus constituted lay the flying squadron—the four backs, of full and fractional denomination. These, theoretically, were the players to carry the ball through breaches made in the enemy's line by attacks of the forward body. On the defense they formed a

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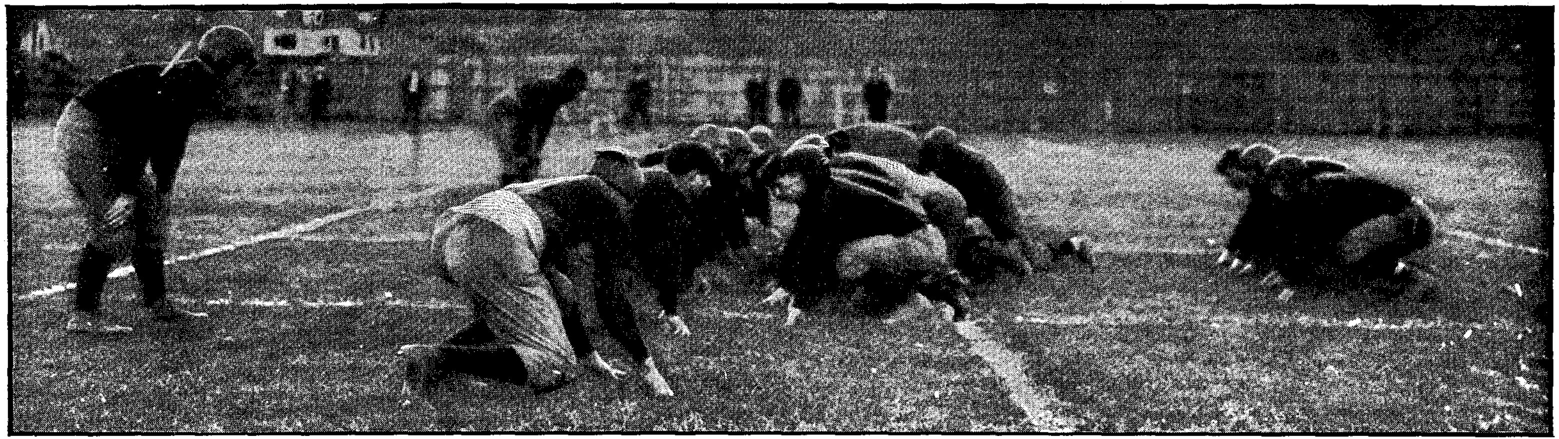
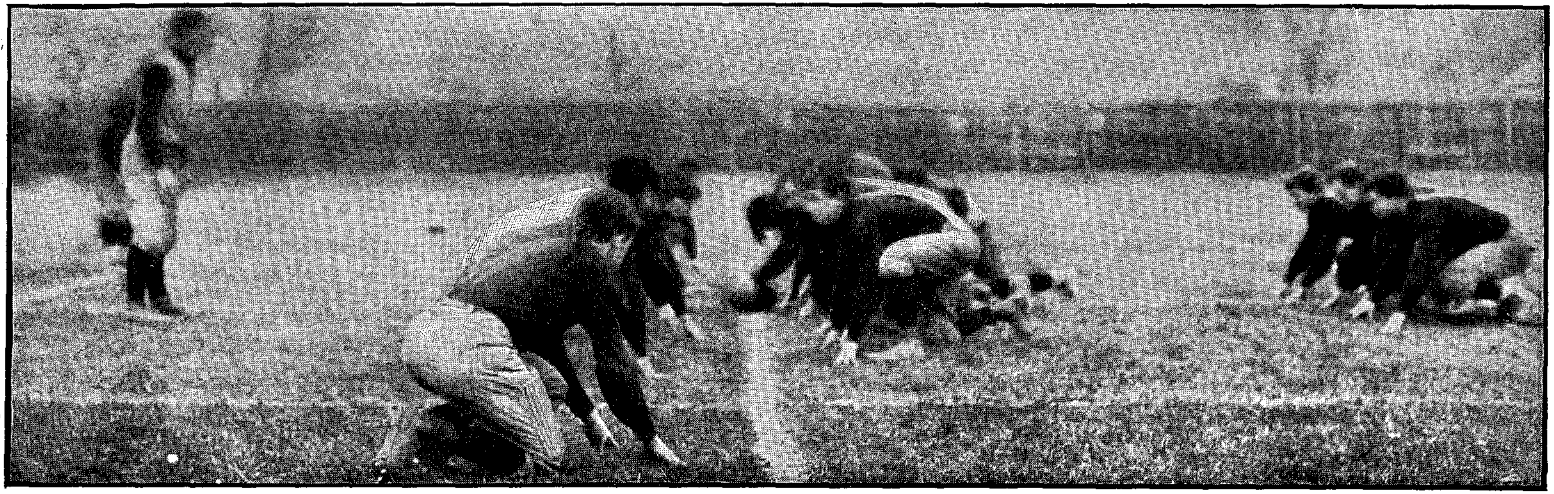
[1] For a considerable part of the material here used I am indebted to Mr. E. K. Hall, Dartmouth, '92, a member of the Rules Committee, who has not only permitted me to make full use of his writings on the subject of the new football, but has, as well, volunteered valuable suggestions.



AN OLD-TIME LINE-UP

The proximity of the two lines was a constant incitement to rough play and trickery before the ball was snapped back



THE NEW STYLE OF LINE-UP

The lines are separated by a wide space called the "neutral zone," which makes rough play before the ball is snapped practically impossible

Photographs by C. H. Morse

secondary line to stop the enemy's progress should he pierce the center or skirt the wings.

The basic line-up before a play or "scrimmage" would be in former seasons somewhat thus:

OFFENSE			DEFENSE		
		End o	o End		
		Tackle o	o Tackle		
Half-back o		Guard o	o Guard	o Half-back	
Full-back o	Quarter-back o	Center o	o Center	o Quarter-back	o Full-back
Half-back o		Guard o	o Guard	o Half-back	
		Tackle o	o Tackle		
		End o	o End		

On the offense, or ball-carrying side, the center man would pass the ball to the quarter, who in turn would pass it to one of the backs, whose task was to advance it as far as possible through the openings in the line of defense made by the rush of forwards seconded by those backs not engaged in carrying the ball. No one of the defense might lay hold of any man of the offense save the man with the ball. When he was seized, or "tackled," and brought to a stand, the ball was "down." Should he drop the ball, it became the possession of any one who secured it. If he held to it, the lines of scrimmage re-formed, and another attack was made. Three downs were the number allowed those in possession of the ball in which to advance it five yards. If they failed so to advance it, the ball passed to their opponents, and the offense became, in turn, the defense.

To the uninitiated it would seem that the easiest method of advancing the ball would be for the backs to execute a flanking movement; that is, run round the ends. Suffice it to say that the necessity for a long run at right angles to the line of advancement, coupled with the yearly increasing expertness of defensive ends and tackles in breaking up such movements, rendered an "end play" liable to result in loss rather than in gain. The matter was figured out somewhat thus: End plays involve too much risk of loss. On the other hand, if the man with the ball can consistently fall his own length through the opposing line, he will, in three downs, cover a full fifteen feet, or five yards.

That was the deadly logic of it. Hence the terrible mass plays, where the offense hurled itself like a battering-ram at the line of defense, opened a gap for the man with the ball to dash through, or mowed down its opponents for the agile back to leap over if he could, or leap upon if he could not. To render these mass plays more hopelessly effective, the offense would change its alignment, draw back heavy guards or tackles, and, with the added momentum of their rushing weight, direct a smashing blow at the opposing line. Once a vulnerable spot—a man weaker than his fellows—was found, at him time and again the play would be directed. There was science in these plays—science, skill, and generalship; but the premium lay always on the side of weight and brute strength: victory was likely to lie with the heaviest legions.

What the spectator got out of the game was seldom definite; it was a series of swift-moving impressions. Two lines of men glaring into each other's faces, jostling, straining like leashed hounds; a cabalistic cry of numbers, signals for the play; a possible glimpse of the ball as it passed to the runner, a leaping forward of the lines, a hurling of men together, a piled-up pyramid of squirming humanity, pushing, pulling, toppling over at length, to become resolved into its prime elements of young collegians—and to disclose at the bottom a prone individual with a football clasped to his breast. Then at it again: the performance is repeated.

This may suggest to the reader, as it frequently did to the spectator, a strong probability of injury to one or more of the contestants. Sometimes injuries did occur; often they did not. It must be remembered that in college football the players undergo a process of selection and careful physical development that renders them far less liable to accident

PHOT GRAPH BY C. H. MORSE

HAMMERING THE LINE

Three heavy men are forcing the runner head first through the defense. Under the old rules, when a team, in order to retain possession of the ball, needed to gain only five yards in four downs, it was found to be advantageous to use this style of play repeatedly with little variation; it was often directed time after time against a single weak opponent. Under the new rules, a team is seldom likely to gain ten yards in four downs by the exclusive use of this style of play; recourse must be had to kicking, end runs, or strategy.

than might be expected. Serious hurts in college games have been comparatively rare; such things have occurred for the most part in secondary schools where the system of training is perforce less careful or the players too immature to profit by it; or they have resulted from impromptu contests whose participants had, almost without preparation, left office or factory for an afternoon on the "gridiron."

Be this as it may, the college game was undoubtedly rough; injuries even among properly trained men were, if not serious, frequent; canes, crutches, and bandages had become as important a part of football equipment as were canvas jackets and padded trousers. Perhaps worst of all, the number of men employed in each play, the violent physical contact, tended to rouse personal animosity in the players; while the close formations, the crowding quickness of mass attacks, gave exceptional opportunity for foul tactics and undetected infraction of the rules. Blows and kicks might be delivered, and even the keenest-eyed official be none the wiser. Since not all college men are gentlemen, since not all are true sportsmen, since to some winning at any price means success and losing means undiluted ignominy, blows and kicks were delivered, bad language flourished, and many a man was held who did not have the ball. It is possible, too, that a part of the injuries inflicted were the result, not of accident, but of premeditated assault.

Further, it may be stated that certain spectators found the game incomprehensible and uninteresting.

On these accounts, during a period of years, a party of opposition had come into being. Protests against the style of play grew frequent; the sport was decried as brutal. As the friends of football remained silent, its detractors, more completely losing sight of its excellent features, became more vociferous in their denunciation. At the close of the season of 1905 the general dissatisfaction reached its culmination. Newspapers compiled lists of the slain; wise professors, feeling that something was incumbent upon them as guides, philosophers, and friends of young manhood, rose up and pronounced anathema upon the game which, it is to be feared, some of them had never seen; enthusiastic faculties passed votes of total abolition—and later reconsidered them. The friends of football had failed to revise it when they could; they seemed unlikely now to have a chance of fulfilling their belated duty. That which had been denounced, mainly upon physical grounds, for a time produced rather general hysterics among some of the critics of football.

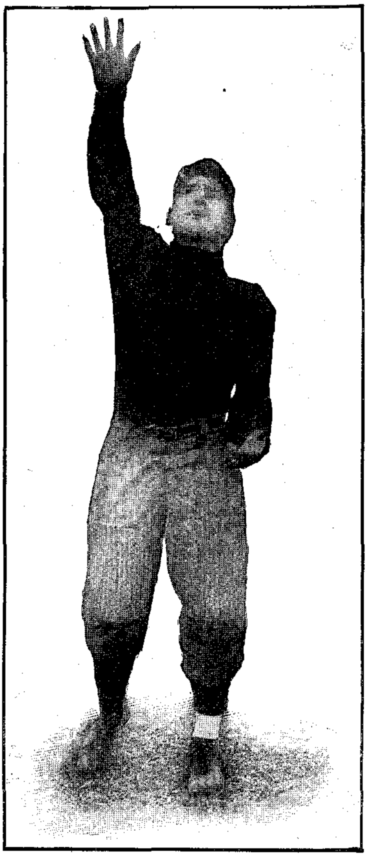
In the midst of the tumult and the shouting, representatives of various colleges met together, viewed the situation calmly, and came to the sensible conclusion that a form of exercise which demanded, in high degree, skill, strength, daring, quickness of perception, loyalty, obedience, and self-control, was too fine a thing to be eliminated from the category of college sports. Might not the at present overshadowing features, roughness, bad feeling, brutality, and beefiness, be so mitigated as to allow the true ones to shine forth undimmed? It was worth trying.

Thereupon was chosen a special committee, which in due course, by subtle processes, became amalgamated with the old-time committee of seven, the fathers of the rules that were. The proposition then presented to these fourteen gentlemen was somewhat as follows: "The game should be made more open, mass plays should be abolished, unfair and unnecessarily rough plays should be eliminated, and provision should be made to insure a more uniform and stringent enforcement of the rules." It was a very simple statement of a complex and difficult task. While public, faculties, and trustees might not tolerate any failure to make the necessary changes; undergraduates, coaches, and players would not tolerate these changes should they interfere with the essential features of the time-honored game.

What the committee has done may be somewhat briefly outlined:

It has been seen that the logic of the mass play lay in the principle of about five feet to a down, or an aggregate of five yards in three downs. Destroy the logic of this play, and the play itself is destroyed. The logic was promptly destroyed by increasing the distance to be gained in three downs from five yards to ten. Further to establish the effectiveness of this rule, another rule was made whereby the side in possession of the ball must have at least six men on the forward or scrimmage line when the ball is put in play, and five of these should be center men—that is, the center, two guards, and two tackles. This provision eliminates the possibility of changing the offensive alignment by bringing back a heavy guard or tackle and using his added momentum in piercing or "bucking" the opposing line, except by temporary interchange of half-back and tackle, a device of dubious utility.[1] The only men now available for this purpose are the comparatively lighter ends and backs, who, it may be assumed, will scarcely be hurled so often directly *at* the defense when their strength must be reserved for longer gains *around* it.

The requirements thus weakening the offense were thoroughly logical, a matter of wise, indirect legislation. But the consequent problem that arose was how to render it possible for this weakened offense to make, in three downs, not five yards, but ten. An arbitrary rule cor-



PHOTOGRAPH BY C. H. MORSE

THE SIGNAL FOR A FAIR CATCH

This signal, unlike the old, is unmistakable, and informs opponents and officials that the player must not be tackled and thrown.

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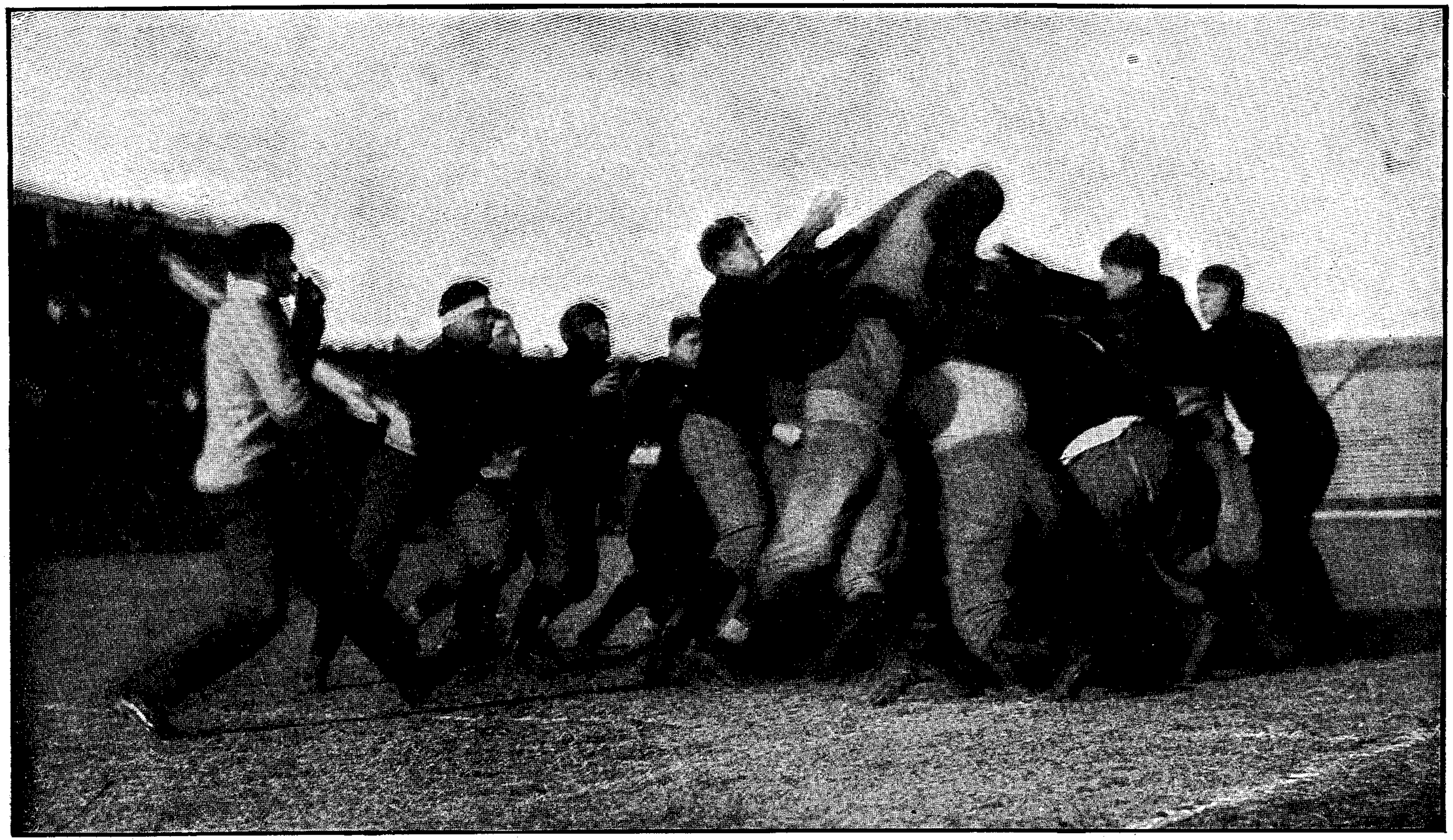
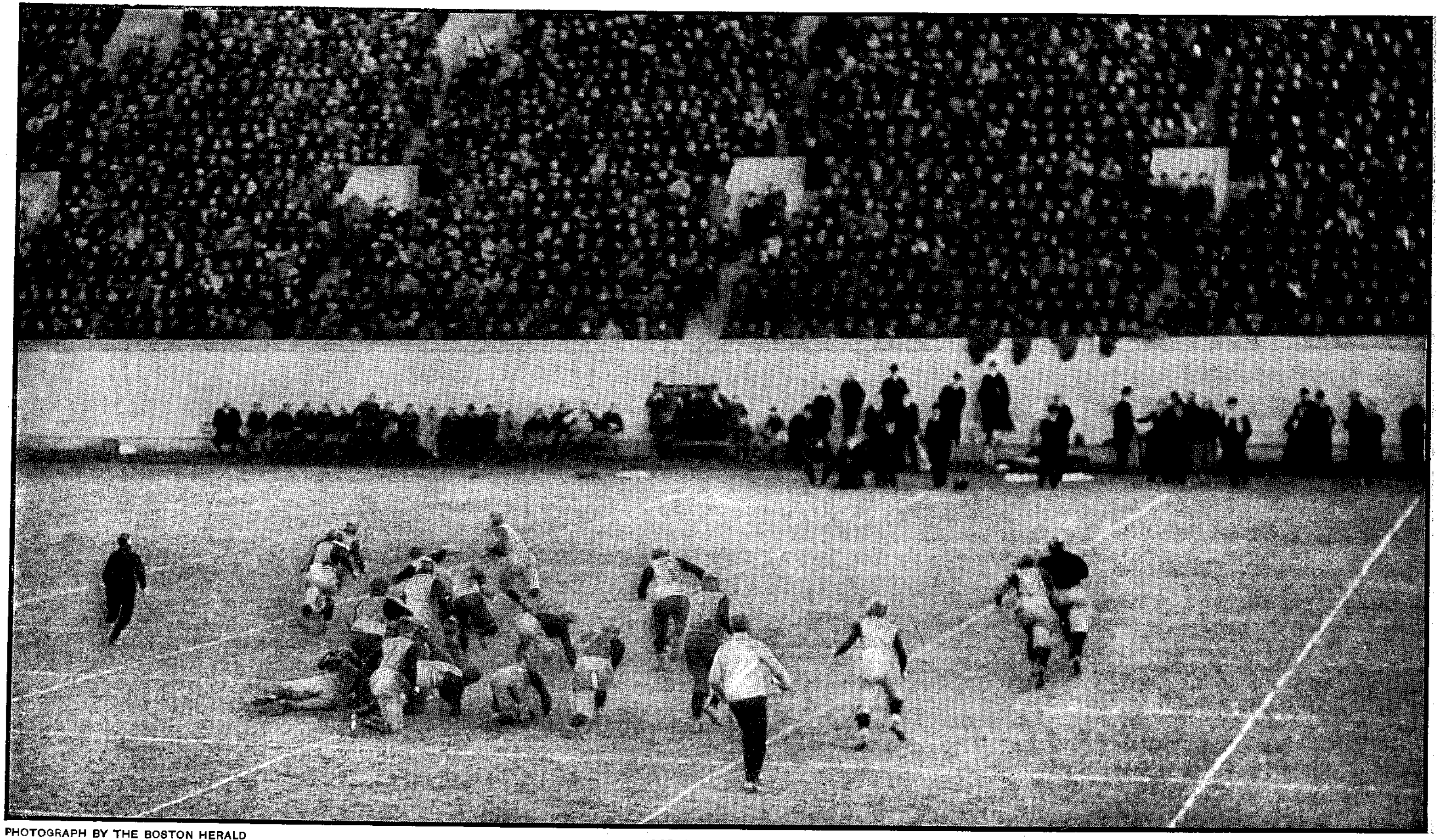
[1] When a tackle is unusually nimble and swift, it may occasionally happen that he will be brought five yards behind the offensive line, thereby replacing, and being replaced by, one of the half-backs. The formation thus arranged may prove available for short, sure gains through center. But the distance to be covered at high speed is so great that it quickly exhausts a heavy man and hence reduces his effectiveness in his legitimate position.



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. LANGILL

A MASS PLAY

The old rules put a premium on this kind of play, dangerous to the players, uninteresting to the spectators, and concealing many opportunities for unfair tactics



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BOSTON HERALD

AN END RUN

This is one kind of play that the new rules encourage, thus putting a premium on skill and generalship rather than on weight. The spectators can see what is going on, and the officials can more easily detect unfair play respondingly weakening the defense by scattering it in various parts of the field would have been direct and radical legislation—hence unwise. The matter must be automatically arranged by giving the offense new privileges calculated to gain distance by means of open formation. Such privileges were finally evolved.

The first of these relates to kicking. Under the old rules, when the side having the ball had failed to advance it in two downs, and the prospect was that another play would result in loss of the ball directly on the line of scrimmage, recourse was had to a long kick, which, while it delivered the ball to the opposing side, usually changed the scene of action to a safer distance down the field. No one of those on the kicking side could lay hands upon the ball until it had been touched by one of their opponents. As the rule now reads, any one may take possession of the ball as soon as it reaches the ground. It accordingly behooves the defense to keep sufficient men in the remote rear of their line to be certain of catching an unexpected punt. If they fail in this, there is constant danger that a short kick may elude the usual lone guard before the goal, and that the ball may be received by a speedy offensive end with a resultant gain of many yards. The double working of this rule is that it tends simultaneously to weaken the defense, by reducing the number of men in the line, and, by increasing the likelihood of a long gain, to encourage open formation on the part of the offense.

Another privilege is that of the forward pass. Heretofore the ball might pass from hand to hand so long as its direction was not toward the opponent's goal; infraction of the rule incurred a penalty. Now, however, once in each scrimmage, a player back of the main line may pass the ball towards the opponents' goal. The play requires wonderful quickness and accuracy on the part both of the passer and of him to whom the ball is passed; for there is no provision forbidding an opponent from doing the catching, whereas if the ball falls untouched to the ground it goes into the possession of the defense at the point from which it was first thrown. At the present writing, little more than the spectacular features of this play have been demonstrated. If any team has discovered how it may effectively be used for consistent gains, the knowledge is being withheld for a day of crisis. Like the previous rule, this one has a double action in its encouragement of open formations by the offense and in its automatic weakening of the defense by demanding that some part thereof delay hurling themselves into an attack which may, after all, pass over their heads.

In order still further to encourage open play by giving the runner carrying the ball a better chance to dodge his opponents, tackling below the knee has been legislated against. The runner's old-time straight-arm method of warding off his opponents may now be revived, for headlong dives at a player's feet are to be a thing of the past. Complementary to this rule is one which forbids the runner to jump over an opponent who obstructs his path. This jumping, or "hurdling," while comparatively innocuous in the open field, would nevertheless render a fair tackle well-nigh impossible. In the mowed line of a mass play it had dangerous liabilities of sharp contact between runner's heels and opponent's face.

Such are the principal changes in the rules which will visibly alter the technic of football. Viewed in relation to their reason for being, they are not particularly startling or revolutionary. The committee had no desire for revolution; evolution along the lines of science and strategy was desired and has been secured.

But changes calculated to alter the style of play were not the only ones demanded. The ethics of the game was in the balance, How could fair and gentlemanlike conduct be assured and players be protected against assault and unnecessary injury? The obvious method of procedure was to increase the number of officials and to make penalties more severe. Both these things were done. An extra umpire is now called for; while in the matter of penalties, a contestant guilty of foul play is at once removed from the game and his side obliged to lose heavily in distance. Further, the committee made what proves to be an almost inspired provision. Reference to the illustrations will show the old method of line-up as contrasted with the new. The old method brought the opposing forces eye to eye, jowl to jowl. The brief period before the ball was put in play sufficed for much jockeying for advantageous position, for shoving, pushing, an indulgence in innumerable annoying devices calculated to arouse ill feeling and to lead to blows. In the flash and rush of the scrimmage a flying fist was not easily discernible; a player might have been goaded to reprisal for offenses committed during the interval.

To make things more visible to the officials, the two lines are now separated by the full length of the ball. And not only is the desired end accomplished, but, of greater importance than this, with the advent of a lane between the lines, the old-time petty warfare and wrangling have disappeared, and with them much of the bad blood and ill temper which have characterized the games of past years. The lane is called a "neutral zone;" the appellation is justified.

Another rule measurably affecting the ethics of the game is that relating to a fair catch—that is, the catching of a kicked ball by a player who does not intend to advance it by running. Such a player has always been immune from interference on the part of his opponents. Formerly he declared his intention by digging his heel into the ground, a form of signal not always obvious to officials, and hence giving wide opportunities for infringement of the rules. The present provision requires that a player attempting to make a fair catch shall indicate his intention by raising his extended arm.

Thus the committee has endeavored to solve the problems, technical and ethical, which were presented to it. The opening of the present football season did not see the results of its labors received with unanimous enthusiasm by coaches, players, or studious spectators. Comfort may, however, be found in the fact that the new is always deplored by those who are satisfied with the old. There was gnashing of teeth, some years since, when the bloodthirsty "flying wedge" was relegated to the limbo of barbarities. But the game of football survived.

The pertinent question which arises at this point is whether or not the new rules will accomplish what was expected of them. Has mass play been abolished? is muckerism a thing of the past? are injuries no longer to occur?

Mass play has not been abolished; but its terrible force has been destroyed, and its availability between equally matched teams has been reduced to a minimum. It will be used where short gains are needed, but the team which now depends upon the weight of its formations will soon find itself unequal to its task. Skill, quickness, resourcefulness, have already been shown of greater avail than mere beef and brawn; already coaches who relied upon the superiority of old-time material to justify them in clinging to old-time tactics have seen their teams go down in defeat before lighter and nimbler rivals.

Muckerism is not necessarily a thing of the past. Rowdies cannot be legislated into gentlemen. The committee has done its best to make decency the best policy. For the rest, dependence must be had upon the courageous honesty of officials in enforcing penalties, and upon the sentiment of college men and the general public in giving support to such enforcement. When a college body feels itself disgraced, not abused and imposed upon, by the exposure and punishment of unsportsmanlike conduct on the part of one of its representatives, then, and not till then, will muckerism cease to be.

Injuries will never be completely eliminated from football. It will never be a game for children or for untrained men. But the weakening of mass plays, the premium placed upon open formation, the provisions against fouls, and the wise rule which limits the number of rests allowed, and hence compels the overtired player to retire from the field and be replaced by one in full vigor, all tend to reduce the likelihood of such injuries as will counterbalance the good in a sport which, at its best, develops manhood, courage, self-reliance and self-control more than any other one agency of college life.

THE UNDERWORLD

BY CATHERINE THAYER

As the horses drew up under the flaring lights of the Newport wharf, and Harding stepped from his carriage into the chill dampness of the night, he heard the sharp snap of the closing door behind him with much the same emotion as that felt by the habitual criminal who turns his back for a brief interval upon the familiar bolts and bars of his prison-house. There was no sense of longed-for liberty regained; no illusion as to the possibility of a new future; the fact that the season was over was cause for relief, but hardly for rejoicing, since no history repeats itself so surely as that which chronicles the amusements of the rich, and already the coming events of next winter's gayeties cast their lengthening shadows before them. Standing for a moment in the glare of the arc lamp overhead—whose dazzling artificiality seemed suddenly to symbolize the character of his life for the past ten years—Harding realized in an unaccustomed flash of self-revelation that the automobile trip through France to which he had been looking forward with something akin to eagerness would, after all, prove but a respite, not an escape, and that each succeeding year must inevitably find him more firmly chained to the social treadmill than its predecessor, and as little capable of freeing himself from the bonds of a purely conventional existence as the prisoner—to whom he mentally compared himself—from the routine labor of his enforced environment.

As he walked slowly down the wharf toward the Fall River boat whose great bulk, blazing with lights, loomed above the low-roofed buildings of the pier, he became conscious of a sheltering umbrella iuterposed between him and the sharp drizzle that blurred the half-drowned lights of the harbor craft and drifted like a smoke-wreath in the wake of a keen sea breeze. It was a matter of course that it should be there; for thirty years something had always intervened between him and all discomfort, mental or physical. Harding would have found it difficult to explain the sudden throb of his jaded nerves, and the sense of almost intolerable annoyance which swept over him as he turned sharply on the man at his side, noting with a twinge of disgust as he did so the contrast between the deferentially extended right arm—seemingly disclaiming all interest in the shelter of the offending umbrella—and the painful sag of the left shoulder under the weight of two heavy suit-cases.

"That will do, Clapham," he said, shortly. "Put down that thing; I don't mind the rain. You may go at once to the staterooms and wait for me there. I must see to Bouchard before I come."

There was something disproportionately refreshing in the sense of momentary relief from even his valet's unobtrusive surveillance, and an exhilaration in the sting of the needle-like drops on his face and the damp sea-air in his lungs, as he threaded his way through the busy crowd in the direction of his Mercedes, whose glistening bulk, shrouded in yellow oilskin, could be seen at the further side of the wharf. The jarring rush of the scene was a relief after the studied smoothness of his life during the past few months; the crude accents of the swinging lamps against the encroaching background of the September night challenged, with almost the physical stimulus of a blow, his dazzled eyes; and in the throbbing turmoil of the place, its breathless hurry and confused unrest, Harding suddenly felt himself for the moment free: free from the silken net of conventionality that had clung so lightly during the early years of his manhood, but whose strangling meshes now fettered his every motion with python-like insistence; from those encompassing matrimonial snares amid which he at first had threaded his way with such shrinking dexterity, but through which he had now learned to break his path with a calloused indifference that sometimes left him wondering at his own brutality; from the gilded yoke of his unearned wealth, whose persistent weight had lately chafed him almost beyond his powers of endurance; free even from the felinely caressing touch of his mother's jeweled hands—hands that for all their fragile delicacy could grasp so firmly the worldly advantages they coveted, and that still held him back from the open world of men, for which he had found himself longing more than once of late in a bewildered daze of angry impotence.

As his eye again caught sight of the aggressive bulk of the Mercedes, Harding smiled grimly—the smile of the prisoner who feels the weight of the momentarily forgotten ball upon his leg-chain; the burden of things material was upon his back, and he unconsciously squared his shoulders to resume the load. A few steps more brought him beside the dead machine, upon whose front seat sat Bouchard, dapper, alert, and suspicious of all who approached his charge; his hands upon the useless levers, his eyes intent upon the hurrying throng of stevedores, the strident rattle of whose trucks formed the dominant note in the harsh discords of the busy scene.

"All right, Bouchard?" queried Harding, as his glance traveled approvingly over the muffled outlines of the great car.

"Ma foi, monsieur," answered the chauffeur, with a shrug; "all right thus far, which is scarcely the beginning. If monsieur will but look in the direction of those animals who are making a noise more than diabolical, he will perceive the power that is to drag his priceless automobile upon the vessel. It sickens me that such canaille should be permitted to touch us; it is incredible that even wood and steel should survive the degradation."

"How soon will they pull you on?"

"Impossible to say, monsieur. They are loading fish for the New York market; one would suppose that the sea had been depleted for the occasion; that no living thing could remain within its depths. Assuredly a thousand barrels have already been carried on board, and a thousand more remain. At this rate we had better walk to Paris!"

"I suppose I ought to wait and see you on," said Harding, reluctantly. "For heaven's sake don't lose your head in steering among those posts, Bouchard; it will be ticklish work, too, getting up the gang-plank with this high tide. Is there room enough to turn after you get by this building?"

"Something less than half a meter's leeway, monsieur; but what must be done can be done."

"Well, I hope so," replied the owner of the Mercedes, doubtfully. "Perhaps I'd best go forward and speak to the head men. It's an outrage we can't go aboard under our own steam. Ten to one the machine is damaged before we ever leave Newport."

Harding multiplied by twenty the odds against his touring-car getting away in safety, as, turning up his coat collar and pulling his soft hat lower on his forehead, he walked toward the forward gangway, up and down which rushed the rattling trucks of the stevedores. The wavering flare of the arc lights was reflected in the slimy ooze from the barrels that covered all that portion of the wharf, and the strong reek of the fish seized him by the throat as he edged his way nearer to the vessel's side in a vain endeavor to catch the eye of an official who stood, tally-sheets in hand, shouting orders into the inextricable confusion of the scene. For a moment an overwhelming wave of repugnance swept over Harding, tempting him to escape from the noise, the stench, and the drizzle into the shelter of the boat's saloon; but little by little the tamed brute within him slowly stirred in answer to the appeal which physical endurance must always make to every man, until at last he stood with eager eyes and quickened pulses watching the thundering strain of the loaded trucks up the steep incline of the gangway, and the fierce rush of the returning stevedores as they swept by him on a wave of infernal sound in search of fresh burdens for the yawning hold.

The pace was killing—the first glance told him that. There was no need to note the sharp pallor of the drawn faces, or to discern through their clinging rags, dripping with sweat and white sea mist, the convulsive heaving of muscular chests, the tense quiver of knotted forearms, and the fierce thrust of their lean thighs, to realize that each man was giving to the merciless task of the hour the best that was in him, the last ounce of power that could win a price in a mart of brawn and sinew. Harding forgot the rain that had dissolved the crowd to a mere handful and cleared the deck-rails of curious spectators. He was conscious only of these hurrying beasts of burden, upon whose straining shoulders weighed the iron yoke of labor, and about whose lean sides the eager arms of Hunger clutched in an almost visible embrace. With the sporting instinct of one who picks the winners at a race, his eyes followed the tireless rush of the handful of men among the stevedores who threw themselves into the struggle of the hour with something of the joyous abandon of children, galloping neck and neck over the slippery planks of the wharf, charging with wild shouts up the steep incline of the gangway, and leaping upon the cross-bars of their empty trucks to coast in a clattering whirl back to the distant pile of barrels, which was now diminishing with extraordinary rapidity. With the disappointment of one who backs a lagging favorite, he saw, a few moments later, the exhausted stagger of their leader as he appeared on deck with the last dripping keg, and noted the red stain on his shirt-sleeve as he wiped the blood and sweat from his mouth and face with a quick motion of his free arm, while wearily dragging his empty truck back to the now deserted shed.

"Done for, poor devil!" was Harding's mental comment, as he walked slowly towards his automobile. But in an instant he again saw the man's white face, with its hollow eyes and matted black hair, among the chattering crowd that surrounded the Mercedes like a swarm of busy ants. Easily, noiselessly, the great car responded to their touch, clearing the posts under Bouchard's skillful guidance, making the difficult turn with perfect accuracy, swinging clear of the low building beneath which it could barely pass, out into the mist and drizzle of the chilly night, and halting only when its front wheels rested at the foot of the slippery gangway. There was a moment's pause as each man readjusted his hold upon the inert monster; then, in answer to the quick order of the officer in charge, the stevedores swayed forward, and the car began slowly to creep up the incline. Hesitatingly, reluctantly, inch by inch, its massive bulk moved upward, as though loth to yield to the straining muscles of the now silent men. Little by little, with set jaws and knitted brows, they forced it onward. One yard, two yards, three yards gained. Harding felt his breath come quicker and his hands involuntarily clinch themselves, as he followed behind the strange, battling group.

Suddenly there was a warning cry from Bouchard; the sharp crack of the gangway rail as the front wheel ground against it; a volley of oaths from the officer on deck and an answering groan from the laboring stevedores as the unwieldy car came to a stop; for an instant it seemed to hesitate, as though in doubt, while the chauffeur frantically applied the brakes; then, borne backward by the resistless momentum of its own enormous weight, amid a babel of strange cries, prayers, and curses from the impotently struggling men, the Mercedes began to slide with gradually increasing rapidity down the steep incline and out upon the crowded turmoil of the open wharf.

Harding saw a half-dozen deck-hands fling themselves upon the escaping monster; heard the gasping moans and cracking muscles of the frenzied men as they wrestled with its ungainly bulk; noted with sickening fear the massive stanchion against which a sudden turn of Bouchard's lever was dragging the clinging stevedores, and shut his eyes in breathless dread of what must come.

"Eins mehr! Um Gottes Willen—one more!" screamed an agonized voice above the tumult. "Zu Hilfe! Help! Um Gottes Willen!"

Harding swayed blindly forward as the appeal rang out, one hand covering his averted eyes, the other clutching at his aching throat.

"Zu Hilfe!" again sounded shrilly in his throbbing ears. "Wir sterben! We are dying!"

For an instant a wave of faintness swept over him, and he threw out his arms as though to ward off the resistless weight which seemed about to crush him from its path; the shouts of the officers came to him vaguely, as from an infinite distance, and his laboring breath forced itself in short gasps through his parched lips; then, with an answering cry that rose above the confused discord like the note of a bugle, Harding flung himself into the struggling group, and the next moment was fighting as for his life against the blind force of his own car.

All thought of danger and disgust had vanished; he had become a part of the swaying, straining crowd that surrounded him, whose sobbing groans answered the convulsive beatings of his own heart; whose dripping, slime-stained bodies crushed against him with pinioning strength; whose gnarled hands grasped, like his own bleeding fingers, the varnished sides of their common enemy. Backward, still backward, their trampling feet were forced. Backward, but now more slowly; the momentum of the car was lessening—was almost checked. Another mighty effort that sent a red wave of heat through all his throbbing body; another, which filled his eyes with blinding sweat; one more desperate thrust of his aching arms in response to the cries about him, and, as the conquered Mercedes came sullenly to a stop, Harding found himself clinging for support to the iron ring of the stanchion beside him.

For a moment he stood there panting, vaguely aware of the sound of the boat's churning screw and the impatient cries of the officers; then, as an order rang sharply above the deafening rhythm of his own pulses, he again found himself shoulder to shoulder with the exhausted, stumbling men, as they once more doggedly forced the reluctant car toward the waiting steamer.

"Dead?" Who had asked the question?

Harding found himself kneeling beside a motionless form on the forward deck—the body of the stevedore whom he had whimsically backed as the winner only a half-hour before. As he looked dazedly into the faces of the men gathered about them, he felt that numbing sense of unreality which comes to those who awaken from the horrors of a nightmare into the presence of living tragedy. Like the shadow of an evil dream, the memory of the last five minutes' desperate struggle up the cruel length of the gangway faded from his bewildered brain as intangibly as the floating wreaths of sea mist melted into the darkness of the night. Nothing of this strange hour was real except the inert form before him, with its creeping, snake-like stain of blood and the surrounding circle of faces, curious, pitying, or indifferent.

Suddenly a man shouldered his way through the silent crowd and knelt quickly down beside the motionless body, pressing his ear to the quiet breast, listening intently at the crimsoned lips, and raising the limp wrist for a moment in his own firm grasp. Then, with a shrug which answered the mute question in the eyes about him, he dropped the toil-worn hand upon the deck, and, flicking the dirt from his trousers' knees, rose briskly to his feet.

"Not dead?" Harding heard his own voice asking, hoarsely.

"Very dead, I should say," replied the other, easily. "Starvation, drink, over-exertion, are pretty sure to knock a man out, if he keeps it up long enough. Oh, dear, no," he added, in answer to a hurried question from an officer. "There's nothing in the world to do for him except bury him. Friend of yours?" he continued, turning again toward the still kneeling Harding, with a puzzled glance at the latter's disheveled figure.

"No," he answered, mechanically, while he rose stiffly and uncertainly to his feet. "No, he was not my friend."

"I beg your pardon," said the other, quickly. "I thought at first you were one of his mates."

"So I was for a moment, thank God," replied Harding under his breath as he turned and followed the group of sullen men who were carrying a tarpaulin-covered stretcher down the half-lowered gangway. The churning screw of the belated steamer lashed the waves to impatient foam about the dripping piles;

the quivering throb of the engine filled all the air with tense vibrations; and as the last detaining rope hissed through the seething water, and the great prow swung slowly out into the darkness of the harbor, a cloud of wind-blown mist swept over it, veiling with opalescent touch the garish lights.

"There is blood on his hands this night," said an eager voice in Harding's ear as five lean fingers gripped his shoulder with convulsive energy and a haggard, distorted face was thrust close to his own. "Blood, I tell you—and he will not even know it! No, he will sleep soft and warm while Dubinski rots in the damp ground and the wife and children starve; and ride in his devil-car like a king, though we burst our hearts for a few crusts of bread and a kennel to lie in. Ungeheuer! Verdammter Teufelwagen!" he screamed, suddenly turning to shake his clinched fists in impotent denunciation at the retreating boat. "Den grässlichsten Fluch über dich! A curse upon all the rich and the powerful! And ten thousand curses on him who has drained our veins to-night!"

"Here you, Schmidt! None of that talk now, or I'll fire you," shouted an official angrily as he hurried toward them. "Get away from here quick, and keep a civil tongue in your head if you know what's good for you! Blest if I don't think they're all crazy," he continued to Harding, mopping his face while he watched the German draw his ragged coat about him with a shiver and slink silently away into the darkness which lay beyond the flaring lights. "Crazy as loons, most of them, and as hard to handle as a herd of wild cattle. Say," he continued, with a chuckle, "you don't look much like what you did a while back. I saw you in the mix-up over that automobile; you must have been hunting trouble to butt into a job like that. Hurt your hands some too, ain't you?" he added, curiously, noticing the stained handkerchief with which the other was wiping his stinging palms.

"There is blood on them," answered Harding with a shudder, as he looked dully at the torn flesh. "His wife and children, do you know anything about them?"

"Whose? That dead chap's yonder? Not a thing, except he was a good hand when he wasn't drunk. I guess you're pretty well used up," he added, kindly, as they walked toward the shed. "You'd better go home and keep out of picnics like this; they ain't good for you or your clothes."

"But I tell you it was my automobile that killed him," interrupted Harding, impatiently. "We were shoulder to shoulder on the gangway; I caught him as he fell. Had he no friends among those men, no one who can take me to his home?"

The official turned with a low whistle of astonishment and looked at the disheveled figure beside him. "So you own that car," he said, wonderingly; "*you!*" "Here, Borloff," he called to a short, thick-set man who came shambling toward them, "did you know that dead Pole in there?"

"He no Polak," he answered, pulling off his ragged cap and laying his hand on his heart with a quaint gesture, "he Russian; of my countree."

"Had he a family?"

"Sure," replied the man, with an inflection of surprise at the question. "He have familee; all we have familee; he live by me."

"I will go with him," said Harding quickly, drawing a card from his pocket as he spoke, and hurriedly penciling a few lines before he handed it to the official. "Here is my address; if you will call on me for all expenses connected with this affair, I shall be grateful. Now, my man," he added, turning to the puzzled stevedore, who still stood twirling his cap and looking from one to the other in bewilderment; "take me to your home as fast as you can, for it is late."

Once beyond the circle of wharf lights the darkness seemed to swallow them like a gulf, and the chill of the dense sea mist crept through every fiber of his aching body. A sudden vision of the long-suffering Clapham, patiently waiting hour after hour in his methodically arranged stateroom; of the frenzied Bouchard stranded in a strange city with a derelict Mercedes, and of a belated telegram lying neglected upon the purser's desk, swept over Harding in a wave of hysteric emotion which left him gasping. As the mood passed he found himself unconsciously keeping step with the lurching splash of his guide's blundering gait, and the ungainly rhythm of their unequal footfalls seemed in some inexplicable fashion to draw them closer together in a strange feeling of comradeship.

"How old was your friend?" he asked, impulsively.

The other stopped short for a moment, and Harding divined, rather than saw, that he was counting out upon his misshapen fingers the brief measure of Dubinski's life. "All, and all, and all," answered the Russian, with a quick motion of the outstretched palms. "Tree times all old."

"Do you mean he was thirty?"

"I donno. Tree times all my hands," he replied, slowly. "He no ver' old, but moch poor; ver' poor; all we poor."

"And he had children?"

"Oh, all time; baby all time, all time," said Borloff, as they walked on at a quicker pace, speaking with the impersonal resentment of his class against the child-bearing of its women. "But they die," he added more hopefully, after a moment's pause. "Yes, they die. Sometimes ver' cold; sometime ver' hot; they no live moch—no long. Maybe this one die, too."

"He has only one?"

"Jus' li'l' baby; no old—jus' two, t'ree day old. You see."

"But how can I?" said Harding, stopping in bewilderment, an indistinct memory of tan-bark strewn streets, of darkened windows and hushed footsteps coming over him.

"Sure; she see you all right. But she no spik Angleesh. I tell her now. Here my house, now," answered the Russian, leading the way under a low arch in a rambling, barn-like structure which his companion could vaguely discern formed one of a group of fog-wrapped buildings.

As they entered the inner yard there was a sudden rustling of straw, accompanied by a sound of heavy breathing, and in the uncertain light of the curiously wrought lantern overhead Harding could see that their entrance had disturbed some dozing cows, which struggled to their feet with ungainly haste and stood staring at the intruders with heaving flanks and mildly inquiring eyes. They turned their lowered necks at the clatter of heavy footsteps on the stairs leading to the loft above, as Borloff reappeared a moment later, followed by a woman, to whom he was talking in an eager undertone. Pausing at the lowest step, she leaned wearily against the timbered wall, while she clasped against her flat breast a tiny, wailing bundle wrapped in a ragged shawl. The shadow of her hour of travail was still upon her, and a memory of her immemorial inheritance of suffering looked from the patient, hopeless eyes and touched the dark shadows above the cheek-bones and the drawn lines of her drooping mouth with tragic meaning. As she stood there in the wavering gleam of the lantern above her head, hushing the child upon her heart with whispered words, there swept over Harding, for the first time in his existence, a vision of that earlier scene which is the common heritage of all—the lowly stable of a crowded inn, the wondering beasts beneath the quiet stars, the kneeling Magi by that humble manger, the rapture on the mother's upturned face. This peasant woman, with her unwelcome child, product and victim of the world's most primitive passions, seemed, in the exaltation of his mood, the incarnation of life's deepest meaning; for, as he looked upon her with the eyes of the spirit, two wondrous forms stood by her in the doorway, the shadow of their mighty wings arching above her like the portal of a shrine; and the name of one was Life, the mysterious, the unbidden, and the name of the other was Azrael, angel of Death.

A moment later the tension of the scene was rudely broken as a slatternly woman hurried down the stairs and with incoherent cries threw her arms about the swaying figure of Dubinski's wife, who turned and clung to her in a sudden passion of tearless sobs. Still holding her fast with one strong arm, the woman stretched out the other toward Harding in a gesture of entreaty, while she poured out an eager stream of Russian patois that beat about his ears like the rush of a northern gale.

"What does she want?" he questioned Borloff in desperation.

"She ask money," he answered, sullenly. "All we ver' poor; no got not'ing. She starve all day, an' her hosband no come any more. You rich, gif money; she moch poor."

Money! Harding thrust his unsteady fingers deep into his pockets with a strange revulsion of feeling. Money had been his all, his master, his god, yet for an instant he had forgotten the harsh music of its voice. The deep tide of his emotions had swept him beyond the bourn of its imperative sway, and now, as he held out his overflowing hands, filled with the glittering largess of his abundance, it seemed as though the guarding figures in the doorway veiled from him their faces, and that the bread of his existence turned to stone within his grasp.

The shrill chorus of the women's gratitude followed him mockingly into the darkness of the night, mingling with the wailing surge of the fitful wind and the sibilant lash of the driving rain. Wearily, uncertainly, he felt his way along the unfamiliar road, striving to piece together as he went the shattered fragments of his accustomed world; while the plaintive cry of the new-born child echoed unceasingly in his throbbing ears, and the hurrying soul of the dead man fled before him on the wings of the midnight storm.

The crisp sound underfoot of the crushed stone upon his own driveway roused Harding from the trance in which he had been walking for the last hour. The lanterns on the stone posts of the entrance, by which he had driven so many times in what now seemed a strangely remote past, looked indistinct and ghost-like in their veiling mantle of mist; as though they, too, partook of the unreality of all that had once been most commonplace and familiar in his daily life. As he followed the long sweep of the graveled walk and approached the house, a barking dog ran toward him, whose suspicious growls suddenly changed to shrill yelps of joy as he flung himself upon his master with an enthusiasm of welcome that nearly swept the latter off his feet. Here, at least, was something genuine and tangible; and as Harding patted the shaggy head of his favorite, and felt upon his cheeks and smarting hands the warm caress of the rough tongue, he wondered bitterly if the entire record of his life had won for him among men anything more true or unselfish than the love of this dumb brute. While he slowly climbed the weary length of his terraced steps he felt himself more and more an alien from his own people; and, as he pressed the electric button in the carved framework of the vestibule, he wondered dizzily if he could ever again take up the trivial threads of other days.

"The himpudence of a blooming tramp coming to a front bell at this hour of the night!" exclaimed his butler's indignant voice as the plate glass doors swung open. "Hoff with you now or I'll—Good Lord, sir! It's never you?" he ended in consternation.

For a moment master and man stood staring at each other as across a dividing gulf; the one, formal, precise, immaculate; the other, hatless, haggard, disheveled, drearily conscious for the first time of the trickling streams from his rain-soaked clothing, which were gradually forming in a mud-stained pool about his feet, and of the keen chill of the easterly gale as it swept around the unsheltered curve of the broad veranda.

Hawkins the deferential, the imperturbable, was the first to recover himself. "There's nobody about, sir," he began, blandly; "so hif you'll just take my harm—"

Harding laughed mirthlessly, with an unaccustomed sense of shame. "No, I'm not drunk, Hawkins," he said, slowly, "nor crazy either, though you might think so if I tried to explain. Is my mother still out?"

The butler coughed deprecatingly behind his hand as he studied each detail of the other's appearance from beneath his carefully lowered lids. "The Hatwood dinner's to-night, sir," he answered after a moment's hesitation.

"But it's long past midnight," commented Harding, impatiently. "Are you sure she isn't back yet?"

"You forget the bridge, sir," said the butler, patiently; "there's most halways a game to Hatwood's hafter dinner. It was two-fifteen afore you yourself came in from there last week, sir."

"Bridge!" exclaimed his master, blankly. "Good heavens! I had forgotten."

For a moment a bewildering sense of the futile unreality of all about him, measured by the mighty heart-beats of the strange world of life and death and force and suffering with which he had stood face to face that night, swept over Harding as he hesitated upon the threshold. The next instant he had drawn himself to his full height, and entered the lighted hall with a step that showed no trace of weariness or indecision.

"You may tell my mother, when she comes in, that I do not sail on the Lucania to-morrow," he said, in a voice which rang with a strangely peremptory note in Hawkins's startled ears. "Thank God," he added under his breath, "I have found myself at last, and there is work for me to do."

THANKSGIVING DAY

BY EDITH A. TALBOT

And who gives thanks? The plant, for life bestowed;
For rain, that swift from leaf to rootlet flowed;
For soil, that bore, sustained, renewed, and fed;
For light, that brought from heaven its daily bread.

And who gives thanks? The beast, through plodding length
Of the long year, rejoices in his strength;
In toil by day; in peaceful rest by night;
In friendly human word that makes toil light.

And who gives thanks? The cripple, poor and old,
For countless kindnesses performed untold,—
Widows in loneliness, mothers bereft,
For all the joy and beauty there is left.

And who gives thanks? He who with helping touch
Revives the thirsty plant; who pities much
The tired beast; to poor gives alms of love,
Has writ his thanks, in words of fire, above.

Comment on Current Books

The Amulet With the familiar background of the Great Smoky Mountains, Miss Murfree sets her scene for this novel in the spring of 1763. A small group of actors, in a frontier fort garrisoned by the English, meet with no thrilling adventures, nor in fact do they compel notice to any unusual degree. The action of the story is somewhat slow, and the characters move stiffly, while both narrative and descriptive passages are heavily weighted with words. The introduction of "strange oaths" into the conversation is intended to provide local color, but is not successful. A knowledge of Indian rites and customs gives evidence of the author's careful preparation for her work. (The Amulet. By Charles Egbert Craddock. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Blind Alleys One of the many stories dealing with social investigation and reform. The leading characters are a young newspaper man and a physician with a somewhat mysterious history; and an ordinary little romance serves as a vehicle for opinions on various conditions in New York City. (Blind Alleys. By George Cary Eggleston. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.50.)

Brandes's Great Work of Literary Criticism Brandes's object, as expressed in his introduction, was, through these six volumes, "to trace the outlines of a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century by means of the study of certain main groups and movements in European literature." The revolutionary year 1848 was selected as the end of the epoch, treated as marking the close of a spiritual and romantic movement which was chiefly a reaction against the ideas and feelings of the preceding century. When the first volume of this monumental work appeared, five years ago, The Outlook noted that Brandes was especially fitted for the task, not only because of his wide knowledge and scientific temper, but because he represented certain broad phases of the modern critical movement. It is true also, however, that as a critic Brandes is not always fully trustworthy, and that he sometimes dogmatically carries a general theory as to the trend of a literary period or literary movement too far in analyzing the work of an individual author. Yet it may be repeated with emphasis at the conclusion of the work, as it was asserted in The Outlook when that work was midway in execution, that, as a whole, the study shows literary insight, breadth of view, and treatment vitalized by deep human sympathies. Brandes regards the historical movement of the half-century as almost, in form and character, drama, and his division into six literary groups may be taken as six acts of a great play. Thus we have in turn: the French Emigrant Literature, inspired by Rousseau, beginning the reaction from the old literary form; as a second group, and with increasing reaction, the Semi-Catholic Romantic School of Germany; the third group represents the militant and triumphant reaction, with Lamartine and Victor Hugo in their early and conservative days at its head; the fourth group, Byron and his English contemporaries, stands for the revulsion in the great literary drama; the fifth group is the French Romantic School, with Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, etc.; finally the liberal and romantic ideas passed from the French to the German, and in the group called "Young Germany" we find Heine and his contemporaries. The Outlook has commented upon different volumes of this work as they have appeared, and takes pleasure in pointing out that the complete work may now be had in substantial and satisfactory library form. (Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. In 6 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $10.)

Dorrance Doings This is the second of Miss Carolyn Wells's new series for young people—a conventional book for girls, describing the enterprises of four decidedly practical and intelligent young persons, but written in a rather perfunctory manner—lacking in charm and freshness. (Dorrance Doings. By Carolyn Wells. W. A. Wilde Company, Boston. $1.50.)

An Express of '76 This novel of the Revolutionary War is told by a direct descendant of General Hubbard, and the narrative is based upon his diary, worked out with considerable care. It is the personal experience of young Hubbard, who arrives in the town of New York as an "express," carrying an important official message; he joins the army before the battle of Long Island, and describes the evacuation of the city. The story is not imaginative or dramatic, but will interest those who enjoy an average presentation of historic material. (An Express of '76. By Lindley Murray Hubbard. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The Face of Clay An attractive story of artist life in Brittany. Téphany Lane, the heroine, brought up in a community of painters, is sent to relatives in England after her father's death. For ten years she is separated from the companion and lover of her girlhood, Michael Ossory, and when she returns to the little Breton town, herself a distinguished singer, she finds that a shadow has fallen on the life of the talented young painter. "The Face of Clay" (which is not entirely fortunate as a title for the story) is the death-mask of a mysterious girl who comes between the lovers. But they are brought to a final understanding, and the tale ends happily. (The Face of Clay. By Horace A. Vachell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

"The Faery Queen" Retold Nothing could possibly be better adapted for retelling as a story-book of adventure, romance, and fairyland than Spenser's "Faery Queen." Mr. Wilson has performed the task creditably and has kept the spirit of the poem—so charming and captivating in its first cantos and so intolerably prolix as to be read entire by few persons—in his prose narrative. The book has an acceptable and original holiday dress. (The Faery Queen: First Book. Rewritten in Simple Language by Calvin Dill Wilson. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1, net.)

Fairest Girlhood This is a dainty gift-book for young girls, written by Mrs. Sangster in her kindly, graceful way, and charmingly bound and printed. It deals with almost every phase of the life of girls, and is full of helpful suggestions. Mrs. Sangster conceives of the American girl as a gentlewoman and a home-maker, notwithstanding her wide range of activities; never aggressive or strident, but preserving a purity and fineness of manner in every walk of life. Such a conception has its refining influence, and the book will please young readers in spite of a tendency to sentimentality—and possibly because of it. (Fairest Girlhood. By Margaret E. Sangster. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50, net.)

Fairy Stories The Wonder Children, with the aid of Charles J. Bellamy, went on quests and had curious adventures, frequently ending in bags of treasure and living happy ever after. The material is not new and the use of it is not marked by any especial charm. (The Wonder Children. By Charles J. Bellamy. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Hope of Immortality The perusal of this little volume leaves one questioning whether any better argument will ever be addressed to doubters of the future life. For such it has the more weight as coming from one who confesses that he has not "the intense yearning that many profess for an endless existence." His point of view recalls Cicero's remark that the hope of immortality is strongest in the noblest souls. It recalls Thomas Hill Green's remark that a universe whose apparent goal is the evolution of personality cannot without intellectual confusion be supposed to issue in the extinction of it. Grant, says Mr. Dole, that personality is a mystery. It is still the thing of highest value in this world of values; "the universe breaks up with personality taken out of it;" the higher our ideal of it, the deeper our conviction that it is imperishable. Agnosticism is like holding one's breath; "the more deeply we breathe, the more fully we live." (The Hope of Immortality. By Charles Fletcher Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 75 cents, net. Postage, 8 cents.)

In Pastures New In every way this is an appropriate title for Mr. Ade's letters of foreign travel. We are so wont to think of Mr. Ade as an artistic adept in slang that it is almost a surprise to find that he can write whole pages in plain English. The fun in this book is more like that of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" than of any other book of American humor. The foibles and follies of tourists, the humbug and charlatanry of those who live off them, the fact that foreign travel has its tiresome side as well as its joys—all these and other phases of "being abroad" are dealt with in an amusing way. (In Pastures New. By George Ade. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Kakemono Japanese Sketches The interpretive instinct is rare—few are able to see into "the heart of things" with the insight of Lafcadio Hearn—and the innumerable sketches of Japan are commonly interesting because of a fascination in the subject. The present traveler reveals nothing new in the civilization of which he writes, and while he sees temple and landscape with something of the painter's vision, his style is too self-conscious and æsthetic to be a source of pleasure. He is most successful when he drops into a vein of critical appreciation, as he does in "The Art of the Nation," chapters dealing with various manifestations of the popular artistic sense. In his dedication, "To My Teachers, the People of Japan," the writer acknowledges a relationship which should be recognized to a certain degree by every Anglo-Saxon. (Kakemono: Japanese Sketches. By A. Herbage Edwards. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.75, net.)

The Key of the Blue Closet A book of genial wit and wisdom is this fresh volume from a well-known British author. Of the thirty short essays it contains, a few are memorials of worthies who have passed on to "the undiscovered country;" the most are concerned with the art of living, of living well, and living comfortably together. That they are far from the lines of triteness and humdrum might go without saying in view of their author's name, but those who do not know him will gather from a few such titles as "Never Chew Your Pills," "Swelled Heads," "Potatoes or Cabbage," that there is fresh and piquant matter in store for them. The essay on "The Art of Packing" is specially commendable to writers for the press. (The Key of the Blue Closet. By W. Robertson Nicoll. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.40, net.)

A King's Divinity A slight story of the romantic type, in which a pretty American girl is brought into contact with a royal family, among whom is the young duke who becomes her lover. The royal group is somewhat shadowy, and the writer lacks the purely romantic touch which enables Anthony Hope, for instance, to dispense with realities and probabilities. "A King's Divinity" is pleasant reading, but thin in quality and imperfect in its plot development. (A King's Divinity. By Dolores Bacon. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Listening to God Professor Hugh Black, recently introduced to the chair of Practical Theology in Union Seminary, New York, is already known to many American readers as the author of "Friendship" and other books. The present volume of sermons is dedicated to the congregation of St. George's United Free Church in Edinburgh, "in happy memory of ten years' ministry" among the people from whom he has just parted. They are brief sermons, nearly all under the half-hour limit that is generally popular—one might say, too popular—here. Some of them put fresh points to their texts, and all of them are characterized by simplicity, earnestness, and moral vigor. (Listening to God: Edinburgh Sermons. By Hugh Black. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25, net.)

McMaster's Sixth Volume The latest volume of McMaster's History of the United States covers the Presidential terms of Jackson and Van Buren. It includes the famous United States Bank controversy, the Senatorial battle between Webster and Hayne, the temporary defeat of nullification, the origin of Mormonism, the rise and growth of the abolition movement, the great panic of 1837, and the romantic Harrison campaign. There can be no question that Mr. McMaster has made very thorough studies in preparation for his work, and has accumulated an immense amount of material. But his industry in accumulation is greater than his skill in arrangement. His work lacks in wise adjustment and true perspective. He is embarrassed by the enormous amount of his material, and has not the courage to omit the non-essential. A volume of 637 pages devoted to a history of events extending over a period of about twelve years makes too large a demand on most readers' time, and leaves them perplexed by the multiplicity of details. The value of this history will necessarily chiefly be as a book of reference for the scholar; its place in the library of American history. It is, however, to be said that, coupled with James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States," from the Compromise of 1850 to the year 1877, it leaves little to be desired by the careful student, for whom it is probably especially designed. (A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. In 7 vols. Vol. VI., 1830–1842. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Per vol., $2.50, net. Postage additional.)

Memories Max Müller's idyllic romance of German love, cast in the form of "memories" instead of chapters, is now issued in a prettily illustrated and decorated edition, suitable for holiday purposes. (Memories. By Max Müller. Translated by George P. Upton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $2.50.)

Mr. Dooley Again Shrewd and whimsically humorous as ever in many of his recent remarks on questions and sensations of the day, in others Mr. Dooley seems rather heavy-handed, and the old-time Archery Road machinery creaks a little here and there. One can pick out half a dozen talks in this book that are as good as anything ever printed under the immortal name of Dooley; but in others one feels that even Mr. Dooley cannot keep it up forever with equal animation. (Dissertations by Mr. Dooley. By Finley Peter Dunne. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

Mrs. Booth's Fairy Tales These are truly fairy tales—full of that delightful imagination in which a child can share. Roy could not keep his mind on his arithmetic, though he did try hard (almost as "hard as adamant"); but his eyes saw visions everywhere. The fairies he played with were gentle, bright creatures, and his adventures in dreamland will be enjoyed by many a little child at twilight. Mrs. Booth writes fluently and gracefully. The pictures are somewhat strained in effect and badly drawn. (Twilight Fairy Tales. By Maud Ballington Booth. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25. Postage, 15c.)

A New Book on Gettysburg Gettysburg, the battle-field, the cemetery, the park, and the scene of Lincoln's world-famous address, is the subject of a useful volume by Major Henry S. Burrage, himself a war veteran and imbued with obvious enthusiasm for his theme. His book is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the battle, the second detailing the circumstances connected with the inception, dedication, and completion of the cemetery, and the third giving a record of the work of the Park Commission. The first part is to be commended as a compact and lucid military study based on the official records and trustworthy battle memoirs. Its conspicuous features are the exoneration of Longstreet from responsibility for the Confederate defeat, and its censure of Meade for dilatoriness in following up his victory. The second part contains a full and most interesting narrative of the composition and revision of the President's dedication address, information being afforded that is not readily accessible elsewhere. The third part gives a good idea of what the Park Commission has accomplished to the present day. The volume is illustrated by a handsome series of pictures from photographs. (Gettysburg and Lincoln. By Henry Sweetser Burrage. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.)

On the Trail of the Immigraut Readers of The Outlook will doubtless remember several graphic and sometimes dramatic articles relating to the immigrants in America as they actually live and appear. These articles, dealing in turn with the Bohemian, Slav, Polish Jew, and Hungarian, were written by Dr. Edward A. Steiner, whose personal experience and knowledge of peoples and countries abroad are quite unusual and make him exceptionally well endowed with the qualities for writing on such subjects. The articles which appeared in The Outlook are now included with much other material, and the whole makes up a valuable as well as readable work on the immigrant in America. Dr. Steiner was himself, twenty-five years ago, an immigrant. Although he had been a student in three German universities, he came over with the steerage immigrants, and from that time on has had intense sympathy with them and intense eagerness for their improvement and their reconstruction into worthy citizens and true Americans. The present volume deals less with what may be called the problems of immigration, such as were raised recently in a group of articles in The Outlook, than with the character, temperament, racial traits, aspirations, and capabilities of the immigrant himself. Dr. Steiner is a capital story-teller also, and enlivens his chapters with anecdote and incident. The book cannot fail to afford excellent material for the use of students of immigrant problems, and it will no less instill in the minds of many Americans sympathy for the struggling mass of poor people, whom we are perhaps too apt to regard as a whole rather than as individuals. We hope to speak further of this work at a later date. (On the Trail of the Immigrant. By Edward A. Steiner. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50, net.)

Pastor Wagner on America Charles Wagner's latest book is what it professes to be—a book of "Impressions." It is written, not by a philosopher or a scientist, a satirist or a eulogist, but by a simple observer. It is not, therefore, to be compared with Bryce's "American Commonwealth," or Dickens's "American Notes," or Leroy-Beaulieu's "United States in the Nineteenth Century." But Pastor Wagner has in an eminent degree the "sixth sense." He sees the life of the spirit as well as of the flesh; he is an observer of the inner as well as of the outer life. He has, too, that sympathy which gives him an understanding of the inner life. Perhaps he is too charitable to American failings and too enthusiastic toward American virtues to be entirely accurate. His humor is always kindly, never satirical. He deals, too, with living men and women, not with problems, and with individuals as types, rather than with masses. He is pre-eminently charitable and hopeful, but it is not the charity nor the hopefulness that is blind to faults, but rather the spirit that prefers to look on the brighter side of life as being the truer side and as giving the more inspiring vision. The style is of course charming; it is the spontaneous expression of a man who is wholly delightful as a companion and who writes as simply and as freely and in as friendly a fashion as he talks. (My Impressions of America. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.)

Persia The Professor of Indo-Iranian languages at Columbia University has put all serious travelers and archæologists under obligation by the publication of his book of travel and research in Persia. "Persia Past and Present" is of equal value to the student of present-day politics, manners, and customs, and to the student of history, archæology, and religion. It is of special pertinence to the student because of the abundance of foot-notes, which provide him with the means of consulting the material used at each particular point, or enabling him to call into question a view expressed by the author, since, when the authorities are at variance, the author has frankly stated the fact. After a valuable bibliographical list we have a description of his journey to Persia by the way of Russia and the Caucasus. In narrating Persian history, Professor Jackson's chapters on Zoroaster, the Avesta, and the Zoroastrians of Yezd are particularly instructive and add to our knowledge of Zoroaster as a personality. Professor Jackson puts the birth of the great Persian prophet, lawgiver, and philosopher at perhaps 660 B.C., and his death at about 583 B.C.; describes the prophecy which foretold Zoroaster's coming in the Avesta and other Persian Scriptures (easily consulted in translation in Max Müller's "Sacred Books of the East"); shows that Zoroastrianism, having withstood the shock of Alexander's invasion of Persia, regained its pristine glory and flourished at the very time of the Roman wars with Persia and when the Zoroastrian heresy of Manichæism threatened the Christian Church, but that in the sixth century A.D. Persia adopted Islâm and ceased to be Zoroastrian. The Muslim creed was the more readily accepted because, in forming his religion, Mohammed had incorporated elements from Zoroastrianism as well as from Judaism and Christianity. Two communities representing the ancient faith alone remain, a handful at Yezd in Persia and the Parsis in India. They have preserved for us the remnants of the Avesta and the other ancient Zoroastrian scriptures. (Persia Past and Present. By A. V. Williams Jackson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4, net.)

Quips and Quirks Three farces by Richard Harding Davis, "The Dictator," "The Galloper," and "Miss Civilization," are full of dashing characters who go through their parts with merry jests. The pure fun and absurd extravagances of these slight plays make them most entertaining on the stage. The illustrations, from photographs of the actors, are strong arguments for the contention that artificiality rules in such presentations as these. (Farces: The Dictator; The Galloper; "Miss Civilization." By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.)

Studies in the Book of Psalms The substance of this volume has been given in lectures at Chautauqua and other summer schools. It is a popular treatment of Hebrew poetry, of the Psalter as a whole, and of the Psalms in separate groups. It is a convenient manual for class or individual study, if one does not care to go back of the traditional view. This is presented here with a frank confession of its difficulties and a warning against over-confidence in its accuracy. (Studies in the Book of Psalms. By Lincoln Hulley, Ph.D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1, net.)

Tinker Two Here are some more delightfully absurd adventures involving that amusing young person named Tinker. Mr. Jepson's playful vein is refreshing. The novelist's responsibility rests very lightly on his shoulders; he simply shares with the reader his own enjoyment of his original and impossible little hero. (Tinker Two: Further Adventures of the Admirable Tinker. Edgar Jepson. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Very Small Person "Rebecca Mary" was an engaging little girl even though she belonged to the ranks of the misunderstood. Annie Hamilton Donnell, however, in a book of short stories, emphasizes too strongly that unhappy phase of child life. Too many of these small persons are martyrs to their neglectful, gay young mothers, and wear their little lives out yearning for mamma's kiss. The effect is decidedly morbid. The artistic illustrations are by Elizabeth Shippen Green. (The Very Small Person. By Annie Hamilton Donnell. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.)

Letters to The Outlook

HONESTY IN THE MINISTRY

In your issue of October 20 you give your views of "Honesty in the Ministry," using the ordination service of the Episcopal Church in illustration. Perhaps I may, therefore, be permitted to express my respectful but decided dissent from the conclusion you state.

I take issue with your opinion that the first and third of the ordination vows are not "qualified or modified" by the second vow. The candidate for ordination pledges himself to instruct the people out of the Scriptures, and "to teach nothing as necessary to eternal salvation but that which he shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scripture." He also pledges himself to use "all faithful diligence to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word. But this is not all. He is asked:

> Will you then give your faithful diligence always so to minister the Doctrine and Sacraments . . . as the Lord hath commanded and as this Church hath received the same?

To which the candidate replies,

> I will so do, by the help of God.

Now you tell us that this last pledge, thus solemnly given, does not qualify the other two, but that "on the contrary" it is clear "that the doctrine of the Church is always subject to re-examination in the light of Scripture, which is the only standard." In face of this statement I beg to ask one or two questions:

1. Do you hold that, because the doctrine of the Church is subject to re-examination in the light of Scripture, each individual minister is at liberty to revise and alter the doctrine of the Church, in accordance with his individual conclusions, without regard to the action of the constituted authorities of the Church? Would not such a principle inevitably produce ecclesiastical anarchy?

2. Is it not certain that the ordination service implies and assumes that these three vows are consistent with each other, and that "the doctrine and sacraments as this Church hath received the same" are in harmony with Holy Scripture, which is the only standard? And does not the candidate for ordination, by solemnly taking all three of these vows, commit himself to the same position?

3. If, however, any man who has thus bound himself shall arrive at the conclusion that the doctrine and sacraments "as this Church hath received the same" are contrary to Holy Scripture, is it honest for him to retain an office which was bestowed upon him only on condition of his solemn agreement to minister that doctrine in accordance with the standards which he has come to believe are not truly based on Holy Scripture?

4. For example, if a minister of the Episcopal Church shall conclude from his study of Holy Scripture that the Quaker is right, and that baptism and the supper of the Lord are not Christian institutions, would it be honest for him to continue in the ministry of that Church and refuse to administer the sacraments? Or, worse still, to go on administering the sacraments though he no longer believes in their authority or their efficacy?

5. You urge that "honesty, honor, and truthfulness require every Protestant minister to teach religious truth in accordance with the teaching of the Old and New Testaments . . . to teach nothing, however enshrined in Church traditions, which he thinks contrary to those Scriptures. . . . This is more than his liberty; it is his sacred duty." Most true, Mr. Editor, but what is the consequence of that sacred duty? Surely this—that he must make every sacrifice in order to fulfill this his supreme duty. He has taken a vow which is inconsistent (as he now thinks) with the obligation to teach only as the Scriptures teach. What then? Is he to violate the one vow in order to fulfill the other? No; truth and honesty and honor demand that he should release himself from the vow he can no longer conscientiously observe, in an upright and manly way, by surrendering the office which was bestowed upon him on condition that he would fulfill *all* the vows of the ordination service.

6. You rightly maintain the supremacy of conscience. But suppose a minister reach the conclusion that the Bible does not contain the true standard of doctrine—in other words, that he cannot conscientiously abide by *any* of the vows he took upon him in ordination—what then? He must obey his conscience at all costs. Yes; but is he to retain the ministry of the office bestowed upon him in ordination on that plea? I am sure you will answer, "No." But why not, on your principles? If he may repudiate the obligation of one of his vows on the plea of observing the others, why may he not repudiate all of his vows on the plea of obeying his conscience? If he may continue in the ministry of his Church while he openly

denies that her doctrines are consonant with Holy Scripture, why may he not continue in the same ministry while denying not only that, but also the authority of Holy Scripture?

7. Would a President of the United States, who received his great office on condition of taking the oath to obey the Constitution, be justified in retaining that office if he should become convinced that the Constitution was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell"? And would The Outlook justify a President who should both teach and hold such an abominable doctrine, on the ground that the supreme obligation of conscience could not be "qualified or modified" by his solemn oath of office?

I need hardly add that for the purposes of this discussion it is not necessary to define the content or the limits of the "doctrine" of the Episcopal Church, beyond this, that the Nicene and Apostles' Creeds must be considered to represent the irreducible minimum of doctrine to which a minister of the Episcopal Church promises conformity in his ordination.

RANDOLPH H. MCKIM.

Church of the Epiphany,
Washington, D. C.

[We have already sufficiently answered all these questions except the last. Our answer to that is that, as the President's oath to support the Constitution does not prevent him from teaching the people that the Constitution ought to be changed, so the pledge of the priest to minister the doctrine and sacraments of the Church does not prevent him from teaching the Church that the doctrine and sacraments should be changed. —THE EDITORS.]

1807-1907 IN CHINA

The perfection of the plans for the approaching Centenary Missionary Conference of Missions in China has been uniquely provided for.

In April last the General Committee of seventy-two men appointed thirteen National Committees, each composed of experts, selected from the 3,600 missionaries in China. Each Committee, as for example that on "Education," or on the "Chinese Ministry," or on "Christian Literature," will have one year to complete its investigation, systemize its data, and unify its conclusions. When the great Conference meets, the last week of next April, each of these National programme committees will make its report in the form of a statement and resolutions, which will be discussed by the house. A very inadequate opportunity for pyrotechnics will be afforded during the working session of this eight days' meeting, but it is expected that profoundly interesting discussions, led by mission experts, will engage the attention of the gathering. The missionaries of various nationalities and all denominations working with over seventy different Boards have already selected their accredited delegates, to the number of nearly five hundred and fifty, who alone will have the right to take part in debate and to vote. If the new building of the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association is completed on time, the Martyrs' Memorial Hall, which it contains, will be the convention headquarters. The character of the evening meetings will be different from the other sessions of the Conference. These will be held in the Town Hall, and will deal in the broader and less detailed questions of the spiritualization of China, and among those who have already promised to give addresses are the Hon. John Wanamaker, Mr. John R. Mott, and Dr. J. F. Goucher.

Considering the enormous intellectual revolution which is taking place in that empire, and the radical changes in methods which the missionaries are to have under discussion, the Shanghai Conference of 1907 is likely to prove a landmark in mission history.

R. E. LEWIS.

Shanghai, China.

AN ANCIENT GIFT

In the very interesting article on the Jamestown Commemoration published in your November Number I find (p. 498) a statement that to the church in Jamestown "belongs the distinction of being the only church in America which has had two sets of communion silver given to it by England's royal family." As this is an error, though a very innocent one, are you willing to have it set right in the interests of impartial history?

In 1697 King's Chapel in Boston received from King William III., as a gift from himself and his lately deceased Queen, a set of communion silver, consisting of six large and handsome pieces. This was used by the church for about seventy years, when Governor Barnard brought over a new and more elaborate service as a present from King George III. The older William and Mary silver was then given away to various churches. Part of it was given to Christ Church, Cambridge, where it may still be seen, bearing the original inscription that marks the date and source of the gift.

HOWARD N. BROWN,
Boston. Minister of King's Chapel.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EXPERIENCED attendant nurses—excellent references. One wishes care of infant, child, or invalid. The other does hourly nursing, massage, and teaches bobbin lace. Misses Schroeder, 2532 Seventh Ave., New York.

POSITION by cheerful young woman, useful companion, housekeeper, sewing or governess. Experience in Children's Home. 5,471, Outlook.

REFINED young lady desires position as companion or private secretary. References exchanged. State salary. 5,470, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion, by college girl, trained nurse. Miss L. Anderson, Pulaski, Tenn.

GRADUATE nurse desires position to travel with invalid. Best references. 5,459, Outlook.

LADY wishes position for young trained nurse; entire care two or three children or invalid. 5,432, Outlook.

REFINED German woman desires position as companion to elderly lady or couple, invalid child, motherless children, housekeeper, sewing, massage; good traveler. 5,444, Outlook.

WANTED—Position in children's home. Experienced. Sanitation a specialty. Address 5,452, Outlook.

POSITION as house-mother in school, or companion and attendant to invalid, by educated, middle-aged American lady, accustomed to charge of servants. 48 Pleasant St., Rutland, Vt.

A position as companion by a lady, experienced traveler and speaks French. 5,451, Outlook.

LADY of exceptional qualifications, highest references, wants position as chaperon or managing housekeeper in first-class hotel, or gentleman's home where children need mother's care. 5,445, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, lady of experience, desires position, institution, family, school. 5,442, Outlook.

REFINED girl as lady's maid or housekeeper. Pfaff, 157 E. 47th St., 1 fl., Chicago.

A cultured woman of experience desires a position as housekeeper. 5,434, Outlook.

WANTED.—A graduate nurse of some years' experience would like a position as companion and attendant to a semi-invalid; willing to assist in the housekeeping if necessary. Address Graduate, 5,437, Outlook.

WANTED—By capable and experienced lady of refinement and education, a position as companion or housekeeper or any position of trust. 5,385, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CHURCHWOMAN, widow of a physician, is seeking a position as companion and friend to a delicate or elderly woman. Moderate salary and home is asked in return for services rendered. Address 5,438, Outlook.

LIVE STOCK

THOROUGHBRED Angora kittens, beautiful, attractive pets. Prices on application. Walnut Ridge Farms, Boston, Mass.

4,000 ferrets. Prices and book mailed free. N. A. Knapp, Rochester, O.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOPPING—Samples sent. Orders filled promptly. Suits and hats to order. Highest references. M. W. Wightman & Co., 44 West 22d St., New York.

EUROPE.—Write for particulars of free trip. Babcock's Tours, Brooklyn.

ELECTRO-massage, facial, scalp treatment, at ladies' residences. Physicians' testimonials. 5,474, Outlook.

ESPERANTO pupils. Write for specimen lesson and particulars "how to obtain a course free." Pioneer School of Esperanto, 1925 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.

EARN while learning journalism. Booklet free. Press News Bureau, Cincinnati, O.

30,000 CALENDARS, size 11 x 14, printed and padded for 1907, half-tone, 3-color work, embossed border, etc., less than ½ original price; 300 (50 each design) $10; 100 for $4. A. G. Moore & Co., West Somerville, Mass.

LEARN bookkeeping, stenography, telegraphy, and railway accounting by mail at your own home and qualify yourself to earn a larger salary. Prospectus free. Write now. Address Dept. "F." Railway Commercial Correspondence School, 305 American Trust Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

LAMENESS, strains, soreness, etc., can be relieved by Arthur & Arthur Liniment. An old remedy; tested and not found wanting. Send 25 cents for a trial bottle. Arthur & Arthur, 348 West 12th St., New York.

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES, film views, magic lanterns, slides, and similar wonders for sale. Catalogue free. We also buy magic picture machines, films, slides, etc. X. Harbach, 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Position outside New York by man now occupying good position. Will invest ten thousand, possibly more. Principals only. 5,417, Outlook.

PUPILS desired, personal or by correspondence. English, history, languages. Miss Wildman, 1729 Vine St., Philadelphia.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE West Philadelphia Hospital for Women gives a two years, three months course in nursing. Apply to Superintendent, 4035 Parrish St.

BOOK PLATES for Xmas Gifts. 1,000 for $10 or thereabouts. Send us your idea for rough sketch, estimate and booklet, all free. "Keffer," Century Bldg., Cleveland.

A BANK BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS. A Savings Account opened with one dollar or more by mail with The Citizens Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, makes a most acceptable Christmas gift. See advertisement on another page.

DEAF or hard of hearing persons find lip reading simple, easy, practical; oral or mail; terms easy. O. L. Lipmann, P. O. Drawer 2,618, Boston.

WANTED—STUDENT NURSES. Write for terms. Canandaigua Hospital Training School for Nurses, Miss Mary Brooks, Superintendent, Canandaigua, N.Y.

INVALID children taught kindergartening. 5,426, Outlook.

INCREASE your earning power by learning to write advertisements. Facts sent free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 32, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

MUSICAL

MUSIC teacher. German method. 5,458, Outlook.

CHILDREN of BETHLEHEM, a Christmas Cantata for Sunday school and choir. Simple, effective, original. 30 cents a copy. Send to F. S. Hyde, Groton, Conn.

GENUINE BARGAINS IN HIGH-GRADE UPRIGHT PIANOS. Slightly used instruments: 12 Steinways from $350 up; 6 Webers from $250 up; 9 Krakauers from $250 up; 7 Knabes from $250 up; 3 Chickerings from $250 up; also ordinary second-hand Uprights, $75 up; also 10 very fine Parlor Grand pianos at about half. Write for full particulars. Cash or easy monthly payments. Lyon & Healy, 40 Adams St., Chicago. We ship everywhere on approval.

PATENTS AND PATENT LAWYERS

PROTECT your ideas. Send for Inventor's Primer. Milo B. Stevens & Co., 891 14th St., Washington, D. C. Established 1864. Branches, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit.

POULTRY

BIG money raising Squabs. Marketable in 28 days at $5.00 dozen. Breeders only $1.50 pair delivered. Circular free. Philadelphia Squab Co., 1128 Palmer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Outlook Want Department

presents many opportunities which you may find it profitable to consider

Not only is it a most desirable medium for dealers in Antiques and Curios, Stamps and Coins, Rare and Second-hand Books, Articles for the Home, Women's Goods, Popular Music and Musical Instruments, Live Stock and Poultry, but also for those who desire capable helpers.

The Business Opportunity column is of interest to many, while the Board and Rooms announcements furnish a reliable list of good accommodations.

The rate for notices in The Outlook Want Department is **Seven Cents** for each word, number, and initial, address included. The first word in each advertisement is set in capitals. Any other word desired may be set in capitals, and the cost for such words is fourteen cents each. If answers are sent in care of The Outlook, add twenty-five cents for the address. Answers sent in care of The Outlook will be forwarded to you, if postage is paid. Send for circular, or, better still, send your "Want."

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WE OFFER DEPOSITORS 4%

interest on savings deposits, with the ample security which a large and well managed savings bank affords.

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makes this bank a practical depository for you. Free booklet "G" explains it. Write for it to-day.

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Capital $2,500,000.00
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Chorus of 300 Voices Orchestra of 80

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Tickets, **50** cts. to **$2.** Boxes, **$13.50** and **$15,** at Office Musical Art Society, 1 W. 34th St.

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BRIGHTEST Magazine Published
for those who believe in investigation along Occult Lines is

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RALPH SHIRLEY
EDITOR

Only those of highly organized intelligence will be interested — but for such there is a rare treat.

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PENSIONS FOR OLD MINISTERS

The Trustees of the National Council earnestly invite all Congregationalists in the United States to share with them the privilege and duty of caring for aged and infirm ministers and widows, who, after many years of arduous and self-sacrificing labors in destitute fields on small pay, are left in actual need. Donations of $50,000 yearly are needed. Last year they were less than half that sum. For information address Wm. A. Rice, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Samuel B. Forbes, Treas. 206 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

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Send for FREE catalogue and list of over 4,000 churches using our cups.
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Sold by all Dealers in Paint. Send for FREE illustrated book, edition "T." S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

The Ben Greet Players

Performances of Shakespeare's Plays from the text. Repertory of twenty plays. Open air plays in season; also revival of "Everyman." Colleges and societies kindly note address. BEN GREET, care Sanger Jordan, Empire Theater, N. Y.

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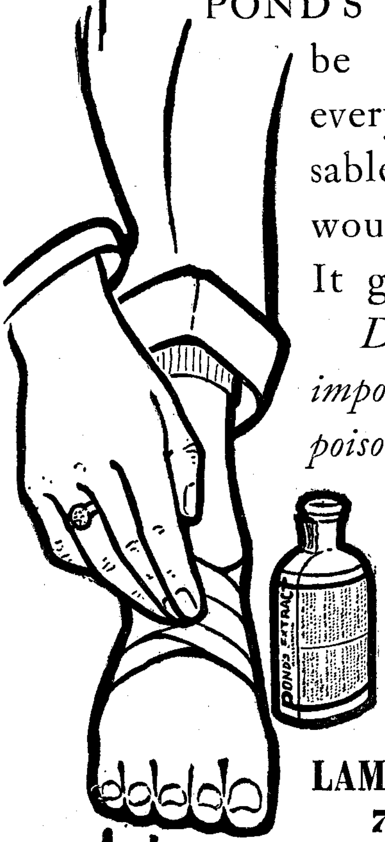
The Standard for 60 years

POND'S EXTRACT should always be in the home, ready for every emergency. Indispensable for sprains, bruises, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, etc. It gives *immediate* relief.

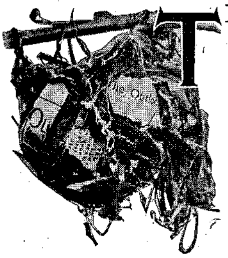
Don't allow yourself to be imposed upon by weak, impure or poisonous preparations of witch hazel, as substitutes for POND'S EXTRACT.



Interesting booklet, "First Aid to the Injured," sent free if you write Dept. 17.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Agents
78 Hudson Street, New York

The Publisher's Desk



THE Simple Life is much easier to talk about than to live. The complexities of existence in these days of haughty housemaids, rapacious labor unions, apartment-houses where no children are tolerated, and woman's clubs for the reform of all that needs reforming, are such that one sighs for the life which it is generally supposed was lived by our grandmothers, and even more particularly by our great-ancestors. But away back in Solomon's time the cry that "the former days were better than these" was fashionable, and there is no doubt that our grandchildren will look back at the habits of to-day as much more conservative and much nearer to nature than the fashion of living at the end of the twentieth century. "The Simple Life," as interpreted by Pastor Wagner in his little book, does not mean the life of privation or the ignoring of modern conveniences and luxuries, but rather that contentment of spirit which the Apostle Paul declared he had attained, even while he was behind the doors of the jail at Philippi.

⁂

All this sounds like the beginning of an essay or a sermon. But it isn't. It is only to introduce the statement that we have in hand a few hundred copies of an attractive edition of "The Simple Life" by Charles Wagner, containing a portrait made especially for The Outlook, and that it will give us pleasure to send a copy, postpaid and without charge, to any subscriber who will send us the names and addresses of twenty friends who are likely to be interested in The Outlook. If one or more yearly subscriptions result from the offer which we shall make to the persons whose names are thus sent, the fact will be recognized in a substantial reduction in the cost of the subscriber's next renewal subscription. No mention whatever of the subscriber's name will be made in our correspondence.

⁂

This offer has already been made in our advertising pages, and many thousands of people thus introduced to The Outlook, with pleasant results to our regular subscription list. But there are many thousands more who are waiting for the introduction, and will be gratified to receive it.

⁂

In some recent correspondence which went out from the Publisher's Desk the question was asked of a number of women what particular features of The Outlook made it especially valuable to the better half of humanity. The percentage of women on our subscription list is large, and the question seemed a pertinent one. Many replies have come, and scarcely one indicates that women care for The Outlook for any other reasons than those which make it valuable and interesting to men. Two or three extracts from the letters show the tenor of substantially all that have been received:

The Outlook is a time-saver for busy women, because of its condensed accounts of current events.

The Outlook gives in a nutshell what other papers and magazines spend columns in discussing.

It never leaves one with an evil disposition toward anything except real evil.

Could I have but one magazine, it would be my choice every time.

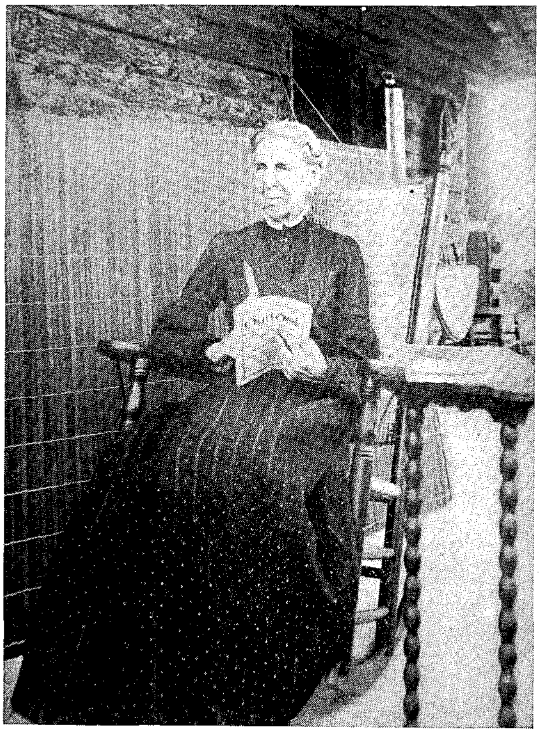
I find the things I am most interested in written of in the most interesting way.

To women, perhaps in a greater degree than to men, who are born with the newspaper habit, The Outlook furnishes an attractive, concise, reliable, and complete record of the world's events.

⁂

The first three answers to the Publisher's suggestion that his fellow-farmers who read The Outlook reveal themselves by postal card communication arrived just as this page was going to the printer. They are of such interest that we are inclined to share them with our readers. A Missouri farmer says: "I am one of them, and I thoroughly enjoy The Outlook. It is the best of several I take." From Connecticut comes this word: "I am a farmer, and only this morning said to my wife, 'I would like to read every word of The Outlook every time,' to which she responded, 'So would I.' We would rather give up all other papers than The Outlook. A farmer has little time for reading, and you just fill his bill." The third farmer writes thus from Virginia: "As a farmer I am out of touch with the world of men, except as I keep it through the literature I take. Your publication has for over ten years greatly aided me in forming intelligent conclusions on the large events of the day, and in an age of sensationalism has escaped the contagion, and also, in an age that seems to me to lack moral fiber and tone, done much to hold its readers to high standards. This country needs now, and in the future may sorely need, the intelligent farmer to act as a conservative force. Hence the need to farmers of such as The Outlook."

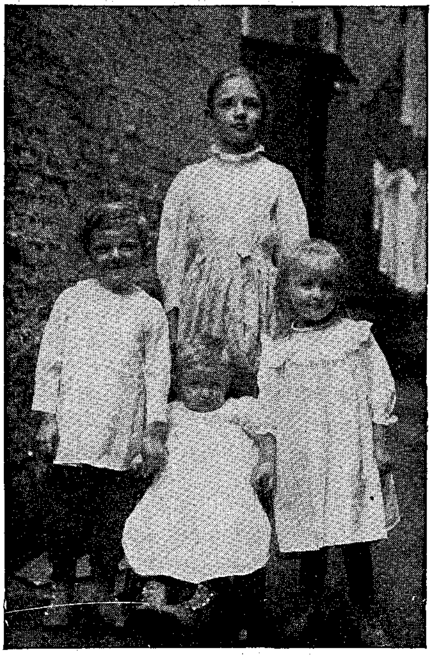
⁂



By a recent mail there came to the Publisher's Desk the accompanying portrait of one gracious lady who, though she lacks only a year of fourscore, reads The Outlook regularly and reads it without glasses. The daughter who is kind enough to send the picture—taken at the summer cabin of the household—reports it as a saying in the family that "grandma never puts down The Outlook until she has read it through."

⁂

The January Magazine Number of The Outlook may, not inappropriately, be counted a Southern Number, although it will not be so denominated. The month marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate commander, and The Outlook will publish several articles suggested by the occasion. One of these articles will be by the Virginian sculptor, Mr. Edward V. Valentine, one of whose most noted works is the recumbent figure of General Lee in the Memorial Chapel of the Washington and Lee University. Mr. Valentine knew General Lee well, and is able to relate not a few characteristic personal incidents which bring out into high relief the noble nature of the soldier and the charming traits of the man. Another article will be by Professor Edwin Mims, who holds the Chair of English Literature in Trinity College, North Carolina, and is one of the best Southern critics and writers of the younger school. General Horace Porter will write about General Lee's military genius, while editorially The Outlook will express its appreciation of General Lee's character and patriotism.



Father Killed by Accident
Mother in Hospital
What's to Become of Them?

This little group, growing in a tenement alley, is one of 3,927 families we cared for last year in their homes, besides 23,051 individuals aided by Fresh Air outings. Will you relieve the suffering and unfortunate in America's most congested city, with real personal, constructive helpfulness?

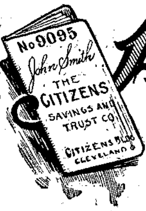
Help Celebrate THANKSGIVING and CHRISTMAS this way:

School shoes for barefoot boys,	**$1.00, $2.00**
Glasses, so "stupid" children can see,	**1.50**
Warm dresses for underfed shop-girls,	**5.00**
Coal, so mother can do washing and keep little ones warm, . . .	**6.00**
Rent to save eviction while breadwinner is sick, . .	**$10.00 to $25.00**
A visitor to represent you,	**$50.00 a month**
Food for hungry, sick, aged,	**Any Amount**

If desired, we will gladly write just how and for whom your gift is used. No sum too large or too small. Send to

R. S. MINTURN, TREAS., Room 216,
No. 105 E. 22d St., New York City.

The New York Association for Improving the
1843 Condition of the Poor 1906



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SOLVES THE PROBLEM

A well-established and popular custom is to open a savings account by mail with this bank and present it to children, relatives, or friends as

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

This plan will encourage the habits of thrift and economy by offering an inducement to deposit additional sums from time to time, thereby providing for the inevitable "rainy day." We especially solicit small accounts, on which we pay four per cent. interest compounded twice a year. You can begin with

ONE DOLLAR

We will place the pass book in a special holiday envelope and mail it with your card, so that it will be received on Christmas morning.

Send for our free booklet "V" explaining our system of Banking by Mail.

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Every reader of The Outlook who is interested in home study and correspondence teaching is invited to send for a free copy of our eighty-page catalogue and full information in regard to our home study courses.

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